John Goldsmid

Ex-Libris.

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J. Edward Ekins.

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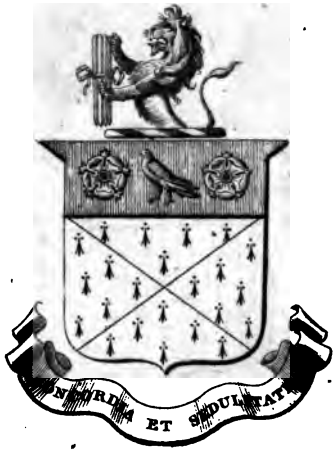

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THE

SPIRIT

OF THE

PUBLIC JOURNALS

FOR

1800.

S. Gosnell, Printer,
Little Queen Street, Holborn.

THE

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OF THE

PUBLIC JOURNALS

FOR

1800.

BEING

AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION

OF THE MOST EXQUISITE

ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS,

PRINCIPALLY PROSE,

THAT APPEAR IN THE

NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES

VOL. IV.

To be continued Annually.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGWAY, YORK STREET,

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1801.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE flattering reception and extenſive circulation which this Work has hitherto experienced, render the utmoſt exertions of the Editor a duty not more obligatory than pleaſing.

It is with real regret, therefore, he perceives that, after the moſt ſedulous ſearch, he has been able to obtain ſo very ſmall a number of Articles for the preſent Volume, on what is called the Miniſterial ſide of the queſtion.

The writers on that ſide, in the year 1800, were fewer in number and leſs ingenious

than ever was known: to what cauſe this is to be attributed, it would be difficult to ſay. But, finding the fact to be ſo, the Editor, in order to leſſen the appearance of political bias, which he has pledged himſelf to avoid, has made the contents of this Volume more miſcellaneous than even the preceding.

The frequent ſcintillations of wit, however, the refulgent rays of genius, and the keen edge of ſatire, will, it is hoped, ſtill be found to ſupport the pretenſions of our Work to that high rank in the public favour in which the former Volumes had ſo firmly eſtabliſhed it.

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The

Caſe

The

THE

THE

SPIRIT

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PUBLIC JOURNALS.

THE BENEVOLENT CUT-THROAT:

A PLAY IN SEVEN ACTS.

Tranſlated from the original German Drama, written by the celebrated Klotzboggenhaggen, by Fabius Pictor.

[From the Meteors.]

PROGRAMME.

ACT I. Scene I.——Previous to the drawing up of the curtain, an appropriate overture is to be played. I ſhall endeavour to prevail on Meſſrs. Duſſek and Kelly to club their well-known talents, and alſo to rummage their heads, and ranſack their porte-feuilles, for ſomething *frappant!* As ſoon as the accuſtomed ſignal of the prompter's whiſtle is heard, the band (with conſiderable additions) will emerge from their ſubterraneous caverns; and, after being duly arrayed, they will ſhoulder their fiddles, &c. The inſtant Mr. Shaw taps the candle-ſkreen with his bow, the lights, of every kind, will be ſuddenly extinguiſhed!!! —There's novelty for you! This circumſtance alone will crowd the theatre for months to come. Figure to

 yourſelf

yourſelf the ſurpriſe, the awful ſurpriſe, when the gaiety of a well-illuminated theatre is ſucceeded by ſudden and unexpected opacity and darkneſs, barely viſible. How muſt the hearts of the audience quake at this ſolemn beginning! The author intends to keep them in the *dark* during a great part of the firſt act, which is both novel and different from the preſent mode; inaſmuch as the ſpectators can eaſily ſee through the whole plot, before half the heroes and heroines appear. The overture will alſo add to the terrific effect; more eſpecially as I have procured four pair of new kettle-drums, of a much larger calibre than thoſe in the Tower. Several *treble-double* trombones are making: Merlin has contrived a machine which ſucceſsfully expreſſes the ſcreams of raviſhed ladies, and the groans of their dying lords! Mr. Aſsbridge has nearly completed a quadruple baſſoon, with which he will bray moſt melodiouſly. At certain intervals a bell will toll, and ſome judicious *pauſes* will allow the audience to hear the roaring of the winds and wolves, the pattering of hail, &c. After a few introductory bars, the curtain will ſlowly aſcend, and diſcover a cottage, with a little farthing ruſhlight glimmering in the window: Mr. Banniſter, jun. will then appear, and ſing that *celebrated* air, by way of exordium. If the four critic objects to the ſong, let him only recollect that Cora, diſtracted for the loſs of her huſband, the danger of her child, and the tremendous ſtorm, ſings a ſong; while the poor little object of her tenderneſs and ſolicitude is lying on a bank ſhivering with cold, and drenched to the ſkin! Can the critic diſpute the authority of Pizarro?——The glare of the lightning will be rendered ſtill more vivid and awful, as the *whole* theatre will be enveloped in complete obſcurity. The managers are reſolved to pay all poſſible attention to the comfort and convenience of the public, and have unanimouſly adopted the following plan to prevent confuſion, or any fatal accident. As the preſs of company muſt neceſſarily be unuſually great, not only on the *firſt night*, but alſo for many months to come, Meſſrs. Cruikſhank, Earle, Thomas, and ſeveral of the moſt eminent ſurgeons in London, are engaged, to attend in the green-room,

room, that they may be ready to act at the first call, to *set* arms and legs, and *trepan* the many fractured skulls that must perforce occur, considering that public curiosity will be wound up to an unusual pitch. Every one must applaud the policy, as well as the humanity of the measure. To counteract the depredations of pickpockets, Bridges Street, Great and Little Russel Streets, and Wooburn Passage, will be lined with a double detachment of the volunteer corps. Messrs. Bond, Ford, &c. will be at their office in Bow Street; and, except on those nights when Mr. Townsend is previously engaged at the opera, or at the routs, balls, fandangos, suppers, &c. of the beau monde, that gentleman will give his powerful aid! I shall conclude with hinting to the public, that all the scenery, machinery, dresses, decorations, &c. will be new, splendid, eccentric, and appropriate. Madame Bossi Del Caro will introduce a new grand *tragic hornpipe*, which will add to the solemnity of the toute ensemble; and Mesdames Crouch, Bland, Leak, De Camp, &c. will warble their dulcet tones, semitones, demi-semitones, slurrs, appogiatura's, crescendo's, diminuendo's, rallantando's, and smorzando's, in due time and place! A superb, roomy, and commodious office is nearly completed for Mr. Fosbrooke and his clerks, to take down the infinity of names for places. This office is building on the large spot of waste ground near St. Clement's church in the Strand; it is to be wholly devoted to those who reside eastward ho! Another office, in Pall Mall, is in great forwardness, which is erected for the convenience of the nobility and gentry who reside at the court end of the town, and in the upper liberties. Thus the confusion, so much to be apprehended by the crowds of carriages and footmen, during the diurnal scramble for places, will be prevented, and no danger can possibly ensue. I had almost forgot to mention, that the performances at the theatre must necessarily be suspended at least a fortnight previous to the representation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prince WIGGENWAGGENHAUSEN—*the Stranger.*
General CHATTERINBOURG—*his Aid-du-camp.*
OLD HERMIT *of the Rock.*
STILLETTO—*the Benevolent Cut-throat.*
PETER—*his Servant.*
A Wolf.
Princess WIGGENWAGGENHAUSEN.
OLD WOMAN—*Housekeeper to Stilletto.*
GHOST *of the Old Hermit's Daughter.*
Servants, Soldiers, Banditti, Wild Beasts, &c.

Scene: *A Wood near Aschaffenbourg.*
Time: *Morning, noon, evening, night.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

A storm.—The curtain rises during the aforesaid appropriate grand overture; con strepito, con brio, con furio!!—The SCENE *represents a cottage or hovel in the midst of a dark wood. The flashes of lightning show the surrounding prospect at intervals. A little farthing rushlight twinkles in the cottage window, which is a chequered antique casement: some of the panes are broken; others mended and stuffed with rags, old stockings, and red nightcaps. A Wolf runs across the stage howling.*

Wolf. Hoo! hoo! hoo! *(Exit* Wolf.)

Enter Peter, *catching a bat.*

Peter. Ha! have I caught thee! ha! 'tis gone by G—d *!
Oh! I have lost thee; it is very odd! *(Exit* Peter.)

A Stranger *enters, dripping wet; he knocks three distinct knocks at the cottage door with increased energy.*

Stranger. All, all is dark; and the refulgent moon
No longer shines; perhaps she's in a swoon †?

---

* We need not be surprised at this irreverend use of the name of the Deity (vide all the German plays). I suppose Kotzebue, in his play of the Stranger, borrowed this hint of Peter's *unique entrée*; however, he was so prudent as to change the bat into a butterfly.

† What a new and felicitous idea! making the moon faint away! Shakespeare (who, by the by, had a pretty *knack* at writing) only makes his moon sleep (vide Merchant of Venice, act V. scene I.): but our sublime [illegible]ng with Austrian enthusiasm, makes her faint away at once.

(The

(The Stranger *knocks again with increaſed agitation; an* Old Woman *opens the caſement.)*

Old Woman. Speak—who is there? *(Her countenance ſtrongly marked with fear and doubt.)*

Stranger. 'T is I. *(With confidence.)*

Old Woman. Who art thou? *(Still in doubt.)*

Stranger. Deſcend. *(With ineffable dignity and ſelf-importance.)*

Enter Old Woman *from the cottage; her garments tattered and patched; a red handkerchief round her head. She creeps along with evident marks of fear, then hope; at laſt ſhe burſts out in rapture.*

Old Woman. He ſeems a goodly youth, mayhap he 's rich. *(Aſide.)*

Stranger. By this vague light ſhe ſeems an ugly —— *.
(Aſide, with doubt mixed with ſcorn.)
Grant me, my fair one, one poor cup of hock!
(With heightened agitation, and evident ſtruggles to prevent crying.)

Old Woman. Alas! dear Sir, we 've not laid in our ſtock!

Stranger. *(Lifts up his eyes, wrings his hands, tears his hair; his whole frame is agonized, his colour fades, his knees tremble, his teeth chatter, and down he drops ſtiff and inſenſible.)* Oh †!

Old Woman. Oh! *(Gives a convulſive gaſp, and falls alſo.)*

Enter Peter *running; he ſees the horrid cataſtrophe, and falls likewiſe.*

Peter. Oh!

---

* This may, at firſt glance, appear indelicate in Engliſh; but I can aſſure my gentle readers, that it is in the true ſtyle of the legitimate German drama. The offenſive monoſyllable w—— often occurs in their moſt admired pieces.—*Tranſlator.*

† I beg leave to point out the exquiſite ſkill of our dramatiſt in this place. As the characters have ſaid all they can ſay; or, at leaſt, all the poet can ſay for them, he cleverly and adroitly makes them all faint away; and thus he ſaves much unneceſſary *verbiage* and tautology.

The ſtorm begins to ceaſe, and the moon appears.—Shrieks are heard, firſt at a diſtance, then piu forte, then fortiſſimo. Enter Stilletto, *dragging in a* Lady; *her hair diſhevelled, her dreſs lacerated; evident marks of violence and extreme diſtreſs appear in her countenance.* Stilletto *advances his dark lantern, and ſees this dreadful climax of calamity. He ſtarts—the* Lady *ſtarts—the* Old Woman *ſtarts—the* Stranger *ſtarts—* Peter *ſtarts—and they all riſe.*

Stilletto. Ha! what is here? a ſtranger? hum! perhaps
He and my dame have been at pulling caps? *(Irreſolute.)*
Whence this intruſion? *(With conſiderable dignity.)*

Stranger. (Bows, expreſſes the moſt profound humility, and ſcarcely dares to lift up his eyes.)
The dark and dreary night, the dreadful ſtorm,
Drove me unwillingly to get a warm *.

Lady. By this faint light, which trembles in yon pool †,
I think I ſee my Lord! *(Her eyes are lifted up, and joy ſeems to illumine her countenance)*

Stilletto. Be ſtill, you fool. *(Imperatively.)*
Theſe arms alone ſhall circle you ere night
Has yielded to the Sun's more gorgeous light.
(With extreme rapture, and increaſing agony of fondneſs.)

Lady. Monſter, avaunt! on thy deteſted bed
Ne'er will I deign to lay my wearied head!
(With the utmoſt ſcorn.)

Stranger. Methinks that voice—oh!—ceaſe—my flutter-
ing—heart!
Sounds like the muſic of my better part ‡.
(He expreſſes the various tranſitions of doubt, joy, grief, certainty, irreſolution, rapture, and at laſt gradually ſinks into ſullen melancholy.)

Stranger. Say, Lady fair, ſhall I untie thy hands?
(With interrogatory tenderneſs.)

---

* This is not only worded with all the genuine ſimplicity of the German drama, but it alſo marks the locality of the ſcene. His complaining of cold is expreſſed with atmoſpherical fidelity.

† How poetically and elegantly expreſſed! The reflexes of the moon ſeem to vibrate in the water. Could Vandermeer have painted his favourite orb with more truth?

‡ What a beautiful periphraſis for wife?

Lady.

Lady. Moſt welcome, Sir; ah, looſe theſe cruel bands!
(With impatient pathos.)

Whilſt he is untying her hands, he examines her face with eyes expreſſive of ſevere, *yet* tender, patient, *yet* impatient *curioſity and ſcrutiny: he then changes colour—ſighs—wipes his eyes, cries, wipes his eyes, raiſes them to the ſkies with hope; looks horizontally with doubt*, diagonally with fear, then with joy triumphant he exclaims,*

She lives, ſhe lives, I ſee my long-loſt wig †!
My ſwelling heart with agony grows big!
Sure 't is my wig, my wife, my lovely wag!

Both. Wig wag, wig wag, wig wag, wig wag, wig wag!

They rapturouſly embrace; weep, ſmile, ogle, leer, hug, and expreſs all the exquiſite endearments of a fond and long-ſeparated couple.

Stranger to Stilletto. Why didſt thou treat my wig ſo ill?
(Endeavouring to quell and ſtifle his riſing emotions.)

Lady to the ſame. Why didſt thou make me gulp ſo dire a pill? *(With ſcorn and conſcious dignity inſulted.)*
Monſter, avaunt: fly to thy ſavage cell,
For there both cruelty and rapine dwell.
(With increaſing rage.)

Stilletto. Beware thy threats, and know that here I reign,
Triumphant lord of this ſecluded plain!
Yonder my palace lies, and all my wide domain. *(With conſcious majeſty, riſing dignity, and an attitude expreſſive of the moſt determined ferocity.)*

---

* "Looks horizontally with doubt." This is mathematical preciſion! It has been obſerved by ſome, that people in doubt look *diagonally*; but the celebrated Spandau Spontanus clearly proves that the *diagram* of doubt is horizontal viſuality. Fear is certainly a *diagonal* emotion.

† "My long-loſt wig!" Nothing can be more expreſſive of connubial tenderneſs than this pleaſant abbreviation of his ſpoſa's name.—Biddy, Polly, Dearee, &c. are nothing to it! beſides, it creates an *equivoque*, which is the chief merit of moſt of our modern plays. It is difficult to gueſs, at the firſt glance, whether he means his wig or his wife. This little ſportive infantine ſimplicity plays round the heart, and infinitely exceeds all the laboured declamatory flouriſhes of our native plays.

Lady.

Lady. Why didſt thou bind my lily-moulded arms,
And why aſpire to rifle all my charms? *(With cool and collected majeſty of demeanour, and conſcious ſuperiority.)*

Stranger. Beauty like thine ſhould thaw the frozen breaſt;
Beauty like hers, when unadorn'd is dreſt. *(With an air of conjugal love, and bachelor-gallantry.)*

The Lady *here courteſies and ſmiles at the compliments; the* Stranger *embraces her; the* Old Woman *ſtares;* Stilletto *frowns. A groan is heard: then a raven runs acroſs the ſtage ſhrieking: three drops of blood fall from the* Old Woman's *left thumb. Thunder—lightning.*

Old Woman. Sure my thumb bleeds, and my whole frame is itching;
This is the time ſo well contriv'd for witching *.
(She ſcratches herſelf with increaſed energy.)

Bell tolls, and the moon retires behind a cloud.

The Ghoſt *riſes, dreſſed in Italian gauze, trimmed with ſilver: a veil on her head, a dagger in her hand, and a long robe of blue tiffany falls from her ſhoulder. She marches ſlowly down the ſtage to the popular and elegant air of "Go to the Devil and ſhake yourſelf †." They all ſtart. The* Ghoſt *ſtabs* Stilletto; *the* Prince *and* Princeſs *embrace. The* Old Woman *runs into the cottage, the* Prince *follows her; he throws her out of the window into a pond by the ſide of the cottage; he then tears off the roof ‡, and comes forward with conſcious dignity, and all the ſublime grandeur of a conqueror.*

Lady. Sure 't is the end of time; this horrid crack
Seems the forerunner of the mundane wreck!

---

* The three drops of blood from the *left* thumb is in the true ſpirit of witchcraft. (Vide Smallcloathhauſen, Bütten Brütchin, &c. on Ghoſts.)

† The compilation of the above air is perfectly homogeneous! To what tune could a ghoſt ſo properly dance?

‡ This is a ſuperior incident to Rolla's breaking down the bridge.—What a *coup de theatre!* Conceive to yourſelf the graceful, yet terrific attitudes of the Stranger, and the ſtriking contraſt of the Old Woman tumbling into the horſepond! How new, how picturesque, and how ſublimely terrific! Theſe incidents are very common in all the German plays. (Vide the Stranger, &c.)

Where

Where is my Wig? Oh, here he comes, he comes,
Sound your trumpets, beat your drums *!

(With extreme agony, to which joy rapidly succeeds: then a burst of transport, and her whole frame struggling with the most exquisite sensations.)

Stranger. Where is my boy?

Ghost. He lives, he lives! (Ghost *sinks.)*

Lady. Hurra!

Blest, doubly blest, be this auspicious day!

Guns are heard.

Stranger. Ha, what is this? some fresh attempt, I fear:
Oh, that my chosen troop were now but here! *(Doubt and fear are strongly depicted in his countenance; he bites his lips, and his teeth begin to chatter.)*

Enter several Ruffians, with the Child; *they go to seize the* Princess; *the* Prince *struggles; the* Princess *faints upon a bank on which violets and primroses are painted. The* Prince *fights all the Assassins, kills them one by one, rescues his Child, and while he is fighting, he places the Child* pick-a-back †.

The Ghost *below (not visible) cries out,*

Ghost. Bravo!

Prince and Princess. Victoria, victoria! the day is now our own!

Peter. I think so too; I scarce can hear them groan.

Enter Peasants, singing and dancing.

Chorus.

Joy, joy, joy ‡!
The Ghost is laid; Stilletto's dead:
Sweet Prince and Princess, go to bed.

---

* If the above quotation should be deemed plagiarism, what can we say to Joanna of Mountfaucon? Mr. C——d has stolen the idea of the *Wolf* and the *Old Hermit* from this play; not to mention the many palpable imitations of Shakespeare, &c. In addition to those literary thefts, it was too bad in Mr. C——, upon the strength of *our* play, to put into the mouth of Wolf, the polite expression of son of a w——. However, the audience repaid him on the first night, by a *very odd kind* of approbation.

† What a sweet group! how expressive of fatherly affection! and what a subject for the painter! Of course our great painters will avail themselves of so divine a subject for the next exhibition.

‡ Shameful plagiarism! Oh fy, Mr. C——!

Now

Now inſtead of children ſqueaking *,
Or in ſtreams of blood a-reeking;
Let us dance,
And prance,
Now advance,
Eyes aſkaunce,
Pouting lips,
Jutting hips:
Such the pleaſures we have known,
Such the joys that now will come.
Let us foot it like Roſe,
And ſtick out our toes,
Raiſe our heels to our eyes,
And our arms to the ſkies;
Rubadub, rubadub, huzza! huzza!—

Then follows a grand tragic hornpipe †, *by Madame Caro*
During the dance and chorus, the Prince *and* Princeſs *fon*
and Peter *claſps his hands with all the agonizing ecſtacy of*
moſt rapturous applauſe.—Enter the Old Hermit of the Ro
his beard long and white; his robe made of gray linſey-wool
flowing majeſtically on the ground; a leathern belt round
waiſt; his conſidering-cap made of crimſon velvet, faced w
Siberian ſable; his demeanour ſlow, grave, and his pace m
ſured; his wand made of holly, cut down during the la
eclipſe. He raiſes his right arm, ſinks his left arm; adva
with his right foot, his left leg thrown backwards; and, w
the moſt decided and genuine patriarchal majeſty, he begin
follows:

Hermit. Bleſt pair, by Heaven deſign'd to mend the ag
And in this mimic playhouſe grace the ſtage;

* Encore! How hard is the fate of a dramatiſt! all his beſt thou
ſtollen, foreſtalled, or anticipated! Surely our German coadjutor has
fee'd on both ſides.

† A *tragic* hornpipe, beſides its alluring novelty, is more analogous
tragedy, than the comic dance introduced neck and heels; or, more
perly ſpeaking, *toes and heels*, into the Stranger. In the laſt-mentioned
that excellent dancer, Madame Del Caro, goes down the ſtage on her te
on the contrary, in our play, Madame Carodel will go down on her noſe

T

Take up your child, and then attend to me;
For then, perhaps, why then—why then you 'll ſee!
(His whole phyſiognomy and demeanour indicate a ſecret unrevealed.)

Peter. See what? The gentleman is all a riddle,
And what he ſays is merely faddle, fiddle*. *(With a tone and look ſtrongly indicative of irony and ſneering.)*

Princeſs. What ſhall we ſee, great Hermit of the Rock?
(Reſpectfully interrogatory.)

Hermit. The villains' heads upon the chopping-block.
(With ineffable dignity.)

† *He waves his hand ſlowly, and the ſcene inſtantly changes to a beautiful grotto: a ſuperb collation on the table; four ſilver ſaltcellars, in cut glaſſes, ſaucers, and two ſilver ſpoons, croſſed by each, are ſeen at the four corners of the table. Damaſk napkins, marked with the letter H, in each plate; pepper-boxes, cruets, muſtard-pots, French rolls, and brown bread, properly diſpoſed. An elegant platteau, and a ſilver epergne, loaded with confectionary, ices, &c. in the middle of the table. Water-glaſſes, ſeveral ſorts of wines, beer, ale, porter, and ſpruce-beer on the ſideboard. N. B. Two Seville oranges, and two lemons, cut into four quarters, are placed on the table cloſe to the ſaltcellars.*

Hermit. Behold my hermitage; how grand a ſight!
(Very pompouſly, and with evident marks of ſelf-conceited importance.)

Peter. Shall we have nothing, pray, to eat this night‡?
(With eyes ſtrongly indicating hunger.)

Prince. Where is my darling? *(With exquiſite pathos, and parental ſolicitation.)*

---

* A moſt beautiful ſpecimen of the antanaclaſis, or tranſpoſition. Some authors, for inſtance, Sannazarius, Madame Dacier, Scoppinger, Voſſius, St. Auguſtine, father Bouhours, and Gilbert Wakefield, call it the metaphraſtic verſion.

† Here's ſtage effect for you! How beautiful the contraſt! What a ſudden, yet pleaſing tranſition from a cold, dreary, ſtarving, ſtormy wood, to a warm grotto, and a good ſupper! If the audience ſhould not *taſte* this treat, why then the d—l take them!

‡ This queſtion of Peter's is ſurely ill-timed: or has our author been taking a nap, and forgot himſelf?—*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

Child.

Child. Here, my dear papa—

(With strong and insuppressible emotions of filial respe

Princess. Come to my arms, and kiss your own mamm

(The Princess *embraces the Child with a burst of maternal derness; she hugs him; he hugs her, and papa hugs them b they all cry in unison, and then wipe their eyes dry.)*

Song by the Hermit.

My daddy is dead and quite cold,
And buried in yonder church-yard;
Alas! I am growing so old,
All my prospects of marriage are marr'd.

I wish I could get a good wife,
Or see my poor daughter once more;
I then should enjoy all my life,
For counting my beads is *a bore* †.

Hermit. Here sit we down, and 'gin to eat our supper

(With a look of hospitality and hearty welcon

Peter. Oh, what a blow I've got upon my crupper!

(Querulously sorrowfu

'T was when I fell, as late I saw the Ghost
March to slow music, stiff as any post.

(Mimicking the Gho

Princess. Say, shall I help you to some apple-tart?

(Her eyes beaming with conjugal tenderne

Prince. Yes, if you please, my love, my joy, my hea

(With a bow replete with gratitu

Hermit. Suppose you add a custard to your pye?

(Eyes denoting epicurean devoti

Princess. With all my heart. *(Gaily.)*

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* None but persons of the most refined sensibility can taste this ele simplicity, so *peculiar* to the German drama. Our English dramatist afraid of venturing so boldly. They search for pearls, when less c materials would be infinitely preferable. They are deaf to this self-evi truth, that simplicity is one grand source of the sublime.

† A palpable imitation of this song has, we believe, been omitted the first representation of Joanna.

Pri

Prince. And I. *(Pleasantly.)*
Child. And I. *(Greedily.)*
Peter. And I. *(Very greedily.)*
Hermit. Here is an olio, cramm'd with all that's nice.
(With an air of liberality.)
Peter. Excellent! Sir, I'll touch it in a trice.
(He can scarce contain his agitation, and snatches the dish with the utmost impetuosity, and spills some of the gravy.)
Hermit. Suppose you add some salad to your salmon?
Prince. With all my heart; and eke a bit of gammon.
(With an air of ease and indifference.)
Peter. Of all inventions cooking is the best *.
(Extremely self-important and consequential.)
All other science is a mere dull jest.
Princess. True, Peter, true; the tempting fricassee
And rare ragout is just the thing for me.
(Smacking her lips, whilst the water runs from her mouth.)
Peter. This griskin will eat nice with sour crout †.
Hermit. Ha! what is that which makes so dread a rout?
(Extremely agitated and alarmed.)
(Guns and shrieks are heard.)

We have just received an order from the L—d C———n's office to prevent our inserting any more of the tragedy. We suppose an application has been made to the above-mentioned quarter by the managers of Drury Lane. They wish to astonish and surprise the public, and therefore the translator cannot venture to oblige our readers any further: he is very sorry for the disappointment, and is merely permitted to add, that each succeeding scene and act rises in pathos, dignity, nature, and splendour of stage effect. In the seventh act there is——but we shall forget ourselves again.

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* Many of our first-rate scholars, including the Lord Mayor and court of aldermen, are of that opinion.

† What an exquisite touch of nature is this! the mentioning *sour crout* reminds you that the scene is in Germany. Upon the whole, it must be confessed that this is one of the most *savoury* scenes that ever greeted the eyes, ears, and noses of a British audience. Besides, it must perforce be admirably performed, as most of our performers are perfectly *au fait* upon these occasions.

PANOPTICON PRISONS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE ſcheme of a Panopticon priſon, upon a deliberate view of all its parts, I am free to ſay is the moſt liberal plan of which this *enlightened* age has to boaſt.

When I ſay *liberal*, I allude to the very fair offers of the ingenious projector to Government; and Government, Sir, will be juſtly blamed for having loſt all its economical propenſities, if ſuch a plan is raſhly rejected. It is no ſmall thing to conſider that by this plan felons may be *moralized* twenty-five *per cent.* cheaper, and better, than by the *hulkiſh* ſcheme of reformation ſo long practiſed to little purpoſe.— Nor, Sir, is it a ſmall thing to reflect, that in an age when religion, morality, and ſocial order are in great demand, we know at length where to go to the cheapeſt market; and that while our rents are raiſed, our taxes multiplied, and all the neceſſaries of life at an exorbitant price, we can yet ſay that virtue keeps *low*, and that morals may be had very reaſonable. Far otherwiſe has been the caſe lately. Indeed we ſcarcely ſee any men ſtand up for morality and ſocial order who are not men of property; and we have witneſſed many inſtances in which our miniſters have been obliged to ſupport the virtue of their friends when tottering, by penſions, ſinecures, and other buttreſſes.

A ſecond inſtance of our ingenious projector's liberality is his engaging "to furniſh the priſoners with a conſtant ſupply of wholeſome food, not limited in quantity, but adequate to each man's deſires." On this ſubject I wiſh to ſay a few words. I remember laſt year, that an enlightened philoſopher publiſhed a pamphlet (which I am ſorry to ſay our graceleſs reviewers laughed at), in which he proved that all virtue and vice depend

depend upon our food. I beg leave, therefore, to recommend this author as an assistant to the Panopticon reform, for which he seems in every respect qualified. According to this system, the *wholesomeness* of the prisoners' food must be regulated: for I can have no doubt, after reading the pamphlet, that most of the *Old Bailey vices* arise from irregularity of *appetite*. It is easy to conceive that French cookery will incline a man very much to *sedition*, and that things of an *opening* nature may lay the foundation for *housebreaking*. The Spectator fancied that he saw gouts, dropsies, and fevers, lurking among the dishes of a plentiful table. I have less difficulty in seeing highway robberies, petty larceny, and even forgeries, skulking under the covers of some luxurious treats. When, however, it is once known that there is an intimate connexion between the stomach and the heart, care may be taken that no particle of felony shall enter into the diet of Mr. Bentham's pupils, that no treason shall be served up in a tureen, and no sedition swallowed in the form of soup. It must also be a sacred condition with the market contractor, that he send in no joints but what are far from every species of corruption, and that in his choice of poultry and of fish, he be guided by no other consideration than tenderness of conscience: drinks, likewise, must be examined by the same moral criterion, though here I confess there will be some difficulty; for if the governor does not lay in his own wine, he will be very much puzzled to find an *honest* bottle!

A third instance of liberality is the projector's engagement "to pay a sum for every one that dies." If Government does not accept this, I don't know what they will accept. There is a novelty in the offer that must strike every man. None but a German prince ever contracted to be paid for dead soldiers. But the liberality of the present offer so plainly speaks for itself, that it would be superfluous to say more on the

ſubject. All I hope is, that generous conduct on the one hand will produce generous conduct on the other, that our courts will ſend no convicts to the Panopticon but who are in good health, and that no perſon will pick a pocket, if he is at all in a *bad way*. It may be alſo neceſſary, in order to ſecure the projector, that his pupils ſhould be obliged to paſs through the purgatory of an hoſpital before they arrive at the bliſs of a Panopticon.

The only other inſtance I ſhall mention of extreme liberality, and which certainly exceeds all the reſt, is, the offer "to pay a ſum of money for every perſon who ſhall commit a felony after his diſcharge." If any man can contemplate this offer without ſentiments of admiration, I would aſk him what would be the caſe were a clergyman to be obliged to give ſecurity that none of his flock ſhould commit any of their old ſins? or if a phyſician who had cured his patient of a ſevere diſeaſe, were obliged to be reſponſible for his health ever after? or if a lawyer who had brought a quarrelſome fellow cleverly through a vexatious ſuit, ſhould be obliged to return his fees if he ever got into a ſcrape again? Truly, Mr. Editor, I know not how to ſpeak of this part of the ſcheme in language adequate to its novelty and merit. The Engliſh tongue is a poor beggarly fund in ſuch caſes. And yet all this is a neceſſary conſequence of the Panopticon ſyſtem: it is a part without which it would be imperfect; and what is more, it will not be attended with ſo much difficulty and riſk, as in the firſt burſt of our admiration we are apt to ſuppoſe. The whole Panopticon ſyſtem is founded on what its author calls "*the ſentiment of an inviſible omnipreſcence.*" Now, Sir, it is only giving the priſoners their *diſcharge* and this *ſentiment* together, and the buſineſs is done. The moſt hardened apoſtate to his old ways will inſtantly draw back his hand

hand from the *pocket* or the *till*, and cry out, "Zounds! there's maſter Bentham looking at me!"

Another means of ſecuring the future good behaviour of the diſcharged, now *honeſt men*, might be to cauſe all the inhabitants of the metropolis to paint the letter B on their doors and ſtrong boxes. I am perſuaded it would guard our property and our perſonal ſafety as effectually as the blue riband and *No Popery* defended us in the memorable 1780. Nay, I have little doubt that when this *inviſible omnipreſence* has been fully eſtabliſhed, ſtage-coaches, mail-coaches, and paſſengers of all deſcriptions may travel Hounſlow Heath any hour of the night with no other guard than pronouncing the name of *Bentham* whenever they meet a ſuſpicious character.

But I perceive I have enlarged this letter probably beyond admiſſible bounds, and muſt ſtop ſhort. I hope however you will allow that I could not well ſay leſs in favour of the only ſcheme of reform that has ever been ſubmitted to the unerring criterion of *ocular demonſtration*. I hope I have been the humble means of removing ſome objections, and recommending it more forcibly to the public. As to the projector, he certainly is eminently qualified to execute what he has planned; at leaſt he has one quality without which no man can execute great and important undertakings—I mean an implicit confidence in its ſucceſs; and this indeed is admirably connected with the ſcheme itſelf, if there be a ſyllable of truth in the old adage, "that *ſeeing is believing*."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

April 4, 1799. A LOVER OF SPECTACLES.

ADVICE TO CANDIDATES AND MEMBERS OF ——. BY ——.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

THE advantages of poſſeſſing a place in the —— are ſo manifold, and the good that reſults from it ſo deſirable and ſubſtantial, that I have determined to deſerve the thanks of the ſupporters of our moſt excellent ſyſtem of government, by compoſing a treatiſe purpoſely for the uſe of inexperienced candidates and young members. They will find this treatiſe full of infallible and eternal truths; and I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing it referred to for information and entertainment as often as that clear, comprehenſive, luminous, and pleaſing work, the *Statutes at large*.

There may indeed come a time, ſhould thoſe troubleſome

Black ſpirits and white,
Red ſpirits and gray,

ſucceed in their daring plans of reform, when this moſt able and uſeful treatiſe of mine may ſink into oblivion. But of this at leaſt I am aſſured, that it can only ſink with the fall of the ſyſtem it will have upheld; a ſyſtem, which thoſe who have been moſt profited and benefited by, tell us (and ſurely they who have tried it the moſt, muſt be the beſt judges), is the wiſeſt, faireſt, moſt virtuous, moſt excellent, moſt liberal, moſt glorious, moſt perfect, &c. &c. that ever human wit or human wiſdom deviſed. Theſe are the very words, or nearly the words, of that ſplendid luminary of the church, and inculcator of paſſive obedience, Biſhop ——.

TO CANDIDATES.

There are ſix reaſons why you may wiſh to get a ſeat.

1. You may want a title.

 2. You

2. You may want a place, a penſion, or a ſinecure.

3. You may be *under ſuſpicion* of debt, and wiſh to avoid *troubleſome* inquiries, and *occaſional* violations of your perſon.

4. You may be a partner in a banking-houſe, or a mercantile concern, and think that you ſhall increaſe your intereſts.

5. You may wiſh for a regiment or a ſhip.

6. Or you may wiſh to gratify your vanity.

But theſe ſix reaſons all reſolve themſelves into one grand one, viz.— You wiſh to get in, in order to ſerve yourſelf—a very laudable motive, and ſtrictly conformable to the wiſe maxim recommended, I believe, by that able writer COCKER, and indeed inſtilled into your mind by your parents and relations, *i. e. always to take care of number one, or, in other words, to mind the main chance.* You obſerve I have ſtrictly avoided claſſing among your reaſons, a wiſh to ſerve the public good, becauſe that is contrary to my general rule.

You have juſt, I will ſuppoſe, completed your education at the univerſity. You have diſſipated all your fortune but about five thouſand pounds. What are five thouſand pounds? They will not keep you in that luxury in which a gentleman of your ſentiments ought to live. Or you may have but five thouſand pounds, and owe fifteen*. In that caſe, perſonal impunity is abſolutely neceſſary. You inquire for a broker of ——, or you advertiſe. The thing is quite a trade. The article has its fixed value as much as logwood; and I have often wondered that it has not, before this time, formed a diſtinct and regular article in the *price current* at Lloyd's. I ſhould obſerve to you alſo, that the commodity has its variations in price, according to the

* If you are in this predicament, you muſt be particularly careful to ſooth your creditors while you are negotiating for a ——. At all events, you muſt abſolutely keep from their knowledge the object you have in view. The policy of this ſecrecy is ſo obvious, that I need not enlarge upon it.

length

length of time you have to ——. But I am ſure you underſtand what I mean.

After having ſettled the terms, and arranged all the preliminary ſteps with the principal or his broker, you appear among your *independent* electors. As a model of an addreſs to them, I think I have ſeen none better than this:

"*To the worthy — of the ancient and loyal — of —.*

"GENTLEMEN,

"I beg leave to offer myſelf a candidate to —— this ancient, loyal, and truly reſpectable *(repeat theſe epithets as often as you can)* place in ———. I have not the vanity, gentlemen, to think that I have merit or abilities ſufficient to entitle me to that diſtinguiſhed honour: but if the moſt unbounded attachment to our moſt excellent conſtitution, as eſtabliſhed at the moſt glorious revolution; if a perfect devotion to the ſervice of my country; a determined abhorrence of the deſigns of thoſe republicans and levellers, who would not only deſtroy our happy conſtitution, but produce among us the moſt dreadful ſcenes of anarchy, confuſion, and diſorder; if, gentlemen, a fixed reſolution to conſult at all times the intereſts of my fellow-citizens *(ſubjects, perhaps, would be a better word)*, and particularly the intereſts of the inhabitants of this independent, ancient, loyal, and truly reſpectable town, are any claims to your notice, I flatter myſelf that I ſhall not be found unworthy of your countenance and ſupport.

"I am, Gentlemen,

"With profound reſpect,

"Your moſt obedient, moſt obliged,

"And entirely devoted ſervant,

"——."

Well! you ſecure the object of your wiſhes. You return thanks, give a dinner to the corporation, and a dance to the ladies, and then haſten to the capital. With

With respect to the q———n; your *patron*, who has *kindly introduced* you to the notice of your respectable electors, will furnish you with one. This is a part of the bargain, and a *sine qua non*. He will require from you, of course, a bond for a large sum; but this bond you will receive from him after a certain ceremony has been gone through, which I need not particularize. There have been some, I have heard, who have *generously* refused to receive their own bond, or to return the ——. But this independent mode of conduct I do not recommend to you to imitate, because there are other ways of arriving at wealth and emolument, which I shall, perhaps, point out to you hereafter. You are now risen from the humility of the candidate to the dignity of the ——; and a new, interesting, and important prospect opens to your sight.

PROPOSED ALTERATIONS

IN THE NEW EDIFICE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

[From the Times.]

WE understand, that in order to accommodate the increased number of the HOUSE OF COMMONS on the UNION, it is proposed to appropriate to the use of the members those places in the side galleries which are at present occupied by strangers.

It would be unjust and illiberal to expect from the West British (i.e. Irish members) a total renunciation of their former customs and amusements. It is therefore meant to assign to them those portions of the gallery thus gained to the House for the adjustment of their parliamentary affairs of honour: the challenger and his second to the right, the respondent and his friend to the left; as is practised when the House divides in a committee. But as some Irish members who have been consulted,

consulted, declare the distance to be, if any thing, greater than the laws of honour allow of, the length and calibre of the pistols are to be proportionably increased. By this mode we shall have gained at least the point of having such rencontres in a parliamentary shape, and under the eye of the SPEAKER.

The differences arising from a debate are to be decided the following day, before the chaplain enters to read prayers. When they are over, he will be at hand, and at leisure to bury the dead.

The most eminent gun-makers are busily employed in making *Union pistols*, from the model which has been agreed upon between the Speakers of the English and Irish Houses of Commons, and which lies for inspection at the house of the sergeant at arms, by whom they are to be proved and stamped with the *wig* and *mace*.

This mark, however, is only provisional, as the mace is to be laid aside as soon as a final determination can be taken as to the construction of the musquetoon, or wall-piece, with which the sergeant at arms is to be provided, in order to assist the Speaker in maintaining order in the House.

As members can speak but once on each question except in a committee, and then as often as they please, the same principle is to be applied to the *imperial private parliamentary proceedings*. No member is to fight more than one duel upon each question, except the House has been in a committee, when each member will be allowed to fight as often as he has spoken. For the greater decorum of the proceedings, the powder to be used is to be of that sort, whose explosion is unattended with noise. The seconds are to be the same as the tellers.

In the same manner that conferences are held between the two Houses in the Painted Chamber, should any member of the one House feel his honour affected by expressions used by a member of the other, the

the difference is to be adjusted in that apartment.—The duel, like a conference, is to be demanded by a deputation; and the Speaker will attend on the part of the Commons, and two or three masters in chancery on that of the Lords, to see fair play. Peers may fight by proxy, or enter their protests, in case of their appeal being refused by their opponent.

INSTRUCTIONS

FOR SHOPKEEPERS, APPRENTICES, &c.

[From the Oracle]

WHEN a shopkeeper first enters on business, he ought to advertise for a partner in trade with *at least* 3000*l.*; and in so doing, set forth that the profits will clear 40 or 50 *per cent.* and that the advertiser will take on himself the *active* part of the business: by this is understood every thing relating thereto, more especially *money matters.* When he gets up in the morning, let him dress off in the *spruce st style*—nankeen trousers very wide, made *à la Turque*—as the size of a Turk's *inexpressibles* is very convenient, and much admired by the *fair sex.* Have your hair cropt in the neatest manner, the hair rather close, which will give the head the elegant small appearance of the *Apollo of Belvidere.* The little hair that is left should be distorted in a variety of directions, so as to affect the natural carelessness of an *Orlando Furioso*; but by no means wear any powder, as it will dirty your clothes, and give you the appearance of a *barber* or a *miller.* Your cravat should come up to your ears, and be filled out with a stiffener *large* and *strong*, which will give you the appearance of great strength, a natural qualification, and *useful* to the ladies in *a variety of ways.* You must always imitate your superiors as nearly as possible; and, as it is the humour among our *capricious islanders,*

islanders, for the peasant to *tread on the kibes of the Peer*, you are by no means to forget the privilege. Let your waistcoat be *very short*, which will answer one elegant purpose, and two very laudable ones; the first is, it will show the fascinating *contour* of your hip; the second, save cloth, and consequently expense; and, lastly, you will mortify *Snip*, by injuring the luxuriance of his *cabbage*. Be sure you follow the same plan in your coat; have the buttons on the hip set very close, which will help to give you the appearance of a manly breadth in the shoulders; and let the tail be cut as sharp away as a *jack-daw*'s or *a fighting cock*'s, when he is spurred and clipt out for battle. The shopmen and grown-up apprentices may observe the same rules as their young *airy* masters, but with the additional caution, never to be seen, *like Watty Cockney*, sweeping the shop in a white apron: this part of your business will be readily taken off your hands for a few coppers. Thus equipped, get behind your counter about twelve o'clock, and take care that you *handle your yard* in a genteel style, as nothing so much pleases the ladies as to observe your address *in this way*. Keep the lady in close conversation; catch the *amorous glances* of her eye with a most *significant look*; and you must know a look speaks *silent and most expressive language*; and be sure to *touch* her fair hand, which conveys a wonderful sympathy: and to know the effect of such, you need only read the amours of *Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman*, who carried on their courtship by similar touches, in tracing out the parallels in his plan of the *siege of Dunkerque*; by *touches* he gained the widow's heart, and a *shopkeeper* may come off as well in *the field of Venus as a soldier*. As the *loose fish* are now coming *up the rivers*, to take shelter about the *luxuriant shores* of the venerable Thames for the winter, your shop to a certainty will be, no doubt, much frequented by them, which will give

give you the fineſt opportunity of ſelecting a moſt agreeable acquaintance among them: they will be eaſily diſtinguiſhed by the *keenneſs* of their *ſalamander looks:* and one great thing in your favour is, that ladies of the above deſcription always ſhow a marked partiality for thoſe who can furniſh them with articles at an *eaſy rate.* From the great variety that frequents your ſhop, your amours may be regulated in the moſt agreeable manner—a few yards of muſlin, &c. and *a gig on a Sunday*, will *frank you* for the whole week; and you will obtain for thoſe trifles what the *hoary Peer, the man of large fortune*, and the *fat and greaſy Citizen*, retired from buſineſs, muſt pay hundreds for. Should the ſums attending your *galliantry*, the chances of the *hazard-table*, and a variety of concurring expenſes, render a *bankruptcy* inevitable, do it in as maſterly a ſtyle as poſſible; the more you take in, the leſs loſs will it be to each, and you will be called a *d——d clever fellow*, inſtead of the miſerable appellation of a *paltry rogue*; and you need not bluſh at paying them with *a ſhilling in the pound*, as you have numerous examples to follow in this reſpect. One thing I would particularly recommend: let your ſhop be very large; buy a cart-load of ſtraw, and plenty of brown paper; make up neat parcels, with a ſmall diamond cut in front of each, to which may be paſted a ſcrap of different cloths: thus your ſhop will make a moſt reſpectable appearance; and as grocers ſet off their ſhops with *empty canniſters*, apothecaries with *bladders and empty bottles, to make up a ſhow*, you have a right to do the ſame; but above all, a few days before you break, have your houſe *freſh painted.*

G.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

[From the Oracle.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THERE is an officer now in town who declares himself to be a *Free-Man* (whether of the *city of London*, *town corporate*, or *borough* of any other part of this kingdom, is not yet known); but who is better recognised by the title of *General Fly-flapper*. He, no doubt, has at least heard or read much of real service, and has seen *some* blood spilled in his lifetime; that he has been accustomed to *see blood flow*, there can be but little doubt, as the wainscots of several coffee-houses, west of Temple Bar, bear ample testimony. This son of Mars's propensity to the destruction of the poor flies is unparalleled, to the very great annoyance of several visitors of those useful houses. Millions have perished by his merciless hands, and each blow with his flapper is accompanied with "D—n ye, I wish you were all Frenchmen." This is the hero's amusement till the clock strikes four; on which he rises, marches, wheels, and marches again, till he disappears, but only to renew the bloody combat on the succeeding day. Some description of this *great General* may not be unacceptable. He measures eight feet! not in height—five from his foot to the crown of his head; and three from hip to hip. His complexion sallow; a tolerably good eye, but a brow that terrifies when in action; wears a cocked hat; that in the front is of an extremely sharp acute angle, sufficiently pointed to convey a draught of water to the mouth of the most diminutive eel, or to take a pearl from the eye of a Scotch piper. Having given some description of his stature, I wish

 I could

I could conclude with that of the dimensions of his coffin.

Yours, &c.

AID DE CAMP.

BONAPARTE's LETTER.

[From the Times.]

TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Health and Fraternity!

WE, Bonaparte, First Consul of the French republic, to the supreme government of which, upon the 10th Nov. 1799, of the Christian æra, we were called with *one* voice, to wit, by our loving brother and counsellor, Lucien, not trusting entirely, as it has been maliciously reported by certain traitorous and evil-disposed persons, to our grenadiers and our fortune; but being, on the contrary, ambitious of adding to our other lawful titles and dignities the name, style, and appellation of Grand Pacificator; and being also desirous to confirm the auspicious outset, and secure the duration of our happy reign, by a firm and lasting alliance with some of our fellow-sovereigns in the republic of Europe; and moreover, having lately failed in our royal endeavour to detach the Emperor of Germany from certain treaties, solemnly sworn to between your respective nations; and for divers other good and weighty reasons thereunto us moving, we have thought it expedient to address ourself to your Majesty, in your turn, whom we are graciously pleased to acknowledge to be King of Great Britain and Ireland. In return for this great concession upon our part, our will and pleasure is, that your Majesty should abandon, upon the principle

of mutual compenſation, to us, our heirs and ſucceſſors, lawfully-uſurping Chief Conſul of France, all right, title, and pretenſion whatſoever to the ſtyle of King of our realm of France, which ſhall be by us aſſumed, when and at what time to ourſelf, in our royal wiſdom, ſhall appear meet and convenient.

And whereas we are deſirous to reſtore that good harmony which ought ever to exiſt between ſovereign princes, and to put an end to the horrors of war, we are content to demand of your ſaid Majeſty of Great Britain and Ireland, whether you are inclined to acknowledge our right and title as aforeſaid, and alſo to treat for a firm, laſting, and equitable peace; in token of our ſincere deſire to obtain which, we are pleaſed to offer the following preliminary conditions for your Majeſty's acceptance and concurrence.—

1ſt. There ſhall be a firm, laſting, and inviolable peace and *friendſhip* between their *Majeſties*, Bonaparte the Firſt, Grand Conſul of France, &c. and George the Third, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and between their reſpective republics.

2d. His Majeſty the King of Great Britain and Ireland ſhall cede and reſtore to the ſaid King of the Republic, all the territories, iſlands, counters of commerce, ſhips, harbours, priſoners of war, &c. which have at any time fallen into the power of the Engliſh, ſince the commencement of the preſent war for the liberty of the univerſe.

In return for which conceſſions on the part of his Majeſty the King of Great Britain and Ireland, the republican King is graciouſly pleaſed to abandon the care and defence of all the liberties of all the world, including thoſe of his own liege ſubjects the French republicans. And he agrees, moreover, to cede the whole of his valuable conqueſts in Italy, together with all the right and title he poſſeſſes to the property of the republic of Batavia, out of which his Britiſh

Majeſty

Majeſty ſhall be at full liberty to indemnify himſelf for all expenſes of the war, and the retroceſſions of the preſent peace, as for his own part the Grand Conſul will not fail or omit to do from his vaſſal kingdom of Spain, and his annexed dominions in Belgium and Swiſſerland.

Upon this principle of reciprocity and mutual compenſation, we are willing to treat for a ſeparate peace with your Majeſty, retaining at the ſame time full liberty and permiſſion to make war upon and deſtroy, unmoleſted by your fleets and armies, all or any of your Majeſty's allies, whom we graciouſly propoſe to attack ſeparately, and at ſeparate times, and to ſubdue one after the other; and during the whole of the period neceſſary to accompliſh this juſt and lawful purpoſe, we faithfully promiſe to abſtain from invading any part of your Majeſty's dominions. And as a firm proof of the ſincerity with which we make this gracious offer, and as a guarantee for the peace we are magnanimouſly diſpoſed to grant to your Majeſty, we have been graciouſly pleaſed to command our Inſtitute to invent the form of an oath which we have never violated, and which is ſo conſtructed by the ſkill of our philoſophers and ſçavans, that it is phyſically and metaphyſically impoſſible for the perſon taking it to become forſworn, or to evade the ſaid oath in any particular, or for any decree of any Conſulate, Tribunate, Conſervative Body, Legiſlature, or other lawful authority, to abrogate, invalidate, or ſet it aſide, in all time to come.

We further engage our royal-republican faith and honour not to counterfeit, or to cauſe to be counterfeited, any ukaſe, firman, decree, or ſtate paper whatſoever, nor to forge your Majeſty's ſeal or ſign-manual, in order to cauſe revolts and ſalutary maſſacres in your Majeſty's ſtates and provinces during the preſent treaty of peace and amity, wholly blaming,

condemning, and disclaiming all such stratagems and arts between yourself, us, and our brother sovereigns of the European republic, and in any countries lying within 35 degrees of northern latitude.

And as a further proof of our friendly and moderate desires, we have instructed our good and faithful counsellor and secretary of state, Talleyrand, to forbear from all customary fees of his office, and commanded him not to demand a single guinea of your Majesty's secretary of state for the liberty of treating with the Great Nation.

We do moreover absolutely abrogate and give up all right and custom due to us upon your Majesty's pictures, statues, cartoons, jewels, tapestries, plate, &c.

We are also graciously pleased to remit and discharge your Majesty and your heirs for ever of all our right, title, mortgage, and security upon the funds of England, and the loan raised by our predecessors of glorious memory, upon the security of the conquest of your kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, and to transfer the whole claim and interest of the several subscribers, lenders, renters, &c. upon our kingdom of France, lawfully ceded and made over to me by your Majesty and your said heirs for ever.

We moreover promise, that in case that we shall send more than one ambassador to negotiate a definitive peace with your Majesty's minister for foreign relations, we will give a full, adequate, and firm bond and security, that in case that it should appear necessary to our royal prudence, magnanimity, and the dictates of an enlightened policy, to order one or more of our said ambassadors or plenipotentiaries to murder one or all of his colleagues, we will under no circumstances accuse your Majesty or your ministers, or any of the regiments of your army, of the said murder or murders.

And

And we do moreover ſtipulate and engage, that in the event of a definitive peace being concluded between our reſpective Majeſties, we will not order the ambaſſador we ſhall depute, to ſuperintend the due obſervance of the ſaid peace at your court of St. James's, to make any republican proceſſions, which we hold in abhorrence; nor to celebrate the feaſt of the Royal Murder other than in his own private chapel, and in the preſence of the ſecretaries and aſſiſtants of our embaſſy. And we alſo promiſe, that the ſaid plenipotentiaries during the negotiations, and the ſaid ambaſſador after the definitive peace, ſhall not diſplay any bloody flags from the windows of their or his hotel, nor receive and keep in the French Palace any artillery, howitzers, ſhot, ſhells, cartridges, ſwords, muſkets, &c. (other than for the juſt and neceſſary murder of one or other of the ſaid ambaſſadors in the caſe above mentioned); and that the ſaid ambaſſador or ambaſſadors ſhall in no caſe levy public war, or conſpire openly with his Majeſty's Jacobins, under colour, pretence, or privilege of the French flag; but that all treaſons, plots, and conſpiracies ſhall be duly and lawfully carried on by means of the newſpapers already in the intereſt of his Majeſty the Grand Pacificator, and in ſuch clubs and aſſemblies as ſhall be legally appointed by his ſaid Majeſty, or his repreſentative at the court of St. James's.

The ſaid Grand Conſul ſubmits the foregoing propoſitions to his Majeſty the King of Great Britain and Ireland, without the intervention of any miniſter or ſecretary whatſoever, with the ſame condeſcenſion and kindneſs with which he was pleaſed to accept the invitation of his Highneſs the Archduke of Tuſcany; and he relies upon the franknesſ and loyalty of his good brother the King of Great Britain to return him an anſwer in his own hand-writing, which he will

will publish in due time, to do honour to both sovereigns.

Health and mutual respect!

Witness OURSELF, at our Palace of the Thuilleries, 6th Nivose, An 8.

By the GRAND CONSUL.

(L.S.) TALLEYRAND, Ex-Bishop.
HUGUES B. MARET, Secretary General.

MEDICAL LECTURES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

AMONG the Medical Lectures announced for the ensuing winter, we think it our duty to notice, as a matter of importance and curiosity, that an able Physician, who has for some time presided over the health of his Majesty's ministers, has issued a "Prospectus of a Course of Lectures on Disorders incident to *Statesmen*."

This Prospectus avers, with equal truth and propriety, that the attempt to reduce the disorders of statesmen to a regular system is perfectly new, and that the accomplishment of the object has long been a *desideratum* in the study of medicine. The lecturer having enjoyed frequent opportunities of practice among first lords of the Treasury, secretaries of state, secretaries at war, and secretaries secretaries, with their agents and commissaries, and other persons in high official situation, modestly claims, what every candid person must allow, such a knowledge of the subject as may at least serve for a foundation. At the same time he is conscious that the labours of one man

man cannot be ſufficient, and that a powerful combination of talents and perſeverance only can bring this plan into *execution*. With a ſpirited public, however, he flatters himſelf there can be no reaſon to deſpair of ſucceſs.

It is alſo remarked, that although the ingenious Dr. Ramazzini publiſhed a valuable work on the Diſeaſes of Tradeſmen, and Dr. Tiſſot a no leſs valuable Treatiſe on the Diſorders of People of Faſhion, yet no attempt has hitherto been made to handle that claſs of illneſſes which belong to Miniſters of State, diſtinctly from thoſe of other perſons with which they are often injudiciouſly confounded. Indeed, it is remarked, that the patients themſelves are apt to think the diſorders *epidemic*, and often can have no idea of any *conſtitution* but their own.

The Proſpectus farther informs us that this courſe of lectures will be divided in two parts: 1. Of the Diſeaſes of Stateſmen in *Peace*. 2. Of the Diſeaſes of Stateſmen in *War*. The former will occupy but a ſmall part of the courſe, as the diſorders incident to peace ſeem to have diſappeared totally from this country, and are, indeed, but little known in any part of Europe; and if they were to return, they are comparatively mild, and require little aid from medicine.

The ſecond part, of the Diſeaſes of Stateſmen in *War*, will engage the lecturer's principal attention; and this part, he obſerves, branches out into three diviſions:—1. The *origin*, generally very trifling and obſcure, indicated by plethora, fulneſs of the cheſt, with ſome degree of delirium.—2. The *progreſs*, or criſis, when the fulneſs and delirium abate, but debility and lowneſs of ſpirits take place.—3. The *termination*, or *cui bono?* which is indicated by increaſing weakneſs, and hanging of the head.

Theſe three will form the ſubject of *general lectures*, and

and will again be subdivided into various *specific* lectures on the several disorders as classified in the Cullenian system. These are too numerous to be noticed in a newspaper, and therefore we must refer to the Prospectus itself. The most considerable, as appears to us, who cannot pretend to medical knowledge, are the following:

The *Wickham Message*, which made its appearance about three or four years ago. The patient was attacked with giddiness, flights of imagination, and risings about the chest; which, however, proceeded from wind, although the patient always insisted that the swelling was substantial.—In a few days this preternatural distention fell with great rapidity, and left the patient in a very weak state.

The *Malmesbury Mumps* was a disorder of the same nature, but much more violent; the head being first affected, and the distention already mentioned being much greater, and wholly unaccountable. Dr. *Harris*, who was called in very frequently, *wrote away* stoutly for the patient, but to little purpose.

The *Loyalty Loan*, which appeared soon after, partook of the nature of a very weakening discharge, and reduced some to a very deplorable state.

The *Lisle Asthma*. This was a *short breathing*, which was merely temporary, and was alleviated by Dr. *Duncan*, who at that time practised very successfully among the Dutch.

Consumption of Resources is another disorder included by our lecturer, and on which he means to bestow particular attention, as there are a *majority* who deny the very existence of such a case.

Looseness of Principles—generally a very hopeless case, as no medicine has yet been discovered sufficiently *binding* to stop it. It threatens to be epidemic, although certainly neither the middling nor the lower classes are so much subject to it as the upper.

Diseases

Diseases in the Funds.—These are very irregular, and will require much attention: they have been much exasperated by the use of quack medicines: the patient frequently cannot stand, and is obliged to *lie.*

Obstructions in the Seat of Discount.—This subject is fitter for a medical lecture than for a decorous newspaper; and therefore we shall only copy from the Prospectus, "that it was first occasioned by an *illicit connexion* with an *old lady* in *Threadneedle Street.*

Violent Costiveness in Warehouses.—This arose from making too free with all the trade of Europe. The lecturer promises some curious experiments on the newly-discovered opening medicines, called *Exchequer Bills.*

To these may be added, *Sulkiness*; during which the patient refuses to answer a plain question, or answers it in such a manner as not to be understood:—*Deafness*, amid the loudest cries:—*Tampering with the Constitution*, which the learned lecturer thinks the cause of all other disorders: and lastly, a singular species of *green sickness*, peculiar to statesmen, accompanied with such a *depraved appetite*, that the patient will eat nothing but *cheese-parings* and the *ends* of *candles*, and these he devours by the *thousand.*

Such are the outlines of this valuable course of lectures, which the author has undertaken with the honest purpose of conveying information to the public on matters in which they are powerfully interested: for, he adds, although these disorders seem peculiarly to belong to the class of men who are his immediate objects, yet they often become epidemic, and extend in their effects to the uttermost part of the kingdom.

N. B. The author lectures at his own house; but a *Dispensary* is now fitting up in Palace Yard, where cases may be seen of each disorder, upon paying a certain fee at admission.

B—— W——'s LEG.

[From the ſame.]

IN the courſe of a long acquaintance with that great ſtateſman and Alderman, Mr. B—— W——, I have learned ſome particulars of his wooden leg, which may afford uſeful hints to the world.

B—— confeſſes that his leg has been the making of him. It excited ideas of ambition in his mind, which a leg of fleſh and blood could never have inſpired.— "Bleſſed be the ſhark," cries B——, "that took away a miſerable leg, and led me on to fame and fortune!"

This exclamation may appear paradoxical; but B—— is right. With two legs he might now have been rolling a caſk, inſtead of rolling in a chariot. A man with a pair of ordinary legs ſeldom thinks of any thing but of walking ſtraight forward. But break one, twiſt it, or cut it, and his manner of thinking entirely changes.

Philoſophers have not conſidered this matter ſufficiently. They have not conceived the effects which have been produced on the world by the ſprawling legs of P—, the thick ankles of R—, and the vigorous poſts which ſuſtain the enormous ſubdorſal promontory of Lord G———.

The Romans underſtood this ſubject better. The Scauri, the Vari, the Valgi, the Pœti, and half of the other illuſtrious families of that people, derived their appellations from ſome defect of the legs. They were afraid to employ a man with handſome legs, either in their armies or councils, wiſely judging that he would be always uſing them either in dancing or in running away.

This effect of fine legs Mr. B—— W—— is conſcious of in his own perſon. Thoſe who have ſeen the worthy Alderman need not be told that the ſurviving

ing leg is as well ſhaped as leg can be; and as he is poſitive that the other, before the affair of the ſhark, was altogether a match to it, they will not wonder that B—— had begun (humble as his ſtation then was) to wear ſtriped cotton ſtockings on Sundays; and, in ſhort, that his legs were leading him to a train of expenſes very unfavourable to his advancement in the world.

It was not in human nature to abſtain from bitter lamentations on the loſs of a favourite leg; and accordingly B—— for ſome time gave way to his feelings. At length he took courage, adopted the ſpoke of a coach-wheel for a ſubſtitute, and returned to his employment.

The firſt thought that then occurred to him (the parent of all the reſt, and of his fortune) was, that having but one leg, a pair of ſtockings was now as good as two pair, and ſo of the buckles and ſhoes. And following up this favourite idea, he has actually preſerved a regular account of all his diſburſements on the natural leg, which, of courſe, exhibits the exact amount of what he has ſaved by the loſs of its fellow, excepting the ſmall matter of keeping the wooden one in repair. This curious document, which the worthy Alderman ſhowed me laſt April, at his counting-houſe on G—— Hill, demonſtrates that he is already in pocket on this account 273*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.* As I have already hinted, he did not run into any extravagance at firſt in the wooden member, contenting himſelf with any ordinary piece of timber that appeared ſerviceable; and the public will remember that it was not till he was elected Alderman that he mounted the beautifully turned ſpoke which he now uſes, and which I have authority to ſtate was executed under the direction of that ingenious common-councilman Mr. Deputy L——y, citizen and wheelwright, greatly to his credit; for I have heard Mr. W—— declare it had obtained the diſtinguiſhed notice and approbation of

 his

his sovereign. Indeed, much as economy is to be recommended, it would not have been seemly to have seen an Alderman of the first commercial city in Europe, a Director of the Bank, the supporter of Mr. P—, the supporter of a just and necessary war, himself supported by an unadorned spar.

But it is not the 273*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.* or, in other words, the actual money saved by a wooden leg, which we ought principally to regard; but the collateral savings, and the moral consequences of a wooden leg when acquired at a suitable period of life. It is but a slender capital that can be accumulated from the saving of a shoe, or wearing out of a stocking; but who will pretend to calculate the extent of it, when the leg gives the hint to the head and the belly; when the peeled and bare timber cries out shame on the indulgence of the other members; when the stump, projecting as he sits in the solemn gloom of G—— Hill, admonishes to caution, and seems to point to the salutary problem which teaches the annual value of a daily pin?

Pray has my reader ever beheld B—— W——? Perhaps thou mayest have seen him walking in the street; and didst thou ever see a gait so solemn, or such an air of dignity as when he rises majestic on the fleshy toe to give motion to the timber one? Perhaps, too, thou mayest have heard him ask a pinch of snuff of Mr. Alderman A———n; and couldst thou help being struck with the slow and awful gravity of the tone? Nay, possibly thou mayest have heard him at some public meeting move "for leave to insert a comma in the last resolution, save one;" or refuse to subscribe half-a-crown to some poor petitioner, for that irresistible reason so often assigned, that "his time is so completely taken up with the pressure of the business of a great mercantile house, and the duties of a magistrate of the first commercial city in Europe."—Heaven and earth! what solemnity of utterance! like

ſome ancient prophet denouncing the ruin of a rebellious city.

All this you may have ſeen and wondered at; but it is a hundred to one if you ever divine whence this unutterable gravity originated. I do aſſure thee it emanates entirely from the wooden leg. I ſee you ſtare; but I have ſtudied this great man nearly thirty years, and lived with him in the new world as well as the old; and I repeat that this amazing gravity, which is the admiration of men, is cauſed by the wooden leg. I do not deny that B—— W—— is under obligations to nature, and great obligations too. For a head which does not at all admit the perception of wit or pleaſantry, and a face ſo rigidly fixed down by fate, that the moſt creative fancy could never yet imagine the poſſibility of its verging towards a ſmile: theſe are advantages as far as they go; but they cannot compenſate for gravity of demeanour. Take an example from the brute creation. Nobody denies that a jack-aſs has abundance of gravity in his face; and as long as he walks gravely it is all very well; but when he begins to caper and friſk, ſmiles ſeem to lurk about his roguiſh eyes, and you ſee nothing like gravity about him but his ears. Now the wooden leg enforces, at all times, a ſtudied and well-regulated carriage; no ſkipping and ambling, but a certain meaſured pace, which beats time to the whole machine, and eſpecially to the voice, in the ſame manner as the pendulum regulates every part of the clock, even to the bell. Need I ſay more to thoſe who have made nature their ſtudy? If B—— W—— were diſſected before their eyes, the matter could not be made more plain.

To men of the world, and to men of trade, it is unneceſſary to ſay any thing about the wonderful effect of gravity in advancing a man's fortunes. Who does not remember a diſtinguiſhed man of law publicly expreſſing his wonder how he himſelf could have obtained

ſuch advancement in his profeſſion? And he modeſtly attributed to the conſtitution of the government what was in reality due to his own phyſiognomy.

I am aware that this example will be ſet up againſt my theory of wooden legs, inaſmuch as great gravity is thus ſeen to exiſt independent of that ſupport. But my opponents will do well to conſider that I have not denied but that various *degrees* of gravity may exiſt without a wooden leg. What I am arguing for, is gravity in the *ſupreme degree*, which I maintain never did, and never can, exiſt with the natural limbs. For, to return to our great law authority, we find him (while his two legs are at play together under the bench) indulging himſelf in attempts at wit, which, whether they are ever comprehended or not by the bar or the jury, equally prove the abſence of the *intenſe* degree of gravity I am ſpeaking of.

But to ſhow that I deſire to take no undue advantage in the argument, I am willing to ſubmit Mr. W——'s claim to gravity to a compariſon with the three graveſt of his compeers, namely, the Aldermen P-— Le M———, Sir J—- A———, and Sir J—- E——; all of whom I confeſs to be moſt ſolemn and moſt venerable men. But in each of them we can diſcern ſome ſhade, which enables us to diſcriminate between their excellence and the perfection of Mr. W——.

I ſay the *perfection* of Mr. W——; for Mr. B—— W—— is all of a piece, and his gravity in no inſtance abates or relaxes. We never hear him bragging, like Sir J—— E——, about ſweeping the ſhop; or telling cock and bull ſtories, like Sir J.— A———, of hackney-coachmen and turnpike-gates; nor do we ever ſee him, like P-— Le M———, riding backwards over fruit-ſtands, rubbing his horſe's tail off againſt brick walls, or plunging over the ears in ditches to aſtoniſh the children. It is far from my wiſh to extenuate the merit of theſe grave magiſtrates, but

but they themſelves muſt be ſenſible that the truth obliges me to it on this occaſion.

I know there are ſome men who are of opinion, that exceſſive gravity is the ſame with exceſſive ſtupidity. To ſuch men I have nothing to ſay. Only we ought all to be very thankful, when we ſee what ſlender capacities are ſufficient for the attainment of wealth and diſtinction, and how little underſtanding is neceſſary to the ſupporter of a juſt and neceſſary war.

H——Y C——— C———.

[From the True Briton.]

Facetè enim et commodè dicere quid vetat? Cic.

Why ſhould not the True Briton be as facetious on H——— C——— C———, as the Morning Chronicle has been on B——— W———?

"*My father be an attorney at Andover,*" was the anſwer of a ſtupid ſtaring boy, devouring a roll and treacle, to a gentleman who had loſt his way in Hampſhire, and not being able to get any intelligence from him, had aſked him who he was?

If after a lapſe of forty years the ſame queſtion ſhould be put to him, he might perhaps reply—"I have the very high honour of being the chief magiſtrate and ſenatorial repreſentative of the metropolis of the Britiſh empire; I am the idol of common-halls, the terror of courts of aldermen, and bottle-holder in ordinary to the livery of London.—Nor is this all.

"I poſſeſs in myſelf three diſtinct characters, which require as many diſtinct operations and exertions of my verſatile talents and ſagacity. I am a magiſtrate in the city, I am a brewer in the pariſh of Bloomſbury, and a man of faſhion in St. James's Street. I commit pickpockets and paſs paupers in the one; I examine vats, count porter-butts, and paſs ſentence on

malt and hops in the other; and in the third, disclaiming all democratic ideas, I pay my homage to the four kings."

Such are the ups and downs, the changes and chances of this mortal life; or rather, such is the progress of certain men in the course of it: but whether civic honours are obtained by selling a cat, or selling beer, is of little consequence, if the duties connected with them are performed with activity, impartiality, and decorum.

The great Lord Hardwicke was sometimes heard to say, "that if he were to begin life again, he would be Lord Chancellor again." I do not mean to question the consciousness which induced that wise man to make such a declaration: it may be traced to the impelling powers of his superior mind. But I believe there is no sage Merlin now in being, who could lay his hand upon the head of any boy of ten years old, and with a prophetic spirit pronounce even his probable allotment or character in the world. Things and events are continually running counter to all natural and reasonable expectation; fools often succeed, while the projects of the wisest are baffled; Fortune has her caprices; life is chequered with strange varieties, and the human character has its anomalies. Indeed we are told, in the language of wisdom itself, "That the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor bread to men of understanding; but that time and chance happeneth to us all."

When John Wilkes was a *Medmenham* monk, was it in the chapter of supposed possibilities that he should ever be Lord Mayor of London? Or, when loaded with debts, exiled from his country, and under the disqualifying influence of an outlawry, would it not then have been considered as an insult, by credulity itself, for any one to have suggested that he would live for many years, and die at last in possession of an office

of

of ſuch pecuniary truſt, as that of chamberlain of the metropolis?

When Horne Tooke was miniſter of Brentford, and prayed and preached to ſupport Mr. Wilkes in his election for Middleſex, did it enter into any man's head, or even into his own, that he would leave off praying and preaching, ſend all his eccleſiaſtical trappings to Monmouth Street, and become himſelf a candidate to repreſent the city of Weſtminſter in Parliament?

Nor did any one who knew H—— C—— C——, when his whole walk in life was between Bear Key and the Royal Exchange; or even afterwards, when his leiſure was divided between a whiſt-table at Tom's Coffee-houſe, and any pugiliſtic, or other violent amuſements; I ſay, at this period, could any body have imagined that he would ever ſtrut after the ſword and mace of the city of London? But ſo it is. For my part, I am determined in future to profit by my experience, and never more be guilty of forming raſh opinions. For whatever good qualities H—— C—— C—— may poſſeſs, I was ſtrangely perſuaded, that a perſon who profeſſed to love ſavage ſports, could go to ſee *an horſe*, that noble, generous animal, ſo dear and ſo uſeful to man, *baited by dogs*, and expreſs his anger that an officious magiſtrate interrupted the barbarous amuſement—I ſay, I was ſtrangely perſuaded, both from the inhumanity and vulgarity of ſuch ſports, that a lover of them is not morally eligible to be choſen a city magiſtrate. Nevertheleſs, it may be this love of boxing, bull-baiting, and horſe-baiting, that produced, or at leaſt nurtured, the active and reſolute ſpirit which the chief magiſtrate diſplayed in the late riots within his diſtrict.

Hence it was, perhaps, that he moſt manfully looked the Jacobins in the face in Mark Lane, Biſhopſgate Street, and Smithfield. Hence it was, that, through a pro-

a prolonged and very *civil campaign* of ſeveral days and nights, he purſued bands of butchers' boys and glaziers' apprentices, from Bearbinder Lane to Bull and Mouth Street, with diſcomfiture and triumph.—If poor Alderman Kennet had been a boxer, or a bull-baiter, he would have manifeſted a far different ſpirit in the riots of 1780, and have been ſaved from that general blame and public proſecution, which ſo affected his gentle nature, that he died of a broken heart.

Man, after all, is a moſt inconſiſtent creature, whoſe character is frequently compoſed of the moſt oppoſite qualities. I am, indeed, aſſured, from very good authority, that the diſpoſition to ſavage and cruel ſports, which H—— C—— C—— himſelf acknowledges, is accompanied with a noble ſpirit and boundleſs generoſity.

Some of his friends have informed me, that on his taking poſſeſſion of the civic chair he ſet apart ten thouſand pounds, over and above the city allowance, to ſupport with ſuperior eclat the ſplendour and hoſpitality of the Manſion-houſe. I will not ſuppoſe that this fund for eating and drinking was provided for election purpoſes; nor ſhall I give the moſt diſtant hint that it is the ſuperflux of great wealth. I would not leſſen the merit of the Lord Mayor's munificence. I would rather imagine, that all perſonal conſiderations gave way, in his mind, to that ſenſe of public duty, whoſe primary object is to gorge aldermen, to pamper livery companies, and exhilarate common halls; thus nobly emulating the patriotiſm of the ancient Romans, who were ever ready to ſacrifice their wives, children, and fortune, to the public good.

AN OLD ENGLISHMAN.

KEMBLE AND SCARCITY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT has been remarked by an eminent writer of our nation, that there are ſeveral words in the Engliſh language which go in pairs, ſuch as *church* and *ſtate*, *liberty* and *property*, *faith* and *practice*, *pride* and *vanity*. Leaving it to the conſideration of obſervers of events, manners, and principles, to determine how theſe parties came together, I have ventured to prefix KEMBLE and SCARCITY to a few remarks on both ſubjects, chiefly occaſioned by an article in your Chronicle, in which the writer endeavours to account for the rough treatment Mr. Kemble received at the common hall*.

I agree with your correſpondent, that it was entirely a *perſonal* affair; not a queſtion of principle, but *dimenſions*; and I confeſs I am ſurpriſed that a man of Mr. Kemble's good ſenſe (for it is ſaid he has that) ſhould have ſtept forward upon the preſumption that the livery would have liſtened to the ſpeech of a man ſo *ill made* for the ſubject of the day. It was patriotic indeed in this great man to ſay that he would ſhed the laſt drop of his *blood* for the poor; but the poor, Mr. Editor, are not *cannibals*, nor is Mr. Kemble an *ox*. The literal ſenſe was therefore loſt upon the hearers; and as to the metaphorical, there were not, perhaps, many in the hall who were apprized, that, in the new anatomy of the body politic, *blood* means *money*.

Whatever excuſe may be formed, however, it was certainly injudicious in our eminent patriot to *exhibit* on this occaſion; injudicious to himſelf, as the event has proved, and injudicious to his cauſe, as it tended

* At a meeting of the livery to petition the King on the ſubject of the ſcarcity.

to

to revive the memory of the dimenſions of Engliſhmen, before their miniſters had taught them that ſtarving was the beſt ſecurity for religion, ſocial order, and property. It was injudicious, I ſay, to revive the memory of men who acquired the name of *John Bull*, merely becauſe they weighed nearly as much as their nameſake, and who were *fed* and *protected* at the ſame time. It was preſenting the *picture* of a butcher's ſhop to a hungry man.

It cannot have eſcaped the notice of many of your readers what a havoc our laſt two wars have made on the ſize and dimenſions of Engliſhmen. To us, who can remember how things ſtood forty years ago, the contraſt preſents itſelf at every corner. Where are the good old *pot-bellies*, the *double chins*, and the *gouty ſupporters?* All ſwallowed up by the funding ſyſtem! And, Sir, let me tell you, that if ſtarving the poor had been the only conſequence of our vigorous governments, it might have been overlooked, becauſe the poor have really no buſineſs with the diſeaſes of repletion: but the evil did not ſtop there. The *breed*, Sir—the breed of Engliſhmen was loſt. Look at the upper claſſes, who yet contrive to amaſs wealth, and enrich their blood by a transfuſion of three *per cents*, navy bills, and ſcrip!

Look, I ſay, at theſe upper claſſes, and what do you ſee? Mere ſkeletons and ſcarecrows. There was a time when a *contractor* might have been exhibited as a *ſhow*, and his dimenſions recorded in hand-bills, like the famous oxen lately ſurveyed by the Agricultural Societies. Now I firmly believe the waiſtcoat of Mr. Bright, of Malden, would go round all the contractors who have ſupplied the neceſſaries of the preſent war. Look at Mr. Brook Watſon; I omit his leg, for he was no contractor then (although the *ſhark* probably was)—what a figure is he to give one an idea of a ſnug *per centage* on all bills paſſing through his hands?

Look

Look at the Bench of B——, the majority almoſt as lean as their predeceſſors the Apoſtles—nay, at the court of aldermen and common council. I remember the time when a common council-man dying in his *bed* would have been accounted as great a wonder as if he had died on the *field*. The accuſtomed notice then was, "died in his *chair* after *eating a hearty dinner*." Candidates for the ſucceſſion, then, were always obliged to be on the watch, and ſo to improve their intereſt and popularity, as to be able to *put up* on the very ſhorteſt notice. What do we ſee now? Members of the corporation dying of *conſumptions* and *lingering diſorders!—Then*, Sir, it was no uncommon thing for a candidate to eat his way through five or ſix committees; his powers were thereby aſcertained to an ounce; his appearance beſpoke rank; you could at once diſtinguiſh between the *mazarine* and the *ſcarlet*, and could determine that ſuch a man was within a *few pounds* of the gold chain and collar of SS.

Paſt are thoſe happy days; and yet, does the evil reſt there? Aſk the faculty, and they will tell you what a falling off in their practice. The age of *ſtomachics* is gone; *appetiſers* are no longer wanted; and *rhubarb* is become a mere drug!

Such are the changes we have lived to ſee in the make and frame of Engliſhmen—changes which I ſhould have bluſhed to enumerate, and been afraid to record (for I am no friend to riots), had not the injudicious appearance of Mr. Kemble tended to revive the memory of paſt times in a light ſo ſtriking and pictureſque, that ſilence would have been affectation.—I hope, however, he will hereafter confine himſelf to ſubjects proportioned to his mighty graſp—to the enclofing of commons, the building of iron bridges, or the conſtructing of wet docks, or tunnels under the Thames. Theſe are ſubjects which might ſatisfy his genius.

genius. It is evident that he would *make nothing* of a *quartern loaf.*

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

THE POINT AT ISSUE *.

[From the True Briton.]

SIR, *Finſbury Square.*

ABOUT a week ago, between the hours of one and two in the morning, I was alarmed by a violent ringing at my door. Upon looking out at window, I perceived the conſtable and watch, who told me that they came to apply to me in my quality of overſeer. A poor creature had fallen down in a fit at the other end of the pariſh, and they thought it their duty to wait upon me with the particulars: "Very well," ſaid I; "I take it for granted you called at the apothecary's in your way."—"No, Sir," ſaid the conſtable, "I always like to go to the fountain-head in theſe ſorts of buſineſſes; and you, Sir, being the chief perſon concerned"—"I am obliged to you," ſays I; "but where is your patient? Have you brought him with you?"—"Patient!" ſaid the conſtable, "it's the poor man, Sir, I ſuppoſe you mean; how ſhould we have brought him, and he not able to ſtir?"—"Well, then, you have left ſomebody to take care of him?"—"Lord, Sir, who ſhould we have left? Here are five of us come to wait upon you with the particulars; and if we had all ſtaid taking care of him, we might have ſtaid till this time, and your Honour never have known the fact of the caſe."—"Indeed," ſaid I,

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* Publiſhed when the livery withdrew their petition reſpecting the ſcarcity, becauſe his Majeſty refuſed to receive it ſitting on the throne.

"I do

"I do not ſee what is to be done in the buſineſs, as you have managed it; however, if you have any thing more to ſay, ſend theſe people to do the beſt they can, and ſtep up ſtairs yourſelf, for I am catching cold with the window open: you ſee the area door is left a-jar; if you will go down, and rap at the kitchen window, the ſervant will let you in."—"And pray, Sir," ſaid he, "what is the reaſon I cannot come in at the ſtreet door?"—"There is no reaſon," ſays I; "but the other is the ſhorteſt way, and the way you have been uſed to; beſides, it is a rule with me, I never have the ſtreet door opened after twelve."—"Indeed, Sir," ſaid the conſtable, "the preſent is a caſe of real diſtreſs; if ever there was a caſe which required a ſtreet door to be opened, it is the preſent; there is not a moment to be loſt. Beſides, it's a miſtake in you, Sir, ſuppoſing that I have ever been uſed to come in at the area. It would be quite out of character for the conſtable of a pariſh like this to come in at the area."—"What in the world would you have?" ſaid I: "if you are in a hurry, the neareſt way is the beſt."—"That is very true, Sir," ſaid he; "but ſurely, if you have a heart for the feelings of humanity, you will let me in at the ſtreet door. Here is a fellow-creature perhaps periſhing at this moment. As for coming in at the area, I hope I ſhall never be capable to demean myſelf to that degree. If I am not good enough for the ſtreet door, I am too good for the area, I thank God. What! does the gentleman think it's the pot-boy, or the duſtman come to clear away the duſt-heap, I wonder! Sure he might have known what is belonging to a magiſtrate. If he is a pariſh-officer, why ſo am I; I am in the diſcharge of my duty. Here I ſtand in the ſight of God and man, and I'll ſee him and his area ſunk and d—ned before ever I go down a ſtep of it. Why, a gentleman that had any compunction of humanity to a fellow-creature would have come down

and opened the ſtreet door in his ſhirt, and never made a piece of work about the matter. I have been let in at ſtreet doors in better houſes than this before now, and been let in by as good gentlemen as he, every bit. O Lord! to ſee the vanity and wickedneſs of this world; for one that ſhould be the overſeer, to look after the poor, diſneglecting his duty, out of nothing but a piece of pride, becauſe he won't let the pariſh-officers in at the ſtreet door! Well, if there is harm comes, I waſh my hands of it. Let the blame fall where it likes; I'm no party concerned; I ſtand here till ſuch time as the gentleman pleaſes to let me in in a becoming manner. I come here with a lawful ſummons, and I have a right to be heard."—Here the raſcal began to fall to work with the knocker, till I was forced to expoſtulate, and he went on in anſwer:

"Very true, Sir; to be ſure it is all very true, Sir, as you ſay. Every man's houſe is his caſtle, to do as he pleaſes. You are free to let me in at the ſtreet door, if you pleaſe, without offence to any body—and I am free to ſtay here, if I pleaſe, without going down into the area. No offence to you, Sir, nor to any other gentleman, if I prefer to ſtay here. I'm agreeable to any thing, when a gentleman behaves as a gentleman—Sir, you underſtand me—only not to be put upon; and not to go down into the area—becauſe, why? it is a thing that's beneath me; I look upon it that my mind's above it. Now, Sir, if you've a mind only juſt to argue over the matter as it were. What is the caſe at preſent? The caſe at preſent is, that I want to come in at the ſtreet door, to relieve a fellow-creature for whom my heart is bleeding, I'm ſure. Now, will your Honour anſwer me one queſtion? Did not I call upon your Honour laſt Wednesday was three weeks ago? and did not I come in at the ſtreet door? Anſwer me that, your Honour. Was not it the ſtreet door, or no, that I came in at, that very time? Very well

well then, does not it ſtand to reaſon, being only three weeks laſt Wedneſday, that I ought now to go down into the area, being come relative to pariſh buſineſs, and for the ſake of humanity, the poor man being in a fit?" Finding by this time, what I might have gueſſed before, that the fellow had got too much *beer*, I rung for my ſervant, a tall *powerful* fellow, who is employed to ſleep below ſtairs, and takes care of the plate, and directed him to deliver the conſtable into the cuſtody of the watch, who, in their phraſe, informed him that their leader was, as I had ſuſpected, *concerned in liquor*. The ſick man, it was found, had got up and walked away; and I ſhould, perhaps, never have thought of the buſineſs again, if the ſpeech of our worthy chief magiſtrate, at the common hall, had not forcibly reminded me of the arguments of my friend the conſtable.

I am, yours, &c.

J. CHOLICK.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A BOWER OF MR. SWAINSON'S BOTANICAL GARDEN, AT TWICKENHAM.

By the elder Captain Morris.

[Original.]

HERE, to enjoy the ſilent and the cool,
Sat one unknown among the proud or gay:
Too wiſe was he to prove Ambition's fool;
Too dull to learn to trifle life away.

Now *in the manſion*, now *this ſecret bower*,
Ten days of quiet did the Muſes ſpend;
There, Swainſon's mirth beguil'd the tedious hour,
Here, little Robin was his gueſt and friend.

Perch'd on his book, and perking in his face,
The guileleſs redbreaſt ſeem'd to watch his thought:
Alas! he knew not man's perfidious race,
By whoſe allurements ſimple birds are caught.

E'en man to man but rarely is ſincere;
The love profeſs'd is intereſted art:
Though Heaven's bright image on his brow appear,
Yet honeſt Robin boaſts a purer heart.

Deſpair not, Robin, though I take my flight;
The generous hoſt, who oft hath feaſted me,
Shall, for my ſake, thy amity requite,
And, when he treats his friends, remember thee.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

[From the General Evening Poſt]

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he ſigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
But the dayſtar attracted his eye's ſad devotion;
For it roſe on his own native iſle of the ocean,
Where once, in the flow of his youthful emotion,
He ſung the bold anthem of "Erin, go bragh!"

Oh, ſad is my fate! (ſaid the heart-broken ſtranger:)
The wild deer and wolf to a cover can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger—
A home and a country remain not to me!
Ah, ne'er again in the green ſunny bowers
Where my forefathers liv'd ſhall I ſpend the ſweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And ſtrike to the numbers of "Erin, go bragh!"

Erin, my country, though ſad and forſaken,
In dreams I reviſit thy ſeabeaten ſhore;
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And ſigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a manſion of peace, where no peril can chaſe me?
Ah, ne'er again ſhall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where

Where is my cabin door, faſt by the wild wood?
  Siſters, and fire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
  And where is the boſom-friend, dearer than all?
Ah, my ſad ſoul, long abandon'd by pleaſure,
Why did it doat on a faſt-fading treaſure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without meaſure,
  But rapture and beauty they cannot recall!

But yet, all its fond recollections ſuppreſſing,
  One dying wiſh my lone boſom ſhall draw:
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his bleſſing;
  Land of my forefathers, Erin, go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart ſtills her motion,
Green be thy fields, ſweeteſt iſle of the ocean!
And thy harp-ſtriking bards ſing aloud with devotion—
  "Erin-ma vourneen—Erin, go bragh!"

A SPEECH AT A POLITICAL SOCIETY.

[From the True Briton.]

Ego *loquitur.*

I THANK you, dear friends, for your hearty applauſe,
  A tribute you pay for my zeal in your cauſe;
That zeal which ſuggeſted each copious harangue,
When our *Jacobin friends* were *ſo likely to hang*;
That zeal, which again ſhall prompt *figure* and *trope*,
Ere any ſuch friends ſhall *depart with a rope.*
  I know it is uſual for perſons like me,
IN THE CHAIR when exalted, to ſpeak *rather free*;
To make ſome remarks on affairs of the ſtate,
And the conduct of miniſters, men we all hate;
To review all their meaſures, their ſcope and their aim,
Which if good, or if bad, we determine to blame;
To ſee if our old conſtitution they touch,
A ſyſtem our anceſtors valu'd ſo much;
And which our own club was firſt form'd to defend,
Though I think modern Frenchmen the ſyſtem could mend.

I am griev'd, oh my friends! deeply griev'd, when I ſay,
Our ſociety never adjourn'd for a day,
But events moſt alarming indeed have occurr'd,
Yet they make no impreſſion, no clamour is heard;
The people at large are all loyal and quiet,
And none but the rabble, how ſtrange! make a riot—
A riot, indeed, our late excellent May'r
Took a fortnight to quell, many thanks for *his care.*
The events I allude to I felt very ſtrong,
And I know the ſame feeling to you muſt belong:
Yet ſuch are the times, that I think it is beſt
Not to utter the language my feelings ſuggeſt.
No misfortunes that happen excite diſcontent—
The people are ſtill tow'rds the Government bent;
And 't were vain in their cauſe our exertions to make
No Jacobin arts their attachment can ſhake.
A *patriot*'s is now but a poor *hopeleſs trade,*
For what can we do without *popular aid?*
Whenever we find that the people *awake,*
My friend Mr. Fox will their *prejudice* ſhake;
When the moment is ripe he 'll no longer retire,
But rouſe back to action undampt in his fire.
But I ſhall not attempt at this time to dilate
On the manifold evils that burden the ſtate:
Unaſſiſted by thoſe who in Parliament ſtill
Aſpire at *reforming* the *national will,*
Whate'er I could ſay would be now of no uſe,
And would not, I 'm ſure, our *great object* produce;
It is not our fault if all things have gone wrong,
We have done all we could to *enlighten* the throng.
In one point we ſtand in a better condition—
The bills have expir'd that were fram'd *'gainſt ſedition;*
And hence we in public now freely may meet,
To declaim when we pleaſe, in field, tavern, or ſtreet.
But this freedom, I fear, will no benefit prove;
No body of people ſeem willing *to move.*
When they *ſtir,* we 'll be ready to keep *them in action,*
Though the world may proclaim us a *Jacobin faction.*
Yes, yes, my good friends, we 'll purſue our *old game,*
In defiance of decency, reaſon, and ſhame,

In

In defiance of *calumny* empty and vain:
That 's a part of *our triumph* I 'm proud to obtain.
But let me conjure you, keep up the pretence,
That our aim is the *old conſtitution*'s defence.

IMPROMPTU.

ON AN AUTHOR WHO GAVE LECTURES ON CRITICISM, AND WROTE BAD POETRY.

OH, L— H——, your inſtructions we greatly admire,
So well you deſcribe true poetical fire:
To your lectures we give the attention that 's due,
And deſpiſe the vile traſh that is *written by you!*

Woburn. P.

THE DISTRESS OF A DOCTOR OF LAWS.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I PRESUME I have a caſe of diſtreſs to lay before you, which has never yet been ſubmitted to public commiſeration. Not long ago I had the honour (as I then thought it, not foreſeeing the misfortune) to receive the degree of L.L.D. or Doctor of Laws, from my Alma Mater. Not a little proud of the diſtinction, I took care it ſhould be announced in the papers, that my friends might know how to talk to me, and to whom they were talking. The conſequence was, that in leſs than a fortnight I was regularly dubbed in all companies with "Dr. Quodlibet, your health."—"Dr. Quodlibet, will you drink a glaſs of wine?"—"Dr. Quodlibet, will you drink tea or coffee?"—And at the top of the ſtaircaſe I heard the pleaſant call of "Dr. Quodlibet's ſervant!"—"Dr. Quodlibet's carriage!"

During my reſidence in London things went on pretty well, except that my domeſtics wondered what

had

had befallen to make me a *Doctor*. Sure I could not be a phyſician, for I had no patients: neither could I be a *parſon-kind* of a doctor, for I had a tail to my head, and braſs buttons to my coat. And the firſt letter I received after my promotion was returned by my own poſtman to the office; for *he* knew no Dr. Quodlibet in my ſtreet!

All this I could have borne, for I believe it is no more than happens to new-made Doctors, Knights, and perhaps Lords: but what follows? It happened that the repeated ſolicitations of my wife and family induced me to retire to the country, and I hired a ſnug houſe on the banks of the Thames, at the corner of Gooſe Green, not an hundred miles either from London or Kingſton. Here I announced my reſidence by a fine braſs plate on the door, with my name, Dr. Quodlibet, in great letters, and expected to ſit down quietly, and enjoy rural retirement and ſtudy. In leſs than a week, however, my family were alarmed at midnight by a loud thundering at the door; all ſcreamed out it was a houſebreaker. As I knew that houſebreakers ſeldom knock at people's doors, I went down in my ſhirt, and, opening the door, found a man on horſeback, who begged "for G—d's ſake I would come to his wife, who was taken in labour, and in a very bad way." With ſome difficulty I perſuaded the fellow that I was not the kind of doctor he wanted, and went to bed; but the alarm kept moſt of my family from any more ſleep that night. But this was only the beginning of evils. I have ſince been diſturbed night and day by various diſeaſes, and I could perhaps get rid of them pretty well, if it were not for caſualties. It is no uncommon thing, the moment I am going to ſit down to dinner, for the neighbours to bring a broken leg, or a deſperate diſlocation, on a window-board, and requeſt me to *do what I can for the poor man*. Children are brought to me who can't ſuck; and I verily believe, if I had been what they take me for, I

might have drawn half the teeth in the parish. What is worse, those I send away seem to have no communication with their neighbours; and I am to this hour, both daily and nightly, called upon, either to bring people into the world, or to help them out of it.

I have been therefore induced to send you this state of my case, and, as your paper circulates in this quarter, I hope you will insert it; and I shall take care to have it pasted on the church-door next Sunday, for the benefit of the parish in general.

I am, in the mean time,
Your very humble servant,
Goose Green, OBADIAH QUODLIBET.
August 5, 1800.

MISAPPLICATION OF THE WORD UNFORTUNATE.

[From the same.]

GENTLEMEN,

I AM so *unfortunate* as to be quite disgusted with that same word *unfortunate*; for *unfortunately*, it appears to me to be so *unfortunately* applied, especially of late, that I have *unfortunately* lost both my temper and patience, and shall think myself still more *unfortunate* if you refuse to insert what I have to offer on this *unfortunate* subject.

Now, gentlemen, I shall be very *brief:* I wish that were the case with all *unfortunate* affairs—but we must take them as they come. I have to remark, that when a man has been guilty of the most enormous crimes, and the whole country is execrating him, the moment the criminal is condemned he becomes an *unfortunate.* Then we hear of nothing but the *unfortunate* prisoner, and our commiseration is excited in behalf of one, who, but a few days before, we were almost impatient to see *tucked up*, and that every body dreaded, and wished to destroy, like a *mad dog*.

I admit

I admit that this same term, *unfortunate*, is properly applied to a very *unhappy* description of FEMALES, however *happy* they are or may appear to be. But I can hardly think it properly applied, as it was in a morning paper, a few days ago, to a woman who, having a large family of beautiful children, commits adultery, and is, in consequence, banished from all connexions, except with her copartner in iniquity; and yet we are told that even she is an *unfortunate!* This is certainly an age not less *commiserating* than to be *commiserated*. Every hardened malefactor is an *unfortunate* man, and every *callous* prostitute is an *unfortunate* woman!

I am, gentlemen,
Your very humble servant,
FRANCISCO.

A DEMI-SOLILOQUY ON LADIES WIGS.

[From the same.]

NO—I will have nothing to say to the *Bishops* or their *wigs*—let the *new Right Reverend* of Oxford and his learned brethren settle the matter as they can. I must confess I am, like the honest fellow in the farce, "for *liberty*, *property*, and a *straight head of hair*;" and I rejoice that we have the *liberty* to do as we please. He that has *property* may wear a *wig* if he likes it, and *vice versa*—and why should the *Bishops* be excluded the privileges of the *laity?* But I will keep my word, and let their Reverences alone.

Nor am I inclined to go into the *history of wigs*, which involves an infinity of learning—infinitely more than any wig at this time covers.—I speak with all due deference to both the benches, *legal* and *ecclesiastical*—not forgetting Mr. Sergeant Hill, whose wig covers as much learning as any wig in England, though it is usually covered with a hat, tied down with a handkerchief,

chief, and protected from the rain in winter, and the ſun in ſummer, by a large umbrella. I never beheld a wig for which I have a higher reſpect. I know the *Twelve Judges*, *the Maſter of the Rolls*, and the *Lord Chancellor*, have a proper regard for Mr. Sergeant Hill's wig—at leaſt for the pericranium under it. But, for my own part, the wigs of the Chancellor, the Maſter of the Rolls, the Judges, the Biſhops, and the Bar, excite trifling ſenſations compared with thoſe which I feel when I contemplate the *Female wiggery*, whether it be *Roman* or *Athenian*; for I am not to learn that Roman belles wore wigs, becauſe *that retailer of private ſcandal*, Maſter Juvenal, has ſomething to ſay thereupon. And as to the Athenians, aſk Mr. Roſs, of Biſhopſgate Street; he will tell you *Lais* and *Thais* were his cuſtomers.

The preciſe cauſe of the introduction of wigs among the belles of this day, I am not able to learn. I know not with whom it originated; becauſe we have long been without any ſpecific leader of ton—ever ſince the Dutcheſs of Devonſhire was tired of the office—and which, perhaps, it remains with her daughter, Lady Georgiana Cavendiſh, to revive; when I hope the *wiggery* will become *quite frightful*, *obſolete*, *extinct!*

I could diſplay ſome eloquence in praiſe of wigs for thoſe ladies whoſe natural locks have either vaniſhed, or turned gray:—but for the *young* and *beautiful*, what apology can ingenuity offer?

A wig might prevent a *Rape of a Lock*.—True; but how can our beaux be ſo partial to the ringlets of thoſe miſtreſſes who renounce them for a wig, and who conſequently ſhow no regard for the native honours of their own heads?—O that George Alexander Stevens were living!

Every young lady wiſhes to be deemed a *beauty*, nay a *goddeſs*; now, who ever heard of a *goddeſs in a wig?*

Juno,

Juno, Minerva, and Venus, when they exhibited themſelves before Paris, ſported a luxuriant profuſion of natural hair; treſſes flying before the wind: but as to a wig, what would Paris have ſaid to an artificial wig?

Then look at that ſame Venus riſing from the ſea; neither wig, nor yet cap.

Did Helen, the moſt beautiful of the Greeks, wear a wig?

Did Belinda, even after the Rape of the Lock, wear a wig?

Did Mary Queen of Scots wear a wig?

Did any one of the Hampton Court Beauties wear a wig?

Did Lady Coventry wear a wig?

Did the beautiful Antoinette of France wear a wig?

Does the Princeſs Mary wear a wig?

O, but *faſhion!* Faſhion has nothing to do with precedent! it ſets every thing at defiance—every thing but nature: it always pretends to have ſome analogy to nature; and even our ſagacious young ladies have their hair cut off for the purpoſe of having a natural wig! and this wig to reſemble, as nearly as poſſible, the *natty wig* of the under-groom in the ſtables.

Thus our *belles of the haut ton* emulate our *beaux of the lobby* in the adoption of plebeian vulgariſm of appearance: and taſte, the variations of fancy, the light, the airy, the agreeable, the ſeaſonable; the charming combinations of judgment and elegance, are ſacrificed for the moſt contemptible and ridiculous extravaganza; for the *thing*, the *go*, and the *gig!* terms quite oppoſite to the *things*, the *goes*, and the *gigs*, they are meant to denote!

From this general animadverſion I muſt, however, exempt the *ladies of the ſtage*. I proteſt I have no animoſity againſt Miſs Decamp's *à-la-Brutus*: I ſhall let that alone;

alone; I have no right to touch it; it might suit Mr. K—— in some of his *passionate* characters: and, in return, he might lend her his *truncheon*; or what not; any thing in a civil way. I mean not to encroach on *theatrical freedom*; and as to the *dramatic wiggery*, be it sacred for me; since the very life and essence of *some characters* consists in a *right use of the wig!*

To see our young lords and our young gentlemen "cutting a swell," as the fashionable phrase is, dressed in the habit, and adopting the manners and language of brothel bullies; for that 's the go; and to behold our amiable young ladies striving to rival in appearance and knowingness the nocturnal trampers of the Strand, is undoubtedly a very edifying and cheering prospect, promising much future felicity to the rising generation!

Spirit of my grandmother! those who witnessed the times when my country was the scene of heart-felt mirth and genuine festivity; when all her sons were valiant, and all her daughters chaste; when fashion was arrayed by decency; when beauty blushed at folly; then——

Pray, Sir, when might your grandmother die?

What a provoking interruption! Why, Sir, a long time before her grand-daughter *wore a wig*.

HINTS TO QUACK DOCTORS.

[From the same.]

LEARNED SIRS,

ALTHOUGH, by virtue of your profession, you are all *sapient men*, yet it may not be amiss to put you up to a few *rigs*, which may be useful to you in the line of the healing art. As appearances have a wonderful effect in making a favourable impression, I would recommend it to you, in the first place, to furnish your-

yourſelves with a *large, full-bottomed, white goat-hair wig*, which will give you a moſt *auguſt, grave*, and *learned air*; this will ſerve for your undreſs and common patients; but, beſides, you muſt have your *peruque à la bautſe*, to inveſt yourſelves with upon extraordinary occaſions, and when you are called on by the great. Suppoſing that there are a conſiderable majority of *flats* in this great city and its environs, you muſt commence your career by diſtributing handbills, in which you may affix to your name M. D. &c. &c. with every other pompous and medical title that may ſtrike your fancy. You may ſet forth that you are an Honorary Member of the College of Phyſicians; that you had your diploma from one of the Scotch colleges (in one of which, by the by, you may get a degree for your horſe, if you chooſe to pay for it); and that you are intimate with all the great medical men of the age. You may alſo ſay you travelled over the whole continent of *Europe*, and moſt of *Aſia* and *Africa*; that you gave the Grand Turk *a glyſter*; *phyſicked and bled* the Emperor of Morocco; *cut the corns* of the Dey of Algiers; cured the Emperor of Ruſſia of his *capricious and ſplenetic diſpoſition*; the Germans of *their ſtupidity*; and the French of *their dancing and levity*. You may alſo aſſert, that you ſent off by the laſt Eaſt India fleet, a few hundred weight of your nervous cordial for Ka Hing, the great Emperor of China. Galen and Boerhaave were nothing to you; Hippocrates not fit to hold the candle to you; and Æſculapius a mere quack. You may alſo inſert a liſt of ſeveral thouſand incurables which your ſkill reſtored to health after they had been given up by the reſt of the faculty. Your ſpecific *cures all* diſorders from the *hiccough to the putrid fever*; *and no captain of a ſhip, nor head of a family*, ſhould be without it. Adduce conſiderable numbers of gentlemen abroad, both in the army and navy, in teſtimony of the great virtue of

your

your ſpecific; and you know that in times of war, like the preſent, there is little danger of their returning to contradict you: and if they ſhould, you may compound the whole for a ſound horſe-whipping, which the power of your drugs will ſpeedily remove. Pretend you are well known to moſt of the nobility and gentry, which will be a ſtrong recommendation to the lower orders: that my Lord E. is your particular and moſt intimate friend; that his Grace of Q. and you are hand and glove, and in the ſtricteſt habits of intimacy ever ſince you cured his *man-monkey of the gravel, fiſtula, and piles*, and her Grace's lap-dog of the *aſthma and indigeſtion*. When you walk through the ſtreets (but it would be more reſpectable to ride) drive as faſt as one of the fire-engines, or run carrying a *gold-headed cane*, the *taliſman* of your office, and be as quick in your movements as an undertaker's man with *an unfurniſhed lodging* on his back, contending with his competitors to be *firſt in at the death*. Every thing you vend muſt be by *royal authority*: you may make *fever-powders of brickduſt*; *reſtorative balſam, of diſhwater and brown ſugar*; *and nervous cordial for the ladies, of Engliſh gin*. If any of your fellow-quacks ſhould be in a more genteel way of buſineſs than yourſelf, attack him directly; and in your bills ſet forth, in the moſt poſitive manner, that you have no connexion whatever with him; and, leſt the public might be impoſed on, your medicines are to be found at your own houſe only. If ever you ſhould be called on to a conſultation with others, take care not to commit yourſelf by ſaying too much, leſt you might betray your ignorance; and keep in mind the adage that "*Silent fools oft paſs for men of wit*." When you are aſked your opinion, you may very well let them know your ſentiments by *a ſignificant grimace, a turn up of the eyes, and a ſhrug of the ſhoulders*, which is as much as to ſay, *It is all over with him!*

he cannot live! let him think of the other world. If any further prescription should be recommended, let it be your pills and bolusses, the effects of which thousands have experienced. And should you send most of your patients packing, that is nothing; your *great prototype*, Dr. *Sangrado*, serves as a precedent, having killed more by *bleeding and drinking warm water*, than ever you did by your medicines. Insert in your bills in large letters, *matrimony*, *domestic happiness*, &c. &c. things which the fair sex are always very partial to; and this may prevent your bills from being applied to one of the *basest purposes*.— Be sure to offer a large reward for the conviction of counterfeiters of your pills, and assure the public that your *fellow-quacks* have entered into a conspiracy to injure your reputation, and to lessen the value of your medicine in the eyes of a discerning public. Address yourself particularly to old maids turned of fifty, and to ladies who have been barren for twenty or thirty years. Having *feathered your nest* in a few years, during which time your medicines will be only supposed to be in a state of probation, and having gained a considerable fortune at the expense of a *few thousand lives* (who might have departed this life, had they never been concerned with you), you may retire into the country, and enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, giving up all medical pursuits, and leaving your fellow-quacks to strike out new modes of *humming* the public, and of doing away the very unfavourable impressions under which you left them in respect of the system of *quackery*.

I have the honour to be, gentlemen, yours,

A FRIEND TO QUACKERY.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

No. I.

Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ. Juv.

"MY *ancestors* acquir'd a name
That brilliant decks the roll of fame:
Laurels in war my *grandsire* won;
My *father* in the senate shone;
My ——" "Stop, Sir: say what *you* have done!"
"Done! all their honours I inherit!"
"True, great Sir: *all*—except their MERIT!"

II.

Interdum vulgus rectum vidit. Hor.

PATRICIUS cried—"While you 've existence,
Keep, son, *plebeians* at a distance!"
This speech a *butcher* overheard,
And quick replied—"I wish, my Lord,
You 'd thus advis'd, before your son
So deeply in my debt had run!"

III.

ON THE UNPRECEDENTED INCREASE OF PEERAGES UNDER THE PRESENT PREMIER.

SAYS the first William Pitt, with his wonted emotion,
"The Peers are no more than a drop in the ocean."
But so far from this point his successor now veers,
That himself 's but a drop in an ocean of Peers.

IV.

VANITY OF NAMES, OR EVEN TITLES.

SAY where those names that set the world on fire?
Where does the pride of Greece and Rome retire?
Cæsar's dread name now marks the butcher's dog,
Cato keeps sheep, and Brutus drives a hog;
Seek ye for Pompey? search the tanner's yard;
You 'll meet with Nero in your orchard's guard.
Titles which now are priz'd, like these may fall,
And Lord and Duke await the peasant's call.

V.

WHEN titled honours are the hero's meed,
Let the proud word record the glorious deed:
St. Vincent thus proclaims proud Spain caſt down,
And Holland's ruin lives in Camperdown.
But O! were titles e'er beſtow'd by Fame,
How many peers would be without a name!

October 19. J. L.

VI.

We underſtand it is in contemplation to fix the following over the door of a certain great Houſe.

OLD families of yeſterday we ſhew,
And lords, whoſe fathers were the Lord knows who;
As ſure as bos is ox, and ſus is ſow,
Here lords have lords become, the Lord knows how:
Such lords they are, that not one lord in ten
Will act as lords ſhould act—the Lord knows when.

VII.

——————Metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis. HOR.

IN *Park* to drive, with daſhing ſtroke,
His carriage, till the wheels quite ſmoke;
Rapid to turn each corner clear,
And make the *Sunday folk* all ſtare,
Is Squire *Shallow*'s chief ambition,
His higheſt pitch of all fruition!

"Jack, while I 'm driving with ſuch fire,
Liſten to hear the folk's diſcourſes."—
"I do, Sir; and they all admire
Your Honour's *carriage*—and the *horſes!*"

VIII.

Habes confitentum reem. TUL.

"WHAT recompenſe, my lady wife,
For all my faults can I beſtow you?
I own I 've liv'd a rakiſh life—
A thouſand *debts of love* I owe you!"

"Pay

"Pay *one*, my Lord:—'t is all I mind."
"Name it, thou dear, forgiving creature!"
"Only, my Lord, you 'll be ſo kind
Speedy to pay—the *debt of nature!*"

IX.

ON THE TERGIVERSATION OF A LEARNED SERGEANT.

'TIS a comical way to account for his vote,
That to wear a *Welſh wig*, he muſt needs turn his coat!

X.

ON HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE GREAT PRINCE OF W—— AND MR. P——.

IF fleſh be graſs, as moral writers ſay,
The Prince himſelf muſt make a *load of hay!*
In like proportion, we may underſtand,
Poor P— will ſcarcely make a green *hay-band!*

XI.

ON A REPORT OF A MINISTER'S DEATH.

Written in Germany.

LAST Monday all the papers ſaid
That Mr. —— was ſurely dead:
Ah! then what ſaid the city?
The tenth part ſadly ſhook the head,
And ſhaking ſigh'd, and ſighing ſaid—
"Pity! indeed, 'tis pity!"
But when the ſaid report was found
A rumour, wholly without ground,
Ah! then what ſaid the city?
The other nine parts ſhook the head,
Repeating what the tenth had ſaid—
"Pity! indeed, 't is pity!"

XII.

SAID R—E to P—T the other day,
"The French are coming, men report;
What will the end be, BILLY, ſay—"
Quoth P—T, "*A collar day at court!*"

XIII.

XIII.

THE VICEROY AND HIS SON.

"PRAY why so busy, *Jackey?*"—cries Papa.
"I'm looking for the *crown* of CORSICA."

HIBERNICUS.

XIV.

ON THE PAPER DELUGE.

John Bull and the Premier.

JOHN BULL.

OUR *name*, as a mercantile nation, is gone,
In spite of your *flimsy* endeavour.

THE PREMIER.

Indeed you 're mistaken—indeed you are, John;
For we 'll be more *noted* than ever!

W. D. G.

XV.

HOW TO PUT DOWN SUNDAY PAPERS.

Addressed to a Noble Lord.

WOULD you take from these papers the poison away,
And induce all the public to slight 'em,
No need of harsh measures:—I 'll tell you the way,
Engage for one Sunday—*to write 'em.*

XVI.

ON THE DOORS OF A CERTAIN ASSEMBLY BEING LATELY SHUT

THE mob, quoth S———, shan't come in;
My L—ds, enforce your law:
For if they don't regard my *chin*,
Why should they hear your *jaw?*

XVII.

BY taxes teas'd, by sorrows crost,
Still JOHN resistance scorns;
You ask me why:—poor JOHN has lost
Each emblem—save *his horns.*

XVIII.

XVIII.

ANOTHER.

JOHN once was deem'd JOHN BULL; but now, alas!
His ſpirit gone, he 's mildly nam'd *Jack-Aſs*. N. P.

XIX.

MODERN CHARACTERS.—FROM SPENSER.

SIR W. P———.

AN unconth ſavage and uncivill wight,
Of grieſly hue, and foul, ill-favour'd ſight;
And in his lap a maſs of coine he told,
And turned upſide down, to feed his eye
And covetous deſire with his huge treaſury;
And round about him lay on every ſide
Great heaps of gold—that NEVER could be ſpent!

MR. P—T.

And, like a crane, his neck was long and fine,
With which he ſwallow'd up exceſſive feaſt,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine!
In green vine-leaves he was right fitly clad—
For other clothes he could not wear for heat;
Still as he rode on did he ſomewhat eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing cann.
Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to ſtir or go;
Not meet to be a Counſel to a King,
Whoſe mind in meat and drink was drowned ſo.
Full of diſeaſes was his carcaſs blue,
And a dry dropſie thro' his fleſh did flow!

MR. D———S.

And next to him ſate goodly Shamefacedneſs;
Ne ever durſt his eyes from ground upreare—
Ne ever once did look up from his dreſs,
As if ſome blame of evil he did fear,
That in his cheek make roſes oft appear.

GEORGE R——E.

———Down hanging his dull head—
Yet inly being more than ſeemly ſad;
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the heart,

MR.

MR. W————CE.

Where that old woman day and night did pray
  Upon her beades, devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred Paternoſters every day,
And thrice nine hundred Aves ſhe was wont to ſay!
And to augment her painful penance more,
  Thrice every week in aſhes ſhe did ſit,
And wit her loathſome ſkin rough ſackcloth wore,
  And THRICE THREE TIMES did faſt from every bit!

XX.

TO THE EDITOR OF A CERTAIN MORNING PAPER, ON READING HIS VERY PATHETIC NARRATIVE OF THE EXECUTION OF MR. O'COIGLEY.

SOME wept, you ſay, when Coigley was no more;
I wept, becauſe he was not hang'd before.

OLD ENGLAND.

XXI.

A REASON AGAINST REFORM.

A REFORM in the Houſe! ſaid Sir Squander M'More,
  A noted Alarmiſt, a ſtickler for P—,
Who owed ſome ten thouſands, yet having but four,
  Straightway bought a ſeat, and his tradeſmen were bit.
A reform! a mere plot for vile Jacobin ends,
Contriv'd to get rid of the Miniſter's friends.
A reform! why, 't would drive me, Heaven knows, from my ſeat,
And ſend me, I vow, from the Houſe to the Fleet.

XXII.

LOYALTY LOAN.

THE conſequences of the war
  No honeſt man can miſcount:
Our *poverty* is under *par*,
  Our *loyalty* at *diſcount!*

XXIII.

XXIII.

WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW OF AN INN AT TAUNTON, IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

GOD gave us light, and saw that it was good;
P— made us pay for it, G-d d— his blood!

R. WATTS, Landscape Painter.

XXIV.

ON THE TAX ON TIME.

IN Holy Writ is this command, they say:
"Be vigilant, be ready, *watch*, and pray."
But he must now who would this plan pursue,
Pocket his *watch*, and *watch* his *pocket* too.

XXV.

HECTOR, by dint of force, 't is shown,
Rais'd in his hand a mass of stone,
Which crush'd the Grecian gate;
By dint of force, in these our days,
A mass of gold stout Pitt would raise,
Enough to crush a state.

XXVI.

IN THE REPORT THAT MR. SECRETARY W——— HAD KEPT THE NEW RATS FROM BOULTING.

WHO sav'd the *rats* from Moira's paws?
Don W———M, sure as fate;
For he allur'd their hungry maws,
By baited trap o' th' State!

His magic art, *beyond the law*,
Restor'd P—'s *nibbling* friends;
For what *cheese-parings* could not draw,
Came back to *candles' ends!*

XXVII.

THE ALLIES.

SATAN, as our divines admit,
Inflicts our penal evil;
We thence infer, that Master P—
Is colleague with the D——!

And,

And, when they both their work have done,
And war no longer rages,
There's One above the silver moon
Will pay them both their wages.

XXVIII.

ON AN ARCH-PATRIOT'S HEALTH BEING TOASTED (according to a Morning Paper) "WITH BURNING APPLAUSE."

THAT *Carlo* was toasted with *burning applause*,
May be sung in republican lays,
As he that could aid an *incendiary* cause
Should be drank with *inflammable praise*.

XXIX.

ANOTHER.

HOW *flaming* the Chief! and how *flaming* the cause!
You may judge of them both—by the *burning applause*.

XXX.

ANOTHER.

BURNING applause! Hold! let me see—
Why, this is right to a degree,
As every *fiery exhalation*
Predicts a quick annihilation.

XXXI.

ANOTHER.

WHILST such *burnt-offerings* curl'd around his name,
The *good man* blush'd to find it only—*flame*.

XXXII.

ANOTHER.

TO burn applauses to his name,
Ah! sure it was a *burning shame!*
As well might ends of candles think
To scatter odours from their stink,
Or Sharper, when he cogs a die,
Exclaim, "How fortunate am I!"
Or he, who sets his house on fire,
Call all his neighbours to admire,
As if it was a *blaze* of merit,
To show his *loyalty* and *spirit*.

XXXIII.

ON THE TRIPLE ASSESSMENT.

THAT one is three, and three are one,
A theoretic fact is;
And Pitt would ſhow, on earth below,
The beauty of the practice.

But whether we pay one or three
Of taxes, why this pother?—
'Tis three to one that few or none
Can pay or one or t'other!

XXXIV.

ON THE INCOME BILL.

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator. Juv.

WHILE one plaguy tax to another 's annex'd,
And low our finances muſt run,
When he that has money ſtands ſorely perplex'd,
How happy the lad that has none!

If the caſh be deficient our joys to promote,
We muſt ſilently grumble and grieve;
Since truly the man that has got ne'er a coat,
Can't readily *laugh in his ſleeve!*

But advantages many from poverty ſpring;
Unheeded may poverty range!
Such folk to the ſhop no light coinage can bring,
And need not wait long for his change.

Annuities, mortgages, leaſes, and deeds,
In no iron cheſt need he ſtow;
And though with Duke Humphrey he conſtantly feeds,
He 'll ne'er ſee the face of *John Doe.*

In the puzzles of law he can never be hurl'd,
He can bid 'em fight dog and fight bear;
He 'll never pay coſts while he lives in this world,
Nor be wiſh'd at Old Nick by his heir.

M. M.

XXXV.

THE REMNANT; OR WONDERFUL INTELLIGENCE.

P.— ſwears, and his creatures all ſay what he ſays,
That Gallia's whole navy has long been deſtroy'd;
A liſt of bright triumphs each record diſplays;
And Breſt, L'Orient, every port is a void.

At beſt, cries this wonderful Lord of events,
This ſtock of correct information!—*we* know
A remnant is all ſinking Gallia preſents,
A navy henceforward ſhe never can ſhow.

Of large fighting ſhips, at the leaſt twenty-four,
Our foes from their ports have contriv'd to releaſe;
Light ſhips and ſome tranſports are found in the ſcore:
If this be a *remnant*, pray what was the *piece*?

XXXVI.

ON THE MEANS TAKING TO RESTORE MONARCHY IN FRANCE.

A MAN may drive an ox alive
Unto a ſpringing well;
But for to drink, as he may think,
No man can him compel.

STERNHOLD, junior.

XXXVII.

SIC TRANSIT.

WHAT's become of the ſoldiers his Grace late could boaſt?
O ſurpriſing!—he *ſwallow'd* them all with a *toaſt*!

XXXVIII.

A HIGHER TITLE FOR HIS GRACE OF NORFOLK.

DISMISS'D by PITT!—great HOWARD, inſtant, then—
The *firſt* of DUKES—is made the *firſt* of MEN.

XXXIX.

IN Holy Writ it was decreed,
By Moſes, the Lawgiver,
That he who diſobedient was,
And eke, a vile free liver,

Should

Should be, before the Jewiſh camp,
  Brought out like criminal;
And there by hands of holy men
  Should ſtoned be withal.

Had Moſes liv'd to ſee our days,
  The caſe had not been ſo:
For where could he find ſtones enow;—
  Or hands indeed to throw?

STERNHOLD.

XL.

A RADICAL CURE.

SAYS Traffic to Shuttle, "Behold now the times
  Are ſo pregnant with miſchief, oppreſſion, and ſorrow,
That Miniſters, yet not aſham'd of their crimes,
  Determine to either beg, pilfer, or borrow."
"Why there 's kindneſs in Billy's propoſal, I think,"
  Old Shuttle replied; "for by taxing us double,
We 'll ſoon be depriv'd of clothes, victuals, and drink;
  And that 's the ſhort way, Sir, of *ending our trouble.*"

XLI.

ON THE INSCRIPTION ON THE NEWSPAPER STAMP.

WHEN the public newſpapers the firſt duty bore,
  'T was "SEMPER EADEM" that came,
To aſſure Johnny Bull he ſhould never pay more,
  For the tax ſhould be "always *the ſame!*"

But now, while freſh duty on duty we ſee,
  Johnny, finding his ſpirits relaxing,
Concludes that the words no ſuch promiſe can be,
  But muſt ſurely mean "always *a-taxing!*"

XLII.

ON THE GREAT QUANTITY OF VENISON IN W——— PARK.

IN W——— Park (I 'll not repine)
  The deer are very many;
Don't aſk me, "if the *flavour* 's fine"—
  I never taſted any.

XLIII.

ON THE CHARITY OF TWO BISHOPS TOWARDS THE POOR.

GOOD D——— gives receipts for *soup*;
Good L——— for good *yeast*—
But which *good* Lord gives *beef* or *flour*
To *make* the little feast?

XLIV.

ON THE REPORT IN THE FRENCH PAPERS, THAT THEY HAD TAKEN GIBRALTAR BY A FEINT.

WHILST boasting Frenchmen boldly dare
Through *novel* ways to threaten war,
On *rafts* to sail, or ride o'er clouds,
To *dive* beneath the briny deep,
Whilst British Tars are hush'd in sleep,
Or watching in their lofty shrouds;

Though Elliott prov'd how truly vain
Th' united pow'rs of France and Spain,
Yet the *Great Nation* now proclaim
Gibraltar taken—by surprise,
By *fancied* friends, and *treach'rous* spies,
And far and wide expand the same.

'T is *true* they have done so, I think;
But *how?*—With *paper*, *pen*, and *ink*.

XLV.

ON ITS BEING SAID THAT BONAPARTE INTENDS SENDING A GREAT NUMBER OF WOMEN TO EGYPT.

ESCAP'D the wrath of Egypt's sons,
On Gallia's shore the Chief arrives:
So much his mind on vengeance runs,
He threat'ning swears to SEND THEM WIVES!

XLVI.

ON LARGE DRAFTS FROM THE RUSSIAN ARMY BEING SENT FOR THE DELIVERANCE OF ITALY, AND REINSTATEMENT OF THE POPE.

THE complaint is oft made, and the crime is not small,
That they borrow from PETER to pay unto PAUL:—
Now the compliment 's turn'd, and we tell it in metre,
PAUL is drawn upon largely, for payment to PETER.

XLVII.

THE NEW SCHOOL FOR MANNERS.

LORD Spencer, who rules at the Adm'ralty Board,
  Laſt ſummer on board the King's yacht,
With his friend, my Lord Howe, was exchanging a word,
  While each on his head kept his hat.

When a tar to his meſſmate ſaid, "Twig, brother Ned,
  That freſh-water fellow ſo trim,
To the Amburral talks, with his hat on his head,
  Without lifting his paw to the brim!"

"Why what of all that?" (ſays the other, quite cool);
  "Such a fight is no wonder to me;
But how ſhould the lubber learn manners, you fool,
  When you know he was never at ſea?"

XLVIII.

THE DUTCH BRIG *.

Ὥστε δύ' ἄνγα λέοντε, κυνῶν ὑπὸ καρχαροδόντων
Ἁρπάξαντε φέρητον ἀνὰ ῥωπήϊα πυκνά.

HOMER IL. P.

The fellow that did ſell the lion's ſkin
While the beaſt liv'd, was KILL'D in hunting him!

SHAKESPEARE, HENRY V.

WHEN a herd of Northern Bears
  The Lion did aſſail,
A *ſaucy Cur* prick'd up his ears—
  And ſeiz'd the Lion's tail!

But while the Bruins ſmarted
  Beneath the victor's blow,
The ſurly *Monarch* f—t-d,
  And laid the *puppy* low!

S. F. N.

---

* During the action off the Texel, a Dutch brig lay under the ſtern of the Monarch, Admiral Onſlow, and was puniſhed for its temerity and preſumption by being immediately ſunk.

XLIX.

"AIDED by gallant Onſlow, ſecond in command,
Nine ſhips," ſays Duncan, "from the Dutch I took."
"Nine votes," ſays Roſe, "that run like ſteeds in hand,
S—— writes me word, are enter'd in his book."
—"Such worth," cries Pitt, "our will is to reward;
Go—*knight* me Onſlow—make Bob S—— a *Lord!!!*"

L.

ON THE NARRATIVE OF ADMIRAL STORY, AND HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH FLEET, AS CONSISTING OF TWENTY SAIL OF THE LINE, AND CHIEFLY OF EIGHTY-FOUR GUN SHIPS.

THE runaway Admiral talks of a *ſtand*;
Defeated, he dwells on his *glory*:
His eſcape was ſo bold, ſo terrific, and grand—
Fie! fie!—what a d—nable *Storey!*

LI.

ANOTHER.

WHEN Admiral *Fib* was *half-ſeas o'er*,
Brimful of *hollands* and of trouble,
"Of foes," quoth he, "I ſee a *ſcore*."—
Thoſe whom he ſaw, he ſure *ſaw double!*

LII.

ANOTHER.

IN hiſtory we find *De Ruyter*'s name
High in the annals of old *Belgia*'s glory;
But fiction takes a ſhorter road to fame,
But now the Dutch are only bold—*in Storey*.

LIII.

O DUNCAN, our thanks for your policy's due,
But what will the friends of *monopoly* do?
They 'd rather you 'd fall'n by a ball or a ſplinter *,
Than found out a ſcheme to make *harveſt* from *Winter!*

---

* The ſplinters from the timber of the ſhips do equal injury with the balls in an engagement.

LIV.

LIV.

THE *Storey*-TELLING *Rear*-ADMIRAL.

HE ſhow'd his *rear*; its ſize was ſuch,
All ſwore the bottom muſt be *Dutch*;
Yet this ſame Storey, ah, God rot him,
For all his *rear*, had got no *bottom!*

LV.

ON THE CAPTURE OF THE DUTCH SHIP OF WAR VRYHEID (THE LIBERTY).

BY reſtleſs innovation's fatal hand,
By deadly anarchy, that curs'd the land,
By Gallic principles debas'd, undone,
Deſponding *Liberty* from Holland gone,
To Britain's thunder paid obſequious court,
And now finds ſhelter in an Engliſh port.

LVI.

FROM THE GREEK OF LUCILLIUS.

A MOUSE Sir Richard in his pantry ſpied,
And cried, "So, friend! what have you here to do?"
Smiling, the Mouſe "Fear nothing, Sir," replied;
"We only come to *lodge*, not *board* with you!"

LVII.

The genius of Dryden has, by a ſort of divination, characterized the peculiar hoſpitality of a certain Ex Lord Mayor in the following beautiful lines:—

CHASTE were his cellars, and his ſhrieval board
The groſſneſs of a city feaſt abhorr'd;
His cooks, from long diſuſe, their trade forgot,
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot!

LVIII.

ON THE LATE ILLUMINATION.

AH! why for lights make ſuch a rout?
Sir Richard's purſe is ſhav'd by 't;
But Abercromby's name left out!
Behold *ten letters* ſav'd by 't!!!

LIX.

LIX.

ON SIR RUBICUND NASO, A COURT ALDERMAN, AND WHISPERER OF SECRETS.

SPEAK out, Sir! you 're ſafe! for ſo ruddy your noſe,
That, talk where you will, 't is all *under the Roſe.*

LX.

ON SOME LATE ODD STEPS.

WHEN C——s caper'd in Guildhall,
Oh! 't was a dainty treat;
And match'd in grace, as own'd by all,
Sir Bruin in the ſtreet.
Nay, ſome indeed moſt ſhrewdly thought
The Mayor a trick had played,
And, to divert his friends, had brought
A *bear* in *maſquerade.*

LXI.

THE GLUTTON.

FROM noon till morn, with unabated zeal,
A wealthy glutton, at a luſcious meal,
Had cramm'd himſelf till he could breathe no more;
The ſhort-liv'd joy at length brought to deplore,
With ſtagg'ring ſteps he left the ſcene divine,
At home to ſnore away the fumes of wine.
By chance a beggar, naked and diſtreſs'd,
Met him, and thus with plaintive voice addreſs'd:
"In pity, Sir, ſome trifling alms beſtow
On a poor man, a prey to every woe;
Forlorn, unſhelter'd from the wintry blaſt—
Theſe lips no food have touch'd for three days paſt;
And hunger"—"Hold!" he cried, "complain no longer,
You lucky dog, to know the calls of hunger!"

LXII.

IMITATION OF THE ANGLO-LATIN EPIGRAM,

"Non ip-*ſe*—ſed tip-*ſe*," &c.

HE tumbles about like a ball, I muſt own;
And, in *keeping it* UP, he oft *knocks* himſelf down.

If

If he long perſeveres in thus draining the cup,
By *falling* ſo oft, he will *knock himſelf* UP.
Then how fooliſh he'll feel, when he ſees—looking round,
Though 't is *all up* with him, he 's *laid low* in the ground.

LXIII.

TO conj'ring Tom ſays Will, "Your word to keep,
Now call up *ſpirits* from the vaſty *deep*."
"That will I do," cries Tom, "I have them handy;
John, from the *cellar* fetch a little *brandy*."

LXIV.

ON THE CREW OF THE ST. FIORENZO DANCING SCOTCH REELS AFTER DINNER BY COMMAND OF HIS MAJESTY.

INSPIR'D by preſence of Family Royal,
And cheer'd with abundance of grog,
Sir Harry's brave tars, to a man truly loyal,
For fun and for friſk were agog.

Your divertiſements, ballets, pas deux, and pas ſeuls,
Were out of the kick of their heel;
But with *ſpirits* brimful, they indeed had been fools
Had they not been quite *ripe* for a REEL!

LXV.

FROM A FATHER TO A SON JUST CALLED TO THE BAR.

Amoto quæramus ſeria ludo. HOR.

BE ſerious, Tom; *luſiſti ſatis*;
And this advice I give you gratis:
The term 's begun, your law purſue,
Or it perhaps may follow you;
And then, your practice you may find
Will to the Bench be moſt confin'd;
And there, though caſes you 'll have plenty,
The fees, I fear, you 'll find but ſcanty.
So ſtick to *Bacon* and the reſt,
They 'll furniſh you in time—*a feaſt*;
Or if to better fare you look,
I then adviſe you, take a *Coke*.

LXVI.

LXVI.

THE PUZZLED PATIENT.

DEAR Johnny, much I wish for your advice;
'T is on a point extremely nice,
'Bout which my mind is in an odd quandary:
By your opinion I would fain abide,
Betwixt two personages to decide—
My *dog* and my *apothecary*.

To state the case; Monsieur l'Apothecaire
Thinks proper to declare,
That I must drink *a pint of bark a-day*;
Because he says 't will be the way
To strengthen and recruit me, now I 'm wasted.
That may be true—yet still I 'm loth to drink,
Simply because I think
It is the damndest stuff I 've ever tasted.

But that 's not all—for you must know,
A *noisy house-dog* that I keep
Doth every night contrive it so,
That I can get no sleep.
And am not I in piteous plight?
With "*bark*" *all day*, and "*bark*" *all night*?

Now pr'ythee, Johnny, tell me what to do
Betwixt the two?
Why, "Hang the dog," I think I hear thee say.
Alas! poor Tray,
Would that be treating thee quite fair?
If either must be hang'd, I own,
I'd rather leave the dog alone,
And hang the other spark,
Who deals in "*bark*,"
Monsieur l'Apothecaire.

LXVII.

ON A CERTAIN DOCTOR IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE METROPOLIS.

WHEN any patients call in haste,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'um;
If after that they *choose* to die,
Why, what cares I?—I *lets 'um*.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

ON A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION BETWEEN TWO MEDICAL GENTLEMEN.

"SHE 'LL loſe her fever ſoon," the Doctor cried;
Th 'Apothecary ſhook his head, and ſigh'd:
To prove the Doctor *right*—the patient died!

LXIX.

Tria juncta in uno. ANON.

AN *adept* in the ſiſter arts,
Painter, poet, and muſician,
Employ'd a *Doctor* of all parts,
Druggiſt, ſurgeon, and phyſician.

The artiſt with M. D. agrees,
If he 'd attend him when he grew ſick,
Fully to liquidate his fees
With *painting*, *poetry*, and *muſic*.

The druggiſt, ſurgeon, and phyſician
So often phyſic'd, bled, preſcrib'd,
That painter, poet, and muſician
(Alas, poor artiſt!) ſunk—and died!

But, ere death's ſtroke, "Doctor," cried he,
"In honour of your ſkill and charge,
Accept from my profeſſions three—
A *hatchment*, *epitaph*, and *dirge*!"

LXX.

IMPROMPTU.

ASK we why Bavius, virulent and hard,
Vents his low ſpleen on Jerningham, the bard—
A bard whom Virtue numbers in her train,
And whom the Muſe has taught th' impaſſion'd ſtrain?
With one ſhort clew the cauſe is underſtood—
"The ſtrong antipathy of *bad* to *good*."

LXXI.

LXXI.

THE POET IN A SURLY MOOD.

LOVE, ceaſe thy torment! ceaſe thy pain!
O diſengage me from thy chain,
Thy jealouſies, thy dreads, thy fears,
Heart-rending ſighs, and guſhing tears;
If not—why then, by bleſſed Hope,
I 'll change thy *chain* for *hempen rope!*

LXXII.

ON MR. CUMBERLAND'S *nine* NEW PIECES.

SURE Cumberland's ſpirit can never grow flat,
Since his MUSE has to boaſt of NINE lives, like a cat.
Like a cat too, ſo watchful, his genius ne'er fails,
For he laſhes the age like a *cat of nine tails.*

LXXIII.

ON MR. ——'S SERMONS.

THE audience at friend ——'s church
Complain'd, that from the French and German,
And Engliſh works, with labour'd ſearch,
He filch'd each part of every ſermon.

Pray, luckleſs wights, your cenſure humble,
And leave poor ——Y's brains alone;
You 'd have much greater cauſe to grumble,
If ever he ſhould preach his *own!*

TRIM.

LXXIV.

ON A READER OF HIS OWN VERSES.

HOARSE Mævius reads his hobbling verſe
To all, and at all times;
And deems them both divinely ſmooth,
His voice as well as rhymes.

But folks ſay Mævius is no aſs;
Yet Mævius makes it clear,
That he 's a monſter of an aſs,
An aſs without an ear.

LXXV.

IMPROMPTU, ON A VAIN WRITER, WHO WAS ALSO AN OBDURATE FATHER.

OLD K—te, when grim Death seem'd to menace his fall,
To his child, his sole offspring, left little but *gall*;
Yet the very same man, to his pride such a slave,
An ample bequest for *his monument* gave:
And where is the wonder? since justice must own
That his *heart* was more *nearly allied* to *a stone*.

LXXVI.

ON READING A DULL PROLIX PUBLICATION.

A *CRITICAL taste*, Sir, it never can suit:
Of *leaves* here are plenty—but where is the *fruit*?

LXXVII.

A FRIEND once thus advis'd a *would-be* poet:
"You cannot write a verse—the Muses know it.
But think how many climb Parnassus' hill
With neither wit nor fancy, taste nor skill,
And fall, to make the critics laugh—like THEE.
Another mode of living pray devise,
Yet hold! my friend, that downfal cannot be,
THOU wilt not fall, because *thou canst not rise*."

QUIZ.

LXXVIII.

THE WAGER.

M—TT—W L——s propos'd, a dispute once to settle,
By a wager, he much thought would S———n nettle;
Then, with look of importance, he said, "Sir, I'll bet ye
The sum you imagine *my Spectre* might net ye."—
"No, no," replied Sherry; "of cash I've a dearth,
But seldom I bet—yet *I'll bet what it's worth*."

LXXIX.

Nil tam inutile videtur, ut non aliquando utile fiat. ANON.

SO says the scholiast of old,
Which thus, in English, I unfold:

Sir John *, a critic, wit, and bard,
Was heard to say, "The times were hard,
And few, if any, met reward."
But I, who know his talents well,
And *where* and *when* they most excel,
Have ever paid his works their full,
And plac'd them next me—when at stool.

LXXX.

A BARD once took it in his head,
On hearing of a fav'rite dead,
To write his elegy in verse,
In hopes, no doubt, to fill his purse;
And brought it to a Noble Peer,
Who took it with sarcastic sneer—
And, as he read the mournful line,
Observ'd—*I wish he'd brought me thine.*

LXXXI.

Magister artis ingenio largitor
Venter. PERSIUS.

WANT prompts the wit, and first you rise to arts;
So Persius says (and he 's a man of parts):
Yet who but must with me this axiom grant,
That this same wit brings many a bard—to want?

LXXXII.

UPON WADING THROUGH A LATE SOMNIFEROUS "SUPPLEMENTAL APOLOGY," &c. AND "POSTCRIPT TO THE AUTHOR OF THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE," IN 654 PAGES!!!

CH—LMERS, in ev'ry page thy readers trace
The heavy influence of thy "*leaden mace*:"
They ALL exclaim, when once thy book is read—
"His ink is *opium*, and his pen is *lead!*"

* * * * * * *

* The Biographer.

LXXXIII.

LXXXIII.

CHEMICAL EPIGRAM, ON READING THE SUPPLEMENTAL APOLOGY.

Written by the ingenious Author of the celebrated Treatise on Sugar.

"Plumbo commissa manebunt."

SWEET is the air Pitt breathes at Walmer's,
Sweet the cane in India bred,
Sweet are the *sugar'd* words of Chalmers;
But his *sugar* is—of *lead*.

LXXXIV.

A CHIMERICAL EPIGRAM.

[Occasioned by reading the following words in the Supplemental Apology, page 608: "There ought to be no comma (,) after (a) *vacuum*, unless there be one after (a) *chimæra*."]

Written by the Chaplain to the Volunteer Corps of Marshal's-men, commanded by Sir James Bland Burgess, Bart.

SIR James, knight-marshal in Love's field,
Was frighten'd on Cythera *,
And *commas* † after Cupid put,
In dread of his *chimæra*.

Not so the knight of leaden mace,
He runs *without a muzzle*,
And tilts at ev'ry Nymph and Grace,
Content the cause to puzzle.

To ev'ry critic in his wrath
He shows his Gorgon head;
A *vacuum* is all he fears—
So fills the void with *lead*!

LXXXV.

JACK THOUGHTLESS'S EPITAPH.

By Himself.

GAILY I liv'd, as ease and nature taught,
And pass'd my little life without a thought;

* Super alta Cythera.—VIRGIL. † Dr. Pangloss, A double S.

And

And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, *who never thought of him!*

LXXXVI.

JACK drinks fine wines, wears modish clothing;
But pr'ythee where lies Jack's estate?
In Algebra; for there I found of late
A quantity call'd less than nothing.

LXXXVII.

WHY for his uncle's death grieves Bill?
Because his uncle did not make a will.

LXXXVIII.

ON A QUARREL BETWEEN TWO TRADESMEN.

SAYS Journal to Ledger, "For this great affront,
I shall call you, depend on it, Sir, *to account.*"
"O!" quoth Ledger to Journal, with impudent ease,
"The balance we 'll *strike*, Sir, whenever you please."

LXXXIX.

EXTEMPORE, ON A WICKED, FRACTIOUS OLD FELLOW.

BORN to no end but to perplex,
To harass, irritate, and vex;
With cunning that no fox came near—
Dissimulation, fraud, and fear!
"With all those blessings born," he said,
"No wonder he should thrive in trade.
And why he 's suffer'd here to roam
Is plain—*the devil fears to take him home!*"

XC.

AN OTAHEITEAN EPIGRAM.

The same cause does not always produce the same effect.

WISE missionaries from afar
Sail o'er the briny flood,
And hither come, with wondrous love,
To teach us to be good.

But

But when they find how bad we are,
They turn upon the toe;
And so because we 're *bad*, they come—
Because we 're *bad*, they go.

XCI.

VOLUNTEER ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

PLENTY of sham-fights, and plenty of eating,
Comprise the chief ends of a volunteer meeting;
And plenty of drinking, with three times three—
To show how the *King* and the *people* agree.

XCII.

DECLARATION OF MY CORPS.

TO drill and eat is all we *now* can do:
When the French come we'll fight, and—*eat* 'em too!

J. L. G.

XCIII.

INSCRIPTION PROPER TO BE FIXED ON THE TOTTERING MANSIONS NEAR TEMPLE BAR.

LONG since we pass'd our hardy prime,
And now are so much hurt by time,
Each moment we expect to go;
So, passengers, *take care below*.

XCIV.

TO A PROUD PARENT.

THY babes ne'er greet thee with the father's name,
My Lud! they lisp. Now whence can this arise?
Perhaps their mother feels an honest shame,
And will not teach her infants to tell lies.

XCV.

THE HOUSE-DOG, TO HIS FELLOW-SERVANT, THE VALET.

"Latratu fures exceni, mutus amantes;
Sic placui domino, sic placui domiae."

AT the robbers I bark'd, at the lovers was mute;
So I pleas'd both my Lord and my Lady to boot!

XCVI.

MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

WE present the following as an instance of tenderness from one Yarmouth friend to another. It was on the occasion of the latter being killed by a rocket; which lamentable event is thus described:

Here lie I,
Kill'd by a sky-
Rocket in my eye.

But this is excelled, if possible, by the following one of a posttoy, whose epitaph informs us of the disastrous circumstance, in these elaborate and elegant lines:

Here I lays,
Kill'd by a chaise.

XCVII.

ON A BARBER.

TO such as do instruction wait,
This tombstone is *a-tête-à-tête*;
A *barber* here lies low—poor *Puff*,
Of *powder* now thou hast enough.
Reader, thine own condition see;
Soon thou, like him, shalt powder be;
Let not the thought thy feelings shock,
The *barber*'s gone, here lies the *block*.

XCVIII.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

WHO says my Lord and Lady disagree?
A pair more like in all things cannot be.
My Lord, indeed, will damn the marriage chain;
My Lady wishes it were loos'd again.

Ever with rakes, my Lord is ne'er at home;
Ever engag'd, my Lady likes his room:
He swears his boy is not his real son;
My Lady thinks it is not all his own.

He 'll have a separate bed—'T is her desire;
Sheets warm'd—bed made—the smiling pair retire;

The

The *cause*, though hidden, yet the *same* their *want*;
He sends for Miss—and she for her gallant.

If union then makes *bless'd* the marriage-life,
The *same* the husband, and the *same* the wife;
If in two breasts one mind gives joy sincere,
What two more happy than this courtly pair?

XCIX.

EMMA, at sight of human *woe*,
O'ercome with grief would fain appear;
To ease her feeling bosom's glow,
To *want* she lib'ral gives—*a tear!*

C.

"REGARDLESS of the pangs I feel,
My Celia's bosom 's arm'd with steel;
Her heart!—her heart 's a very flint,
Without one spark of pity in 't."
Thus Colin gave his passion vent;
Cried Damon, "Whence this discontent,
Since all things to your wish conspire?
For flint and steel will soon strike fire."

CI.

ON LADY LADE'S FALLING FROM HER HORSE AT THE ROYAL HUNT

AS Lade was pursuing the deer in full chase,
She fell as just taking a spring;
And show'd bottom upwards instead of her face—
Good L—d! what a sight for a king!

CII.

LOUD bray'd an ass—quoth Kate, to jeer
Her spouse, in giddy carriage,
"One of *your relatives* I hear"—
"Yes, Love," says he—"*by marriage*."

CIII.

SAM. SHARP.

SAM. SHARP came late one night into an inn,
And ask'd the maid what meat there was within?
"What meat, Sir? why, calf-heels and breast of mutton."
"Good eating both," quoth Sam; "but I'm no glutton.
So one of them will do: to-night the breast—
The heels to-morrow morning shall be dreſt."
At night he took the breaſt, and did not pay;
I' th' morning took his heels, and ran away.

CIV.

A PORTRAIT.

IN virgin innocence is ——— array'd
As meek and modeſt as the Roman *maid!*
"Yet, yet *he* loves!" and ev'ry hour we 're told,
His bosom ſighs to graſp his idol *gold!*
Strange compoſition of the human race,
A *mind* of *iron*, and of *braſs* a face;
A ſmile that mocks Affliction's deepeſt groan,
A *tongue* of *honey*—and a *heart of ſtone!*

CV.

HIPPONA lets no filly fluſh
Diſturb her cheek; nought makes her bluſh.
Whate'er obſcenities you ſay,
She nods and titters, frank and gay:
Oh, Shame! awake one honeſt fluſh
For this—that nothing makes her bluſh.

CVI

ON AN OLD WOMAN IN LOVE.

FOR ſhame, Canidia! quit this itch to luſt;
Thy ſixtieth year rebukes thy tottering duſt.
Your eyes to ſparkle, and your veins to glow,
Now Age o'er ev'ry lock has ſpread her ſnow,
Forbear, old trull! Thus hoary Ætna lies,
Fleec'd with the winter of Sicilian ſkies;

Emblem

Emblem of thee, her ſummit capt with ſnow,
Seems to deny the raging fires below.

CVII.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

OLD Quiz met his patient and ſtopp'd her,
A pinch from her ſnuff-box to draw;
"You are famous, I hear," cries the Doctor,
"For having the beſt Macabau.

How charming the ſnuff-box you wear!"—
"It is much at your ſervice," ſhe cried:
"Nay, nay! that is too bad, I ſwear,
To *pinch* me, and *box* me beſide."

CVIII.

THE WISH.

O'ER my neck while thus reclining
What can make thee now repining?
Here 's my gold!—I 've much in ſtore—
Spend all this—you ſhall have more!
Take my coach, and gad about;
Be in at night—if all day out!
What 's more wanting to content ye?
Thus you have all things in plenty!
Thus to a melting girl once ſaid
Old *Quiz* of eighty,—ſhe a maid.
"Oh! I wiſh," was the reply,
(The tear ſtood in each lovely eye—
The ſentence falter'd on her tongue)
"That I were *old*, or you were *young*!"

CIX.

CHIT-CHAT AT A COUNTRY BALL.

SAYS the Captain ſo pert, as he handed Miſs down,
"What a number of *belles*, for a ſmall country town!"
Miſs ſimply replied, "Sir, few towns can boaſt more;
At the great church there 's *ſix*, and the ſmall one has *four*."

CX.

CX.

WAXEN BOSOMS.

HIS Chloe's breast the bard of old
  Compar'd to hills of snow:
As white as they, and, ah! as *cold*,
  The fair one made him know.

Behold the changes time has wrought—
  How *modern* maids relax;
What once was ice or marble thought
  Is turn'd to *yielding* wax!

CXI.

SPITE of the gibes of wanton wit,
  What emblems can the fair,
Of their dear tender hearts more fit,
  Than waxen bosoms wear?

'Twixt mounts of wax, and hills of snow,
  How small the difference felt!
With due degrees of heat we know
  That both will gently melt.

CXII.

ADDRESSED TO FASHION.

ALAS! cries Damon—plaintive bard!
My Delia's heart I find so hard,
  I would she were *forgotten!*
But straight he answers—I recant;
For how can hearts be *adamant*,
  When all the breast—*is cotton!*

CXIII.

ON SEEING A LADY'S GARTER.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

WHY blush, dear girl! pray tell me why?
  You need not, I can prove it;
For though your garter met my eye,
  My thoughts were far above it.

CXIV.

CXIV.

ON THE REPORT OF A CIRCUMSTANCE WHICH TOOK PLACE AT THE LATE ROYAL NUPTIALS.

SAYS John to Charles, "Why ſhould it be,
When, though the bride betray'd no fears,
Her ſiſters, more alarm'd than ſhe,
Expreſs'd their feelings by their tears?"
"'T is a miſtake," blunt Charles replies,
"Their *mouths* might water—not their *eyes*!"

CXV.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. W———RCE.

Pulchramque ſtruis uxorius urbem. VIRGIL.

WILL tried his book without the wiſh'd ſucceſs,
Now he has put freſh matter in the preſs;
In theſe new ſheets no *devil* he employs,
An *angel* helps him to a work of joys!
Tells him new Chriſtians from the taſk ſhall riſe,
And gives him heav'n before he ſeeks the ſkies.

CXVI.

WHY in your breaſt ſo dubious a debate
Between a married and a ſingle ſtate?
A father's wiſe example ne'er miſcarried,
And *he*, you know, friend Thomas—never married.

E. W.

CXVII.

WHISP'RING cloſe a maid long courted,
Thus cried Drone, by touch tranſported—
"Pr'ythee, tell me, gentle Dolly!
Is not loving long a folly?"
"Yes," ſaid ſhe, with ſmile reproving,
"Loving long, and *only loving*."

CXVIII.

IF Eve, in her innocence, could not be blam'd
Becauſe going naked ſhe was not aſham'd;
Whoe'er views the ladies, as ladies now dreſs—
That again they grow innocent ſure will confeſs;

And that artfully too they retaliate the evil,
By the *Devil* once tempted—they now *tempt the Devil*.

CXIX.

——————Voluptas
Solamenque mali. VIRG.

MADAM ſcolded one day ſo long,
She ſudden loſt all uſe of tongue!
The Doctor came—with hum and haw
Pronounc'd th' affection a lock'd jaw!

"What hopes, good Sir?"—"Small, ſmall, I ſee!"
The huſband ſlips a *double fee*:
"What! no hopes, Doctor?"—"None, I fear!"
Another *fee* for iſſue clear.

Madam deceas'd—"Pray, Sir, don't grieve!"
"My friends, one comfort I receive—
A *lock'd jaw* was the only caſe
From which my wife could die—*in peace!*"

CXX.

Veniunt a dote ſagittæ. JUV.

"PRAY be more careful of your life,
My charming, ſweet, angelic wife!"
"Fie, fie!—you flatter me, my dear!"
"O, no!—for I, ſhould Death's fell dart
Reach you, my love, my ſoul, my heart,
Should loſe—*five thouſand pounds a-year!*"

CXXI.

Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris; at illis
Notum qui pueri, qualiſque futura ſit uxor? JUV.

"PRAY, neighbour, what would you adviſe?
I want a wife, but cannot get one!"
"Pho, pho!" ſaid t' other—"*advertiſe*,
And ten to one you ſpeedy meet one."

He took the hint—was married ſoon,
Then pray'd a ſon might crown his joy—
When, lo! ere paſt the *ſecond moon*,
Madam preſents him with a boy.

Zounds!

"Zounds! neighbour—what d' ye now advise?"
"Pho! pho!" said t' other, "do not swear—
You 've now no need to advertise
For *proxy* to have *got an heir*."

CXXII.

Inest tua gratia parvis. HOR.

"THAT *mole* upon your cheek, dear Kitty,
I own is beauteous, small, and pretty:
But, O! if near your lips its site—
Eternal kisses 't would invite!"
Beneath her pouting lips next day
A lovely *patch* enticing lay!

CXXIII.

Eludet ubi te victum senserit. TER.

TOM found a trinket in his bed,
Which he 'd to Stephen's mistress given:
"What 's this, dear wife?"—"Only (she said)
Your *gift* to Ann—*return'd* by Stephen!"

CXXIV.

THE NON-CONDUCTOR.

[From the Porcupine.]

ON Ferrol's shore two Britons stood,
A soldier and a tar.
Says Jack, "Since now we rule the flood
From Norway's rocks to Egypt's mud,
Why lingers thus the war?

"Pour British thunder on proud Spain,
Let lightnings fierce instruct her:
You rule the land as we the main."—
"*Thunder!*" the soldier cries: "'t is vain;
Our chief 's a *non-conductor*."

DISTRESSES OF A CITIZEN.

[From the True Briton.]

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a perſon in trade, and have been pretty ſucceſsful in life. Few, I believe, in our ward can boaſt of being a better man on 'Change than myſelf. Soon after I began buſineſs I married the ſixth couſin of a Welſh Baronet, a fine perſonable woman, highly accompliſhed, with no fortune it is true, but with a pedigree at leaſt the length of Cheapſide. Theſe accompliſhments, and this pedigree, a fine wife, an accompliſhed wife, and a woman of family, which I fooliſhly conſidered as articles of happineſs, I have found for many years paſt to be productive, though not of abſolute miſery, yet of much domeſtic vexation. Naturally mild and complying, and not minding expenſe, provided the balance in my books turns out to my wiſh, I gave way to the humours of my wife; and though, between ourſelves, I ſhould have liked a ſnug, ſubſtantial, comfortable way of living, I yielded to her deſires, and lived *in ſtyle*, as it is now called. My wife gave entertainments, had routs, her box at the opera; and her concerts, I am told (for I have no ear for muſic), are perfectly raviſhing. The only *unfaſhionable* circumſtance which attends them is, that they are not on a *Sunday*. With this ſhe could never bring me to comply, notwithſtanding all her ſarcaſms againſt fooliſh prejudices.

My daughters, Ophelia, Eudoſia, Bellamira, and Selina, Celeſtina, Euphraſia (theſe, Sir, are not ſix daughters, but two with ſix names), by their mother's folly have loſt 10,000*l.* (which they would have got, had they been named Bridget and Urſula, after two maiden aunts). But to go on: my daughters have the beſt, that is to ſay, the moſt expenſive maſters, and are taught

 muſic

muſic and dancing at half a guinea the half hour, beſides fifty other as extravagant accompliſhments, of which I neither know the uſe nor the names.

My ſon Hector Cadwallader (ſuch are the ridiculous names given him by his mother) has, under her tuition, had all the advantages of the higheſt breeding. He is an enſign in the guards, frequents the clubs, has his eſtabliſhment, keeps his gig, valet, and groom, and ſomething elſe I ſuſpect, and draws upon me in a moſt gentleman-like manner, I aſſure you: you underſtand me, I mean pretty deeply.

All this I have borne, I will not ſay with the patience of Job, but I *have* hitherto borne it, for I love quiet, and my books tell me that the balance is ſtill on the right ſide. But things grow every day worſe and worſe, and I begin to think that a man ſhould not comply with the follies and abſurdities of his family (perhaps I ſhould give them a harſher name), becauſe he can afford it.

I ſhall juſt mention a few of the provoking things with which I am peſtered every day; you will then judge whether I ſhould longer ſubmit to what I do not like.

This very morning my wife came to me with a face of much importance: "My dear," ſays ſhe, "I do not like your name; *Gubbins* ſounds ſo vulgar, could not you get the King's permiſſion to change it to *Ap Johns*, my family name?"—I was thunderſtruck; but ſoon recovering, I replied, "I like my name very well; Gubbins is as good as Ap Johns, and d—n me (I very ſeldom ſwear, but I was provoked beyond meaſure), and d—n me if Humphry Gubbins ſhall ever be an *alias*." I conquered for the time, but expect a freſh attack. Soon after this I went into the drawing-room, and, to my utter aſtoniſhment, beheld my wife and her two daughters *ſkipping* like rope-dancers. I had juſt opened my mouth and pronounced the word

"mountebanks!" when my wife's ſkipping-rope *ſomehow* (could ſhe have intended it?) entangled in my legs, which do not ſupport me ſo well as formerly, and I fell flat on the floor. I feel from ſymptoms that this fall will coſt me a fit of the gout. I have not yet got the better of a black eye which my elder daughter gave me in brandiſhing her cymbals; but this I ſhould not have minded, as I am *ſure* it was accidental, had not a neighbour, who is a joker, accoſted me on 'Change with "What have you been about, Gubbins? Has the gray mare kicked you?" One would not chooſe, you know, to be conſidered as a henpecked huſband.

I proceed to more ſerious matters. The other day, going into my wife's dreſſing-room rather unexpectedly, you will conceive what I muſt have felt, when I ſaw her ſitting on the ſofa, in her wrapping-gown, and a fellow on his knees before her. My better half, with the utmoſt coolneſs, told me it was *only* the *Chiropodiſt*, who was trimming her nails! I am afraid, notwithſtanding my mild temper, and that I am not given to ſwearing, as I told you, that I d—d the Chiropodiſt, and all his works. I thought it prudent, however, not to leave the room till the fellow had finiſhed his operations, and, following him down ſtairs, whiſpered him, that if he ever again entered my houſe he ſhould be ſhown a very ſhort way out of the window.

Not long ſince I caught a very ſmart young man with his hands very buſy about the neck of my younger daughter, who is juſt fourteen. My diſpleaſure was viſible; I had raiſed my cane to knock the impudent fellow down, when her mother laughed in my face, aſked me why I put myſelf in a paſſion for nothing—"The man is *only* fitting Euphraſia with a *proper boſom*; if you had the ſmalleſt knowledge of the world, you muſt be convinced that the girl cannot appear in faſhionable company with her preſent horrid

flatneſs

flatness of chest. But your disease of *vulgarity* is incurable!"

I need not after all this tell you, that though I am by no means in Paradise, my females are almost as naked as Mother Eve before the fall.

It was but the other day that I had to fight a very hard battle indeed, to prevent Monsieur du Sabot, Marquis de Toutfaire, from becoming an inmate in my family—a broad-shouldered Frenchman, formerly a captain of dragoons. My wife endeavoured to persuade me that he would be the most useful creature in the world, a perfect treasure! as Monsieur could cook, dress hair, raise puff-paste, teach Greek, Latin, Italian, French, mathematics, dancing, tambour-work, embroidery, knitting purses, drawing, music, the fashionable French paper work, and God knows what besides; that he would save her the expense of a chiropodist, and could manage the nails to a miracle. "But above all, my dear," added she, in one of her most insinuating tones, "he has an infallible specific for the gout, and in a fortnight would make you tread as firmly as on the day of our marriage." I resisted all this cajoling like a man, and pronounced an absolute *veto* to the admission of Monsieur du Sabot, Marquis de Toutfaire, ci-devant Capitain de Dragons. Between ourselves, I had my suspicions that this *Jack of all trades*, as a *protegé* of my wife, might have risen to an office not much to my liking.

My son Hector has drawn upon me for 1000*l.* which he lost to the Chevalier de Tric Trac; and has the impudence to tell me that it *must* be paid, as it is a debt of honour. By good luck I have discovered that the Chevalier was a marker at a billiard-table, in the Rue St. Honoré, and shall liquidate this debt of honour, by sending him out of the kingdom as a vagabond, if not something worse.

Such is my present situation, Mr. Editor.—I am in

hopes, if you insert my letter, that, as my family are your constant readers, it may produce a good effect. If it does not, I am determined to make a radical reform, and to show them that they have to do with

Coleman Street. HUMPHRY GUBBINS.

INSTRUCTIONS

FOR GENTLEMEN OF MODERATE FORTUNE, HALF-FASHION GENTLEMEN, SHOPKEEPERS, &c.

[From the Oracle.]

AS the winter is approaching, and the Court and people of the *haut ton* are about to return to town, it becomes necessary for you also to think of a removal from your summer campaigns, watering excursions, and shooting parties; and indeed, like the tail of a comet, you ought ever to be found in the train of your superiors. Let not the lowering prospects and melancholy situation of your affairs discourage your revisiting the *gallant, gay* metropolis of our renowned isle; the place is large and wide, and affords many a hiding-place to the *moneyless wight.* It is infinitely better adapted for persons of your description, than your small towns and villages, where the prying eye of vulgar curiosity spies out the least circumstance that concerns you: you may dine in one eating-house to-day, and another to-morrow, and so on, for a mere trifle, the whole winter round; but be sure never go twice to the same place, *as you might be known, or your taylor or boot-maker might dog you*—which your own prudence will point out to you, might be attended with *inconvenience.*

When you meet with any of your more wealthy acquaintance, you may pretend you have an engage-

ment-

ment to dine out with Lord B——, Colonel C——, Captain G——, &c. and who on no account would admit of an apology for your abſence: thus he will look on you as a great man, having a large circle of acquaintance, and by this means you will get rid of his ſolicitation to dine with him at Ibberſon's, Stevens's, Britiſh, George's, Richardſon's, Maurice's, Spring Gardens, &c. where, you know, every one (according to the cuſtom of this country) pays for himſelf.

Should you go to the play, *on an order* from any of the performers, be ſure to *look ſharp* out for a box where *ſome dowager* is alone, or at leaſt where there are no *bloods of faſhion*; you may introduce yourſelf to the lady in the uſual manner, *by treading on her train* when ſhe attempts to ſtand up. This will make an opening for you to beg *at leaſt ten thouſand* pardons. You may then proceed to make obſervations on the performance and performers:—"How you ſaw that piece much better acted at Bath, &c." You may alſo obſerve to the lady, that if you are not much miſtaken, you met with her a few nights ſince at the Opera, or that you met with her at Cheltenham, Weymouth, Brighton, or any other faſhionable ſummer retreat; but do not attempt to mention Margate, as that place is quite vulgar, and only frequented by *Cits*, *Jews*, and the *natives* eaſt of Temple Bar.

You may affect to be half ſeas over alſo, but you may ſoften it down by one of your *neat ſtudied apologies*, that you dined with a party of intimate friends, who never ſtop ſhort of *three bottles*; and, provided you do not *carry the joke too far*, the ladies are not diſpleaſed at ſeeing the gentlemen *hearty*, well knowing that if they ſacrifice copiouſly *to Bacchus* in full libations, they will not forget their *humble devotions at the ſhrine of Venus*.

Between the acts, and between the play and the farce, you may entertain the lady or ladies with the relation

lation of your military adventures: How you were at the taking of the Helder with his Royal Highness; that you were one of the advanced guard that entered Alkmaer; and as there will be little danger of your being found out, you may say that Captain D—— was shot dead at your side; that the colours were shot away, and dashed in your face; and that *the blaze* from the mouth of one of the enemies' cannon at the storming of one of their batteries, burnt *off both your whiskers!* This will give the lady a high idea of your courage; and, like *a second Othello*, you may win her heart with *a relation of your adventures.*

You may now, if *you can raise the wind*, sport a *hired curricle* and pair. This will raise you very high in the opinion of the fair sex; and many an adventure *has succeeded* in this way.

Whenever you hire horses, let them be the best hacks you can find; it will be only a few shillings more, and you may take *the worth of your money* out of them, by riding all day *slap dash* through the most public streets. This day's ride will serve you for a month; and as spurs cost nothing for keep, you may appear every day in *a formidable pair of Suwarrow's*; and should your boots not keep the appearance of riding a great deal, you may scratch them with a twopenny file kept *on purpose.* One thing be very particular in, never to give your address where you lodge, as your *private situation* might not correspond with your *public pretensions.*

You may fix on some fashionable coffee-house, and give the waiter half-a-crown now and then to take your letters, and to say (should any inquiry be made) that you are one of the most *dashing fellows* in town; by this means you will also avoid being found out by your cards, as in such case your tradesmen might be inclined to pay you some *unpleasant* morning visits. Notwithstanding all this precaution, you may be *touched* on the shoulder, and be presented with a scrap of

dirty

dirty paper; but you muſt run all chances, and you know he is a good general who is never defeated; ſo never be diſcouraged for what may follow: a man may as well die in priſon as in his bed; it will be juſt the ſame in a hundred years; beſides, by ſhowing a *little ſpirit*, may make your fortune for life.

If at any time you ſhould dine at a coffee-houſe, be ſure you take on you all the airs of a man of faſhion; but above all, *find fault* with every thing that is brought before you, damn the waiter in a *military ſtyle*, find fault with every thing, and ſwear in a commanding military *dem-me*, that, were it not out of reſpect to the company, you would fling every thing on the table at his head. Though you can ſcarcely judge between good wine and ſyllabub; aſſert, in the moſt *knowing manner*, that you never taſted worſe in your life, and jocoſely obſerve to the waiter, that you think his maſter has his wine from the houſe of *Elder*, *Sloe*, and *Co.*: you will thus raiſe a laugh at the expenſe of the waiter and his maſter, and come off as a man of wit and humour.

After ſpending the evening until late with your friends, if any of them ſhould requeſt to ſee you home, aſſure them that you have an engagement with a married lady *of great conſequence*, whoſe character you could not think of expoſing; or that you mean to take part of a bed with the *cara ſpoſa* of ſome noble lord, whoſe *variety of amours* calls him *on duty* in another quarter; thus you will get rid of your troubleſome companions, and paſs for a man of great gallantry. Should the town at laſt become *too hot* for you, and you ſhould be obliged to quit it at *a ſhort notice*, you may *take French leave*—be off like a ſhot—get into ſome of the large country towns—advertiſe for board and lodging in ſome genteel family, *where no other lodgers* are admitted; the chance in this caſe is in your favour, as you may either

gull

gull your landlord, or ſome of his richer neighbours, and obtain in the country what all your addreſs could not procure for you in town.

SKETCH OF TWO BROTHERS.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

PRIOR and Poſterior are two brothers who came to London ſometime ago to ſeek their fortunes. Their parentage has not been clearly explained. They are both deſcended from *Information*; but ſome think they are natural children begotten by one *Curioſity* upon a goſſipping female called *News*, who has made a great noiſe in the world. Be this as it may, they are of very oppoſite diſpoſitions, and yet engaged in the ſame way of buſineſs, being editors to newſpapers.

Prior, who, notwithſtanding his name, is by much the younger of the two, is remarkable for the fertility of his fancy. Poſterior is a plain matter-of-fact man. The former is ſo eager to give information, that he will make news rather than ſeem barren. The latter never advances any thing but upon ſure grounds, and therefore has very improperly been conſidered of a reſerved diſpoſition. Prior, it is frequently proved, will ſtick at nothing to make out a good ſtory; Poſterior, more cautious and leiſurely, is perpetually waiting for facts and proofs. For this reaſon, the judicious part of the public allow, that although Prior is the cleverer fellow of the two, the other is moſt to be depended upon.

This opinion of Prior's cleverneſs ariſes from his now and then being actually in the right without knowing it; for having always a cargo of conjectures and inventions of imagination on hand, it ſo happens that he ſtumbles upon truth without the ſmalleſt intention, or any

any thing to assist him, except his wishes. His brother, on the contrary, confining himself only to what he is certain of, and can be proved, has none of that communicative disposition; and, consequently, however he may please the lovers of truth, is very unpopular with a more numerous class, who are all impatience for news, and had rather get hold of a falsehood, than have nothing at all to talk about.

It may be supposed from this, that the character of the two brothers, as to the point of honour, is materially different; and such is the case. Posterior values himself on never deceiving the public, when he *does* positively make an assertion, and glories in the reflection that no person can impeach his veracity. But Prior cares so little for delicate sentiments of this kind, that he had as lief contradict himself, as any body else; and, in fact, does this so frequently, that if he were not in high favour with the public, for his readiness to say something, rather than keep silence, he would be totally disbelieved. The truth is, and it is a lamentable truth, that in these two brothers we have an example of the improper judgments which the public form of men's characters. Every body admires the ingenuity and ready invention, the plausible conjectures, and dashing assertions of Prior, while the judicious few only respect the cautious prudence, and strict adherence to truth and real information, which distinguish his brother.

Knowledge is so highly valuable, that even pretences to it are received with all the honours due to the thing itself, Prior therefore passes with many as a well-informed man, as one who has the best sources of intelligence, and, what is particularly valuable, as one who is *in the secret*; while Posterior's hesitating way, and care not to be too positive, or risk contradiction, makes him pass for a fellow who knows nothing, or, what is still worse, and absolutely unpardonable, who knows

knows nothing till every body elſe knows the ſame. Hence there is no curioſity that Prior cannot gratify, no hopes ſo ſanguine as that he cannot fulfil them; no ſchemes too vaſt for his immenſe graſp. He is never converſant in what has happened, but in what may happen, and his talent at conjecture is as great as conjecture can go: while his rival truſts nothing to imagination, allows not the ſmalleſt ſcope to fancy; and, in a word, will aver nothing which is unaccompanied with evident proofs.

Notwithſtanding the ſuperior ingenuity of this Mr. Prior, it may be ſuppoſed that he now and then gets into ſcrapes which his more guarded and cautious brother avoids; and this, indeed, is ſo frequently the caſe, that were it not for the greedineſs of the public, and their preference of quantity to quality, he would long ere now have been deſtitute of bread to eat. He will ſometimes bring a fleet victoriouſly into an inland town; while he makes two mighty armies engage in the middle of the ocean. It is no uncommon thing for him to miſtake a mountain for a man; and I remember on a recent occaſion, while the enemy were retreating, he purſued them with two *villages* which he underſtood to be Auſtrian generals. He has often ſent his readers to the map to look for a windmill; and ſpeaks of the fortifications of a church with as much terrific accuracy as he would deſcribe the outworks of Mantua or Gibraltar. Indeed, the latter reminds me of a pleaſant letter he once publiſhed, as part of a *private correſpondence* from one *Gabriel Tar*, whom he repreſented as a petty officer of marines, but a man of veracity*!

And this, by the way, leads me to another circumſtance in which Mr. Prior has greatly the advantage of his rival, in the article of *correſpondence*. There is no

* This actually occurred in the laſt war.

part

part of the world in which he has not a correſpondent; and although he omits ſuch trifling circumſtances as *names*, *dates*, and *places*, every thing elſe is given with a wonderful preciſion. Nay, he ſometimes offers to ſhow the *originals*, which I believe he can do with a very ſafe conſcience.

From what I have ſaid of this ingenious and omniſcient gentleman, it may eaſily be comprehended why he is more a favourite with the public than Mr. Poſterior. The latter, indeed, flatters no party, nor accommodates his communications to the wiſhes of his readers; a circumſtance which, in theſe days, muſt render any man unpopular. Truth itſelf, I am ſorry to ſay, is not ſo highly prized as it ought to be. Some continue very ingeniouſly to do without it, and others very ſpiritedly to go againſt it; and this Mr. Prior knows, and knows how to act accordingly, ſo as to pleaſe his cuſtomers.

I have only to add to the preſent ſketch, that this lively gentleman is ſuppoſed to be in high favour on the Stock Exchange; and there are ſome who do not ſcruple to ſay that he is not ſuch a *hater* of the *enemy*, as he is a *lover* of the *omnium*; and that four thouſand *killed*, four thouſand *wounded*, and four thouſand *taken*, are merely ſo many ſums he riſks in the *threes*, the *fours*, and the *fives*. But this is a myſtery into which I have no inclination to penetrate, and ſhall be happy if, by contraſting the characters of the two brothers, I may ſucceed in rectifying the opinions of any of your readers, and guarding them againſt deception.

I am, Sir, yours,

C.

THE FOOL'S CATECHISM.

WHAT 'S pride? The majesty of Folly.
What 's envy? The sickness of Folly.
What 's avarice? The wretchedness of Folly.
What 's uncharitableness? Inhuman Folly.
What 's ingratitude? The forgetfulness of Folly.
What 's cunning? The wisdom of Folly.
What 's irreligion? The ignorance of Folly.
What 's inordinate desire? The lust of Folly.
What 's gluttony? The beastliness of Folly.
What 's wrath? The madness of Folly.
What 's cruelty? The consummation of Folly.
What 's sloth? The self-enjoyment of Folly.
What 's fashion? The livery of Folly.

TO ONE-POUND BANK-NOTE, Esq. F. R. S.

i. e. FELLOW OF THE RAGGED SOCIETY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

YOU complain of people who are more desirous of *housing* my brethren and relations than yours. You may perhaps think, that because we were lately under a cloud, and forced to abscond, we should never make our appearance again. But you will please to observe, that the best of people may have *bad debts* to occasion a temporary failure. We are convinced we are still the favourites with a *generous* public; and though you have affected to treat us as your constituents, there never was any very intimate connexion between us, unless *we chose*, and then it could scarcely be said to be on the footing of *equal representation*. Our family, it is well known, are far more ancient than yours, and you have lately admitted so many *impostors* into your society, that it

it is no great wonder people are a little shy of trusting to your *promises*.

The public will always preserve a due respect for the elder branches of your family, who can command their *fifties* and their *hundreds*; but as to little urchins like you, it does not become you to thrust yourselves into our company, far less to pretend to elbow us out of our rank in society. There is no place where we are not heartily welcome, whereas there are many places where you are barely *passable*. For my own part, I do not like to boast; but the fact is, I am a personage of greater *weight* than ten of you; and furthermore, if you provoke me, I could say something of your birth and parentage which would let down your consequence, *Master Flimsy*; for I believe you are no better than the fruit of an intrigue between a cunning young fellow and a silly old woman—and so I tell you.

Yours, in hopes of a *change*,

ONE GUINEA.

P. S. My *loyal* principles are more conspicuous than yours:—wherever I go, I present a picture of his Majesty, so finely done, that there is not a Jacobin will refuse it. *I* present the *head* of a king; but many people, when they see *you*, think of the *reverse*.

CURIOUS PREDICTION.

[From the same.]

SIR,

IN turning over, the other day, an entertaining selection, entitled, "*The Spirit of the Public Journals for* 1797," p. 46, I met with a curious extract from a well-known daily paper (*The Times*), which afforded

me much amusement. The editor, in a note, informs us, that "it appeared in the Times in 1794, in the form of a new Journal, and as a speculation upon the state to which we might be reduced by a revolution in England." It is called *The New Times*, and is ornamented with a guillotine, surrounded by a belt, on which are inscribed the words "*liberty and equality*," behind which are two poles crossing each other; the one supporting the cap of liberty—time out of mind put into the hand of Britannia, upon our coins, &c.; and the other a human head just decollated. It is dated *Saturday, June 10th*, 1800, *First Year of the Republic, one and indivisible; price one shilling in specie, or five shillings in paper.* After a profusion of vulgar wit, in which good and bad characters are equally loaded with abuse, it exhibits the following curious article:

"Yesterday the following proclamation was stuck up in various parts of the metropolis.

"MARGAROT MAYOR OF LONDON.

"In order to arrive at some precise knowledge of the *resources* of the republic, and to form a basis for a more just distribution of the public burdens, the National Convention has decreed, in compliance with the request of the Committee of Finances, that *every citizen shall be obliged to give in a true and circumstantial statement of his property, and that such statement shall be verified by commissaries established for that purpose in every section.*

"This is therefore to give notice to all proprietors of every denomination, whether *landholders, bankers, merchants, shopkeepers, or others*, that they do *give in without delay, a true account of all their property, whether it consist in land, bills, or merchandise of any sort whatever*; and they are desired to take notice, that any prevarication or false declaration is, by the decree of the Convention, to be punished with death and confiscation; half

half of the property of the convicted to go to the informer.

"Dated at the Town-house, June 9, 1800.

"BONNY, Secretary."

Such, Sir, is the state to which the editor of the Times and the author of the *New Times* supposed we should be brought by a revolution in England; and such is very nearly the state, excepting only the penalty (that originally proposed was not of the mildest), to which we are brought without a revolution, or at least without such a revolution as was meant by the writer. Whether since that period a revolution in this country has happened or not, your readers are well qualified to judge.

It is curious to observe, that the very circumstance which was chosen in the year 1794 by a ministerial editor, to exhibit one of the horrid consequences of a revolution, should be adopted as a wise, just, patriotic, and unoppressive measure in 1800 (the very year selected by the WITTY writer of the above) by the regular government of the country, highly commended by the professed friends of order and rational liberty, and proposed by the *most virtuous* of ministers as a permanent source of revenue.

The new system of finance, as you see, is but a sorry piece of plagiarism from a *jeu d'esprit*; and the extravaganza of a burlesque writer furnishes serious hints for financial arrangements. It is a whimsical enough circumstance, and shows how calamity may bring wisdom acquainted with strange companions, that our greatest measures are stolen from the *caricature* of absurdity which satire imputed to others. Unfortunately, the stock of ministerial wit upon record is very small indeed, or we might have hoped that their *jokes* would on some future occasion supply serious resources, and figure in a Budget.

I am, &c. W. D.

AN ENGLISH MAN OF WAR DESCRIBED.

[By the late Mr. Macklin.]

AN Engliſh Man of War can ſpeak all languages; ſhe is the beſt interpreter and moſt profound politician in this iſland; ſhe was always Oliver Cromwell's ambaſſador; ſhe is the wiſeſt miniſter of ſtate that ever exiſted, and never tells a lie; nor will ſhe ſuffer the proudeſt Frenchman, or Spaniard, or Dutchman, to *bamboozle* her, or give her a *ſaucy anſwer*.

EXTRACT FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF THOMAS PARKER,

A NAVAL OFFICER, WHO LATELY DIED IN AMERICA.

FIRST part of the voyage *, pleaſant, with fine breezes and free winds—all ſail ſet. Spoke many veſſels in want of proviſions, ſupplied them freely.

Middle paſſage.—Weather variable—ſhort of proviſions—ſpoke ſeveral of the above veſſels our ſupplies had enabled to refit—made ſignals of diſtreſs—they up helm, and bore away †.

Latter part.—Boiſterous, with contrary winds—Current of Adverſity ſetting hard to leeward.—Towards the end of the paſſage it cleared up.—With the quadrant of Honeſty had an obſervation; corrected and made up my reckoning, and after a paſſage of 50 years, came to in Mortality Road, with the calm, unruffled ſurface of the Ocean of Eternity in view!

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* Alluding to the early part of his life.

† Thoſe whom he had formerly befriended, now, in his diſtreſs, refuſe him aſſiſtance.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH ON A GERMAN POSTMASTER.

TRAVELLER! hurry not as if you were going poſt-haſte;—in the moſt rapid journey you muſt ſtop at the poſt-houſe.

Here repoſe the bones of M. Mathias Schulzen, the moſt humble and moſt faithful Poſtmaſter of his Majeſty the King of Pruſſia, at Salzwedel, during the ſpace of twenty-five years. He arrived 1655; by holy baptiſm he was marked on the poſt map for the celeſtial land of Canaan.—He afterwards travelled with diſtinction in life's pilgrimage, by making courſes in the ſchools and univerſities. He carefully performed his duties as a Chriſtian, in his employment, and the purpoſes annexed to it. When the poſt of Misfortune was come, he behaved according to the letter of divine conſolation. In the end, his body being enfeebled, he kept himſelf ready to attend the ſignal given by the arrival of the poſt of Death.—His ſoul ſet off on her journey on the 2d of June 1711, for Paradiſe; and his body was afterwards committed to this tomb. . . . . Reader! in thy pilgrimage, always be mindful of the prophetic Poſt of Death.

COMFORTS OF MATRIMONY

LEGALLY ESTIMATED.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HOPE that during the breathing-time which Parliament now affords us, you will find a ſpare corner for the addreſs of one who is, perhaps, but ill qualified to make a figure in the newſpapers, although he owes great obligations to them; for I am not aſhamed to ſay, that I am one of thoſe who derive my knowledge of the world principally from theſe vehicles.

I have

I have there lately learned, that the lower claſſes are invading the boundaries and privileges of the great and faſhionable, not only in their follies, but even their vices. Perhaps this is not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, *news*; but if it be more notorious and obvious than formerly, that is ſufficient to create all the ſurpriſe of novelty. Now what theſe ſame lower claſſes will get by this, I am at a loſs to know; but undoubtedly any of the faſhionable follies in their hands muſt be ſo truly ridiculous, that it muſt ſurely be attended with complete diſgrace. Their aping the dreſs, ribands, bonnets, hats, and caps, of perſons of rank, may admit of ſome alleviation, becauſe it is poſſible to vary theſe more quickly and expenſively than they can follow; but if they attempt gaming, giving routs, and *crim. con.* where ſhall we find a ſubſtitute for gaming, where a mode of varying our routs, or where a ſpecies of *crim. con.* adapted only to perſons of quality? Theſe are ſerious conſiderations; for I am well aſſured, that in the city there are ſtrong ſymptoms of ſuch invaſion of the rights of quality; and that, beſides affecting all the arts of the gaming-table, and entertaining more company than the houſe will hold, turning every cloſet into a hot-bath, and every room into a Rumford-ſtove, there are the wives of certain ſhopkeepers who are actually making great ſtrides towards *crim. con.* I ſay, Sir, where will ſuch things end, and how ſhall the invention and ingenuity of the *ton* ſupply the place of follies which muſt ſoon be beneath the rank of a man of faſhion?

As to *crim. con.* the papers have always dwelt ſo much on that ſubject, that I once fancied my ſtock of information was pretty copious; but of late, I confeſs, I am completely *in fault*. Such doctrines have lately been propagated as make one's horns ſtand an end. After finding, by experience, and the evidence of facts, that a bad wife was a valuable property, and might fetch

fetch an immenſe ſum at the regular market, to be told at laſt that the value of her is in the *ratio* of domeſtic comfort the huſband is deprived of, confounds me beyond all power of underſtanding. Well may this be called the golden age, when every thing is thus brought to the ſtandard of the current coin. I ſhall expect ſoon to hear of a *courſe* of *exchange* varying the prices, of a *diſcount* for ready money, and of *bank notes* being made a *legal tender* in payment for *comfort*. But how is *comfort* to be eſtimated in pounds, ſhillings, and pence? I ſhould as ſoon expect that *pain* was to be counted out by a banker's clerk, and that no man could ſympathize with another in diſtreſs without conſulting the *Ready Reckoner*. Suppoſe I proſecute a man who has wilfully frightened my horſe, by which means I get a fall, and a broken leg: I lay my damages accordingly. But are the jury to aſk me how many wry faces I made, and how often I groaned, and pay me at —*per* groan? If they can judge of *comfort*, they may as well judge of diſtreſs, and it muſt be an entertaining bill of coſts to ſee *pounds* in one column, and *agonies* in the other.

"They jeſt at ſcars, who never felt a wound."

Really, Sir, this is ſomewhat too much—ſome people have ſtrange ideas of *comfort*. When a man could part with a bad wife, and get a round ſum in lieu of her, there was ſome comfort in that; but here we are to examine, not what comfort a man is to receive, but what he has loſt; and this, by a moſt unhappy phraſeology, is called a *civil* action.

Yet this is not all; for if we agree to this new ſyſtem, and begin to give in a *bill of comfort*, conſider how many learned gentlemen there are to tax it, how many *items* they may ſtrike off. The woman took a cheering cup now and then—ſtrike off ten *per cent.* for that; ſhe was forty-five years old—ten *per cent.* more for that. The

huſband

husband permitted her to go to the play without him—ten *per cent.* for that; she had no children by him—a *per centage* for every one she might have had—and so forth. And in this way, if the poor man has been very minute in reckoning his comforts, they will scarcely leave him the odd pence, or, at best, not so much as will require a twopenny stamp.

The more legislators and statesmen meddle with morals, the more *clear* and *explicit* our ideas become.

Q. E. D.

A CAMBRIDGE SONG.

[From the same.]

COME, ye good college lads, and attend to my lays,
I 'll show you the folly of poring o'er books;
For all ye get by it is mere empty praise,
Or a poor meagre fellowship and sallow looks.

CHORUS.

Then lay by your books, lads, and never repine;
And cram not your atics
With dry mathematics,
But moisten your clay with a bumper of wine!

The first of mechanics was old Archimedes,
Who play'd with Rome's ships as he 'd play cup and ball:
To play the same game I can't see where the need is—
Or why we should fag mathematics at all!

Chorus.—Then lay by your books, lads, &c.

Great Newton found out the Binomial Law,
To raise $x + y$ to the power of b;
Found the distance of planets that he never saw,
And which we most probably never shall see.

Chorus.—Then lay by your books, lads, &c.

Let

Let Whiſton and Ditton ſtar-gazing enjoy,
And taſte all the ſweets mathematics can give;
Let us for our time find a better employ—
And, knowing life's ſweets, let us learn how *to live.*

Chorus.—Then lay by your books, lads, &c.

Theſe men *ex abſurdo* concluſions may draw;
Perpetual motion they never could find:
Not one of the ſet, lads, could balance a ſtraw—
And longitude-ſeeking is hunting the wind!

Chorus.—Then lay by your books, lads, &c.

If we ſtudy at all, let us ſtudy the means
To make ourſelves friends, and to keep them when made;
Learn to value the bleſſings kind Heaven ordains—
To make other men happy, let that be our trade.

CHORUS.

Let each day be better than each day before;
Without pain or ſorrow
To-day or to-morrow,
May we live, my good lads, to ſee many days more!

MUSICAL RUMPUS;

OR, MORE THAN WAS PROMISED IN THE BILLS.

[From the Oracle.]

A *FRACAS* lately took place among the fiddling tribe at the Dublin Theatre, which highly entertained the audience. The principals were Bianchi and Janiewicz. One of the men of *cat-gut* conceiving a man of rival *note* was not *playing him fair*, but endeavouring to make him *loſe his time*, at length took a *crotchet* in his head, and quite *con ſpirito*, or rather *con furioſo*, let fly a volley of muſic at the head of a ſuppoſed offender, which "ſtruck with horrid *craſh* the ſtrings" of his fiddle, and completely *diſ-concerted* him,

him, so that he made a sudden *shift*, or *octave* movement, from the *orchestra* to the green-room. The business did not, however, *rest* here; there was a *repeat*; for the hero who played the *minore* part having "*screwed* up his courage to the sticking-place," and fearing that he might be *noted semi-brave*, actually worked himself into a passion, and became equally "full of *sound* and *fury*;" and, if we have been rightly informed, sent *con furioso* a challenge, in which he told him he felt himself treated somewhat too *ad libitum*—that the *tenor* of his conduct was most *base*, and that he expected satisfaction, either by meeting him *duetto*, at a place he *pricked* out, or, if he pleased, *quartetto*, each bringing a *second*. He gave him the choice of his instruments, but preferred back *stave*, or single *bar*. This he insisted on, or else that he should descend by *dropping notes* or *cadence* from his high horse in *double alt*, ending in an apology in low D. This we understand the *enraged musicians* agreed to do.

"Strange that such high disputes should be
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!"

INCONVENIENCE OF A LEARNED WIFE.

[From the European Magazine.]

SIR,

THERE has been a great deal of debate and much shedding of ink in the learned world for some time past, respecting the rank that women ought to hold in the scale of creation. Some four old bachelors have thought, with Sir Anthony Absolute in the play, that women may be taught their letters, but should never learn their mischievous combinations; others, of a softer mould, have in a manner depressed while they exalted them, by bursting forth into rapturous eulo-

giums

giums on their amiable virtues, which they would at the same time confine to the kitchen and nursery; while a third sort, with more liberality than the one, and more boldness than the other, have contended that literature alone exalts the female character, and that every step a woman mounts in the ladder of learning makes her more eminent in excellence:

"Victorque virum volitare per ora."

Among the votaries of the third sect I beg leave to enrol my name. I began life with a determination to run counter to the established usage of mankind, in the choice of a wife. For I sighed when I reflected on the slavish subjection in which man detains his injured helpmate, in defiance of reason, and in contempt of humanity; I burnt with all the zeal of a Don Quixote to fight the battles of this last and fairest work of nature, and resolved to show the world that I felt what I expressed, by drawing some deserving female from humble life; by providing her with books in all the learned languages, superintending her education with scrupulous anxiety, and at a fit period leading her to the altar, crowned with the never-fading flowers of sagacity and erudition. This grand scheme I immediately put in practice in the following manner:

You must know, Sir, there is a small shop opposite my study window, which professes to sell gingerbread, earthen-ware, gilt paper, peg-tops, and treacle. To this house of miscellaneous fame I had been accustomed to see a little girl come two or three times a week, and generally return with a handful of gingerbread. This did not at first appear very extraordinary, till I observed the gingerbread to be decorated with the letters of the alphabet, which the sagacious infant devoured more with her eyes than her teeth. This pleased me; it seemed an earnest of future literary greatness, and immediately determined me to gain

ſome acquaintance with the damſel, in order to find whether at ſome future period ſhe was likely to anſwer my matrimonial ſpeculation. In a few days I found out her abode, and waited on her mother, an induſtrious waſherwoman in the neighbourhood; told her my tale, to which ſhe did "ſeriouſly incline;" and ended by requeſting that ſhe would put her daughter under my tuition. The old woman thankfully accepted the offer, aſſuring me that her daughter was one of the *cuteſt girls in the whole ſtreet*; and having called her in, and acquainted her with the ſubject of our conference, I had the ſatisfaction to find that ſhe expreſſed an entire readineſs to ſubmit to my inſtructions. We accordingly departed, hand in hand. Little Phœbe (for ſo ſhe was called) immediately entered upon her courſe of lectures with an alacrity that both ſurpriſed and pleaſed me. She learned to read even quicker than Madame de Genlis' infant prodigies; ſoon became acquainted with a large portion of Engliſh literature; and in the courſe of a few years was miſtreſs of the French, Italian, Greek, and Latin languages.

I now conſidered the time as having arrived, which fate had fixed for my marriage. Phœbe made no objection; a licenſe was obtained; and Dr. Stedfaſt and Phœbe Morris were introduced to the public, by means of the morning papers, as huſband and wife. My pleaſure did not, like that of many others, end with the honey-moon, but received a daily acceſſion of delight; for ſurely no woman, ſince the time of Queen Elizabeth, was ever poſſeſſed of ſuch rare and valuable virtues. The common failings of common women were unknown to Phœbe; her lofty mind "towered above her ſex," and diſplayed ſuch a collection of ſingular endowments, as, conſcious as I am of my inability properly to diſplay, I cannot reſiſt the temptation of endeavouring to deſcribe.

The firſt talent on which my wife piqued herſelf,

was

was high ſpirit. The tame acquieſcence of Mrs. Shandy ſhe utterly deſpiſed, and indeed gave numerous and forcible proofs of the contrary extreme. For inſtance, ſhe ſpoilt me a famous edition of Pope's Works by throwing a volume into the fire, in which the author had ſtigmatized ſome lady in theſe words: "No aſs more meek, no aſs more obſtinate." She next tore the cover from a volume of Swift's Letters, becauſe he called her ſex a race hardly above monkies. Her third ſtretch of prerogative was diſplayed by throwing Congreve's Plays out of the window, becauſe in one of them he had declared,

> "That women are like tricks by ſlight of hand,
> Which to admire we ſhould not underſtand."

Nay, ſhe proceeded ſo far as to ſend an elegant edition of Orlando Furioſo to the paſtry-cook, becauſe Arioſto expreſſed a wiſh that Angelica had fallen a ſacrifice to the frenzy of Orlando; and actually baniſhed poor Virgil from the houſe, becauſe he had given her ſex a neuter gender, and inveighed againſt them as "varium et mutabile." Theſe diminutions of my library only ſerved to increaſe my admiration for my wife, as I conſidered them freſh proofs of that independent ſpirit which is ſo neceſſary to enable a woman to bear up againſt our encroaching ſex, and is ſo rare to be met with in our ſqueamiſh days.

The next quality in my catalogue, for which I have to compliment my Phœbe, is her contempt of dreſs. It is a notorious fact, that many women ruin their huſbands merely in ſilk, lace, and muſlin. My ſpouſe is ſo far from running into extravagance in theſe articles, that I verily believe ſhe has not two yards of either in her poſſeſſion. Her general dreſs is a linen robe, floating looſely about, and faſtened at the breaſt with a Roman fibula. In this robe, and an old pair of ſandals,

dals, ſhe is accuſtomed to wander through the woods, or by the ſide of ſome purling ſtream, with all the ſolemnity of an ancient ſage.

The third virtue which Phœbe boaſts is chaſtity. This you will acknowledge is no bad quality in a wife. With what rapture have I heard her read Arioſto's account of ancient Amazons, and Hayley's Diſſertation on the ancient Maidens of this country! She has completely cleared my houſe of every female with a tolerable countenance, that I may be kept out of temptation, inſomuch that I may challenge the whole county to produce ſuch a race of ſcarecrows. I have already told of the ravages ſhe has made in my library; but I forgot to mention, that ſhe has inſiſted on my parting with a volume of Greek Poems, becauſe there was a ſmall portion of contraband goods on board, which was no other than that famous Ode of Sappho, beginning

Φαινεῖταί μοι κεῖνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν,

merely becauſe the expreſſions were not reconcilable to her ideas of decorum.

Thus, Sir, I have endeavoured to give you a faint ſketch of the numerous virtues of my Phœbe; owing, no doubt, to the learned education I have beſtowed upon her. Her particular traits of character, her impromptus, bon mots, &c. I ſhall leave to ſome future and more able biographer to deſcribe. But candour obliges me to confeſs that this blaze of excellence does not ſeem quite congenial to the feelings of thoſe who frequent my houſe. The majority of my acquaintance, not being men of very profound erudition, endeavour as much as they can to keep out of her way; for ſhe has an odd cuſtom of putting queſtions which their capacities are not always equal to anſwering. She once frightened Mr. Simper, the dancing clergyman,

man, from my table, by ſome inquiry relative to the pluſquàm perfectum of a Greek verb; and no longer ago than yeſterday, while Sam Sweetwort, the brewer, was entertaining the company with a deſcription of his phaeton and four, Phœbe ſtopt him ſhort in the middle of his harangue by the following lines from Ovid:

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea fummæ
Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.
Per juga chryſolithi, poſitæque ex ordine gemmæ
Clara repercuſſo reddebant lumina Phœbo.

Such, Sir, are the various advantages, to be derived from marrying a learned woman, advantages which none but a philoſopher can properly eſtimate, and which none but a philoſopher ſhould endeavour to ſecure. For it might poſſibly happen, that a man of confined education would not, for the ſake of diſtant and ſpeculative advantages, willingly forego the common routine of domeſtic comfort. Such a man might think his wife better employed in making cuſtards than in making ſyllogiſms; in pickling cucumbers than in extracting the ſquare root. He might allow a woman a proper degree of ſpirit, without wiſhing to tear her huſband's books, or box his ears; and, if he were extremely preciſe, might aſſert the poſſibility of preſerving her reputation for chaſtity, without baniſhing her huſband *à menſâ et thoro*.

I am, &c.

GABRIEL STEDFAST.

THE ART OF PARRYING A CHARITABLE SUBSCRIPTION.

[From the Freemasons Magazine.]

DEAR SON,

THE weakness of my feet since the last fit still remaining, so that I cannot visit you, I continue writing, not only as it is an amusement to myself, but may be of more lasting service to you than verbal advice occasionally given.

In my three last I gave you all the precepts that occurred to me relative to *getting*; I shall now proceed to the topic of *saving*. And, as the mad extravagance of the present age is *charity*, and you must meet with frequent temptations, and earnest solicitations, to squander your money in that way, I shall, in the first place, give you some instructions in the *art of parrying a charitable subscription*.

The want of this necessary art has been a great misfortune to many people I could name to you. For, besides parting with their money against their will, they got the *character* of being *charitable*, which drew upon them fresh applications from other quarters, multiplying by success, and creating endless vexation. And here I cannot help remarking the wisdom of that precept of our holy religion which requires, that, *if we do give alms*, we should do it *secretly*; so secretly, that even *the left hand may not know what is done by the right*; that no one may be encouraged to ask for more. And this is so agreeable to sound human prudence, that even the unenlightened heathens could say, *bis dat qui cito dat*; the English of which, as I am informed, is, *he gives twice that gives readily*; meaning, as I suppose, that, if you are known to give readily, you will soon be asked to give again.

Not that I would have you thought quite uncharitable

ritable neither, no more than I would have you thought poor and unable to give. The avoiding of these imputations, while at the same time you save your money, is the aim of the art I am about to instruct you in.

The first rule of this art is, *to like the charity; but dislike the mode of it.* Suppose now, for instance, that you are asked to subscribe towards erecting an infirmary or new hospital: you are not immediately to refuse your contribution; nor is it necessary; for you may say, "The design seems a good one, but it is new to you, and you would willingly take a little time to consider of it; because, if you do any thing this way, you would like to do something handsome." This puts by the demand for the present; and before the solicitors call again, inform yourself of all circumstances of the intended situation, constitution, government, qualification of patients, and the like; then, when all is fixed, if you learn that it is to be placed in the fields, "You think it would have been much better in the city, or nearer to the poor, and more at hand to relieve them in case of accidents and other distresses; and, besides, we have already hospitals enow in the fields." If in the city, "You can only approve of the fields, on account of the purer air, so necessary for the sick." If they propose to take in all poor patients, from whatever quarter they come, "You think it too general, and that every county, at least, ought to take care of its own." If it is limited to the poor of the city or county, "You disapprove of its narrowness; for charity and benevolence, like rain and sunshine, should be extended to all the human race." While the collectors are endeavouring to remove these prejudices, you ply them with other objections of the like kind, relating to the constitution and management; and it is odds but some of your arguments appear strong and unanswerable even to the advocates for the project themselves: they will be

be ſorry that things are now ſettled in a different way, and leave you with a high opinion of your underſtanding, though they get none of your money.

The ſecond rule is, *to like ſome other charity better.* Thus, if they come to you for a contribution to the *Magdalen*; "You approve rather of the *Aſylum*, it being much eaſier, in your opinion, to prevent vice than to cure it." If they apply for the *Aſylum*, then, "What money you can ſpare for ſuch purpoſes, you intend for the *Magdalen*; the very name reminding you that the converſion of proſtitutes is a good and practicable work; but the neceſſity or utility of the *Aſylum* does not appear ſo clear to you." Again, ſuppoſe your ſubſcription aſked to the *Lying-in Hoſpital*; then, "You ſhould like one that would be on a more extenſive plan, and take in ſingle as well as married women; for very worthy young perſons may unfortunately need the convenience of ſuch an hoſpital, and the ſaving of a character you look upon to be almoſt as meritorious as the ſaving of a life:" but if ſuch a general hoſpital be propoſed, then, "You approve highly of the *Married Women's Hoſpital*, and doubt whether a general one would not rather be an encouragement to lewdneſs and debauchery." One inſtance more will be ſufficient on this head. Suppoſe they urge you for a ſubſcription to feed and clothe the poor *French emigrants*, you are then to ſay, that "Charity, to be ſure, is a good thing, but *charity begins at home*; we have, beſides, our own common poor, who are crying for bread in the ſtreets, many modeſt houſekeepers and families pining for want, who, you think, ſhould *firſt* be provided for, before we give our ſubſtance to thoſe that would cut our throats. Or you are of opinion, the brave fellows that fight for us, and are now expoſed to the hardſhips of a campaign, ſhould be *firſt* comforted; or the widows and children of thoſe who have died in our ſervice, be taken care of." But ſhould a ſubſcrip-

tion

tion be propoſed to you for theſe purpoſes, "You are then of opinion, that the care of our own people is the buſineſs and duty of the government, which is enabled, by the taxes we pay, to do all that is neceſſary; but the poor French emigrants, proſcribed by their country, have only our charity to rely on; common humanity points them out as proper objects of our beneficence; and, beſides, to viſit the priſoner, to clothe the naked, be kind to the ſtranger, and do good to our enemies, are duties among the ſtrongeſt required by Chriſtianity."

The third rule is, *to inſinuate* (but without ſaying it in plain terms) *that you either will contribute, or have already contributed handſomely, though you do not ſubſcribe.* This is done by intimating, "that you highly approve of the thing, but have made a reſolution that your name ſhall never appear in a liſt of ſubſcribers on ſuch occaſions; for that the world, you find, is apt to be very cenſorious, and if they ſee that a man has not given according to their ideas of his ability, and the importance of the occaſion, they ſay he is mean and niggardly; or if, by giving liberally, he ſeems to have ſet them an example they do not care to follow, then they charge him with vanity and oſtentation, and hint, that, from motives of that kind, he does much more than is ſuitable to his circumſtances." And then you add, "that your *ſubſcribing* or openly giving, is not at all neceſſary; for that, as bankers are nominated to receive contributions, and many have already ſent in their mites, and any one may ſend in what he pleaſes, you ſuppoſe a few guineas from a perſon unknown, will do as much good as if his name were in the liſt." This will entitle you to the credit of any one of the ſums *by an unknown hand*, or *by N. N.* or *X. Y. Z.* whichſoever they may think fit to aſcribe to you.

The reaſon why I would not have you ſay in plain terms, that you *have given*, or *will give*, when you really *have not* or *do not intend it*, is, that I would have

you

you incur trespasses no more than debts unnecessarily, and be as frugal of your sins as of your money; for you may have occasion for a lie in some other affair, at some other time, when you cannot serve your turn by an evasion.

Thus, my son, would I have you exercise the great privilege you are endowed with, that of being a *reasonable creature*; to wit, a creature capable of finding or making a reason for doing, or not doing, any thing, as may best suit its interest or its inclination.

And so, referring other instructions to future letters, I recommend the rules contained in this as worthy your closest attention. For they are not the airy speculations of a theorist, but solid advices, drawn from the practice of wise and able men: rules, by the help of which, I myself, though I lived many years in great business, and with some reputation as a man of wealth, have ever decently avoided parting with a farthing to these modish plunderers; nor can I recollect that, during my whole life, I have ever given any thing in charity, except once (God forgive me!) a halfpenny to a blind man—for doing me an errand. I am, my dear son, your affectionate father, &c. &c.

SYMPATHY BETWEEN THE BREECHES-POCKET AND THE ANIMAL SPIRITS.

[From the same.]

SIR,

THE following important discovery is recommended to the *literati* in general, but more particularly to the *College of Physicians*; as it may be of the greatest consequence to them in their future practice.

You must know, then, that a wonderful connexion and sympathy has lately been observed between the breeches-

breeches-pocket and the animal ſpirits, which continually riſe or fall as the contents of the former ebb or flow; inſomuch, that, from conſtant obſervation, I could venture to gueſs at a man's current caſh by the degree of vivacity he has diſcovered in his converſation. When this cutaneous reſervoir is fluſh, the ſpirits too are elate: when that is ſunk and drained, how flat, dull, and inſipid, is every word and action! The very muſcles and features of the face are influenced by this obſcure fund of life and vigour. The heart proves to be only the inert receptacle of the blood, and thoſe groſſer ſpirits which ſerve for the animal function: but the pocket is fraught with thoſe finer and more ſublime ſpirits which conſtitute the *wit*, and many other diſtinguiſhing characters.

I can tell how a poet's finances ſtand by the very ſubject of his muſe; gloomy elegies, biting ſatires, grave ſoliloquies, and dull tranſlations, are certain indications of the *res anguſta*; as Pindaric odes and pointed epigrams intimate a freſh recruit.—So a grave *politician*, who frequented a noted coffee-houſe, when theſe pocket-qualms were on him, uſed to give the moſt melancholy and deplorable account of the ſtate of the nation: the increaſe of taxes, abuſe of the public revenue, the national debt, the decay of trade, and the exceſs of luxury, were the continual topics of his diſcourſe: but when the cold fit of this intermitting diſorder left him, the ſcene was quite altered, and then he was eternally haranguing on the power, grandeur, and wealth of the *Britiſh* nation. In ſhort, this barometer of ſtate always roſe or fell, not as the *quick*, but *current* ſilver, contracted or expanded itſelf within its ſecret cell.

Under the influence of the ſame powerful charm, I have remarked a *phyſician* in the chamber of a wealthy patient, clear up his countenance, and write his recipe with infinite vivacity and good humour; but in the abode

abode of poverty, what a clouded brow, hopeless vibration of the head, and languor of the nerves! Like the sensitive plant, he shrunk from the cold hand of necessity. Not that the doctor wanted humanity; but when a patient becomes a mere *caput mortuum*, and the *anima sacculi* expires, what sympathizing heart but must be sensible of so dire a change?

It is impossible to record a tenth part of the wonderful effects this latent source of life and spirits has produced on the animal economy. What smiles of complacency and cringing adulation to my Lord *Bloodrich*, who no sooner turns his back than contempt and derision overtake him! What can this be owing to but the secret influence of the divinity, which threw a sort of awe and veneration about him? What but this magic power could have transformed *Ned Traffic* into a gentleman, Justice *Allpaunch* into a *wit*, or Squire *Jolter* into a man of taste? What but this could have given poignancy to the most insipid jokes, and weight to the most superficial arguments of Alderman *Heavyside*? It is this, that with more than tutelary power protects its votaries from insults and oppressions; that silences the enraged accuser, and snatches the sword from the very hand of *justice*. Towns and cities, like *Jericho*, without any miracle, have fallen flat before it; it has stopped the mouths of cannons, and, more surprising still, of faction and slander.

It has thrown a sort of glory about the globose and opaque sculls of quorum justices; it has imparted a dread and reverence to the ensigns of authority; and strange, and passing strange to say! it has made youth and beauty fly into the arms of old age and impotence; given charms to deformity and detestation; transformed *Hymen* into *Mammon*, and the *God of Love* into a *Satyr*. It has built bridges without foundations, libraries without books, hospitals without endowments, and churches without benefices. It has turned con-

science

ſcience into a deiſt, honour into a pimp, courage into a modern officer, and honeſty into a ſtock-jobber. In ſhort, there is nothing wonderful it has not effected, except making us wiſe, virtuous, and happy.

I could ſpin this ductile golden thread *ad infinitum*, but I fear here is already as much as the patience of the candid reader will allow him to wind up: ſo, cutting it ſhort, and kiſſing your hand,

I am yours, &c.

SARCASTICUS.

MEDICAL APPLICATION OF MONEY.

THE humorous Rabelais, who was domeſtic phyſician to Cardinal de Billay, held a conſultation one day with ſeveral other phyſicians, concerning a hypochondriac diſorder which the Cardinal was then troubled with, and an opening decoction was unanimouſly preſcribed for his Eminence. Diſagreeing, however, about the compoſition of this decoction, Rabelais ſtrongly recommended a key, as one of the moſt opening things in the univerſe.

I perfectly agree with that celebrated French writer, that "a key is one of the moſt opening things in the world;" but I think I can mention another of at leaſt equal efficacy with his potion: money, for example, in the caſes alluded to, generally operates very forcibly upon many patients who are coſtive, and require medical aid. It will open a lawyer's mouth, and keep it wide extended for ſeveral hours, if you adminiſter it in ſufficient quantities; but if you deal it out in ſcruples and penny-weights, very little benefit will be derived from it. Money, applied with prudence and judgment, will open priſon-doors, and give inſtantaneous relief to a confined patient, who without it would abſolutely be

given over as incurable: it has often made an opening to peerages, archbishoprics, and bishoprics, and seldom fails to procure a laxative habit among those who have the good things of this world at their disposal.

As to the mode of administering this medicine, it must be observed that it operates with peculiar energy when judiciously applied to the palm of the hand.

J. S.

A COMPLAINT.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

BEING among the number of those with whom mankind is continually dissatisfied, I beg leave to subjoin my complaints to others, that have occasionally introduced them to the public through the channel of your communications. When I tell you I am as old as *Time* himself, you will allow, that on the score of longevity I ought to be respected; and when I add, that I am as variable in my appearance and temperature as mortals themselves, you will also be disposed to grant, that I ought not to be reprobated on the score of inconstancy. Yet so it is, that even though I seemingly take pains to accommodate my variable dispositions to the variable dispositions of mankind, the circumstance produces no sympathetic congeniality between us, and my inconstancy is rendered proverbial, while their own propensity to ficklenefs never occurs to their recollection. Yet, Sir, I have no quarrel with the world on the subjects of indifference, neglect, or disregard, for I must confess every body pays me due attention; I am inquired after every night and every morning, and am so much the topic of conversation, and so regularly introduced after the customary greetings of ceremonial intercourse, that I may be said

to

to be a kind of neceſſary aſſiſtant to converſation; for when people are barren of ideas, I am always at hand to ſupply the vacuity of their minds; yet I am hardly ever mentioned in any other light but as the ſource of complaint and diſſatisfaction, and without having ſome opprobrious epithet attached to my *name*. Sometime I am accuſed of being too *warm* in my behaviour—ſometimes too *cold*; if I ſmile unexpectedly, I am ſuſpected of harbouring treacherous deſigns; and men ſay one to another ſarcaſtically, "*We ſhall pay for this.*" If I continue my placid deportment, and am mild, ſweet, and amiable for any length of time, I am ſaid to be good-humoured even to ſatiety; and there are people who have compared my eternal ſmiles to an expreſſion borrowed from a celebrated French writer—"*L'ennuieuſe egalité d'une femme de bon caractere.*" Some wiſh me to weep when I am diſpoſed to be merry, and ſome to be gay when I am inclined to be ſad. *Thick*, *heavy*, *dull*, *naſty*, are epithets commonly applied to *me*. If I am *ſtill*, I am ſaid to be *vapouriſh*; if loud, boiſterous, and rude—*aches*, *pains*, *rheumatiſms*, and *ſhooting corns*, are attributed to my influence. In ſhort, Sir, I am ſo watched, ſo ſcrutinized, ſo cenſured, ſo abuſed, every day, that it would ſeem that I were a ſtranger upon earth, and born but yeſterday, rather than an inhabitant of *Paradiſe*, known to Adam and Eve, and one who was preſent at the creation. But I will not detain you any longer, Sir, for I ſee you are looking at me through the window, and meditating an interview with your very old acquaintance,

THE WEATHER.

LETTER FROM OLD FATHER THAMES.

[From the Morning Post.]

DEAR SIR,

ONE Monday last summer, I was awoke from a profound sleep by a kind of niggling and rooting at my bed-side. I started, and immediately perceived a little fellow striving to insinuate a kind of tube under my back*. At first I took him for an apothecary's boy, come ready armed *cap-a-pie* to assail me; then for some porter-brewer's clerk, who meant to rack me off for his master's use; and, last of all, I concluded it might be some good-natured physician, who wished to tap me; for it must be confessed I was unusually swollen and bloated during the whole season, and showed strong symptoms of a dropsy. All those conjectures, however, proved alike unfounded. It seems, Sir, after the lapse of so many centuries, during which my course has been the pride of England and the envy of the world, I am at last discovered, in this age of revolution, to be an old fellow ruffled by every blast, and of such a turbulent and uncertain temper, as to be a perpetual source of division between the good people of Kent and Essex, whom a dexterous projector proposed to bring together by a tunnel, or kind of privy passage behind my back, instead of their passing freely, as they used to do, before my face.

I have often been reproached with want of spirit; but had you seen me foaming with resentment at this insult, you would allow I possessed some on this occasion. A proper mode of revenge fortunately suggested itself to me, and I waited a fit opportunity to execute it. Accordingly, when he had got a little way under my bed, I opened my sluices upon him, and if I did

* Alluding to the projected tunnel at Gravesend.

not ſplaſh him and bedaſh him, no poor drowned rat had ever reaſon to complain of me. Well, Sir, this is not all: ſcarcely had I got rid of this intruder, when they began to cut and ſcarify my ſide, juſt at the place from whence I now write to you. The idea of the dropſy again occurred to me; but no ſuch thing. It ſeems, Sir, I am alſo diſcovered to be a ſhallow fellow, a fellow of no capacity, of a narrow and illiberal diſpoſition, and ſo ſome quack doctor has preſcribed this treatment as an infallible remedy for opening my boſom, and enlarging my comprehenſion. This, it ſeems, is for the benefit of the Weſt India merchants, to whom I am charged with not being ſo hoſpitable as I ought; and I ſuppoſe the next thing propoſed to be done will be to ſcalp me for the accommodation of the Cherokees. Now, Mr. Editor, after this candid diſcloſure, I am ſure you muſt ſympathize in the ſorrows of a poor old man, who hoped that the current of his life might have been ſuffered to flow on in its uſual tenour, without being hurried into the vortex of revolution. The requeſt, therefore, which I have to make of you is ſimply this: as there is a chance of a froſt, the effect of which would be to bind me to the ground, and render me totally inactive, and incapable of any effort for my defence, it is very probable the little man with the tube may ſeize the opportunity to attack me again. If then, Sir, he ſhould take this cowardly advantage of my helpleſs ſituation, and you would have the goodneſs to fire a few little ſquibs and crackers at him, of which I know he is terribly afraid, my boſom ſhall overflow with gratitude as long as it is capable of emotion, and never-ceaſing tears of joy ſhall be poured out by your injured friend,

Wapping. OLD THAMES.

NEW DISEASES.

[From the Morning Post.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT has been a subject of surprise to me, that the bills of mortality have, among their various calculations or statements, omitted the following list of diseases, now so prevalent in this metropolis. I have taken the pains to explore the various scenes of life, and I find that every year many hundreds on the habitable globe perish through their favourite propensities. I here give you a brief example:

Misers	promote	The *yellow* fever.
Singers	——	The *whooping* cough.
Epicures	——	*Consumptions.*
Stock-jobbers	——	The *falling* sickness.
Bishops	——	The *purple* fever.
Bad wives	——	The *plague.*
Tax-gatherers	——	A famine.
Soldiers	——	The *scarlet* fever.
Coquettes	——	*Faintings.*
Prudes	——	Contractions.
Milliners	——	*Rheumatisms* and *colics.*
Executioners	——	*Suffocation.*
Authors	——	*Light-headedness.*
Actors	——	*Frenzy* fevers.
Forestallers	——	*Convulsions.*
Apothecaries	——	*Nausea.*
Generals	——	*Imbecility.*
Lawyers	——	*Gradual decay.*

Many thousands also die of *lethargy*; and the *palsy* seems to have subdued the feelings of one half the world. Colourmen are likewise daily *dying* in great numbers; and the calculators have proved *lame* in their projected expeditions. T. B.

LONDON INSCRIPTIONS.

THE English have been called a nation of philosophers; and there is an oracular ambiguity in our inscriptions to the different tradesmen's shops, which is as well calculated to *puzzle*, as the most abstruse line ever pronounced by the *Delphic Oracle*. To prevent the meaning of these little distichs being totally lost, an Academy of Inscriptions would be very useful; for, though these learned sages could not *correct* the licentiousness of the sentences, they might occasionaly *explain* them. Without some such help, how liable are the following to misinterpretation!

In High Holborn is a sign, which would lead one to fear heels and pattens must have an end with the shop-keeper, who has over his door, "The *Last* Heel and Patten Maker."

In Oxford Street there is the sign of the Bricklayer's Arms, the motto of which being put in the same size as the articles dealt in, it appears, "*Praise God for all brandy, rum, usquebaugh, and other spirituous liquors.*" In the same street we read, "*Tyrell and* 127 *Sons Hosiers.*"

One of the disseminators of novels and nonsense writes over his door, "*The Circulating Library Stationary.*"

By the ingenious contrivance of putting the name in the centre, in letters of equal magnitude and similar form, you read, "*Cheese Hoare Monger*;" and "*Clock and Green Watchmaker.*"

One gentlewoman informs us, that she *restores deafness*, and disorders in the eyes; and another, that she cures the jaundice *in all*, and the scurvy in both sexes.

"Lodgings to be let *unfurnished with every convenience*," stares you in the face in every street in London.

On a board in Whitechapel Road is written, "*To let on a lease* 87 *feet long, and* 58 *feet broad.*"

Pity

Pity but neighbouring signs were either inscribed in different sizes, or the painter paid some attention to the pointing; for in Oxford Street we read, "*Books in all languages bought, sold, and stand at livery.*"

In a field in the vicinity of the metropolis is an inscription, which would lead a foreigner to suppose that beating carpets was a favourite amusement among the English. It is as follows: "You are particularly desired by the owner of this field not to play at any diversion in the same, such as quoits, cricket, *or beating of carpets.* If you do, you will be prosecuted by W. R."

A want of orthography is sometimes productive of the equivoque, as in the following: near Moorfields is a place which we may suppose was once blest with a beauteous view; it now fronts the City Road, and is baptized, by an inscription at the corner, "*Russen Hurby Street.*"

On an alehouse door in Whitechapel is written, "*The ladies' door, full proof spirits.*"

SPECIMENS OF NEW TITLES.

[From the Morning Post.]

As the *baking* of peers forms now a systematic part of the Minister's business, and takes place so frequently; and as, in the late case of Mr. P——s, much delay occurred on account of that gentleman's being undetermined in the choice of his title—a delay that might, at some future period, be fatal to a minister, if it took place on the eve, or during the meeting of Parliament—we offer (moved with the importance of the subject) the following specimens of titles to all country members, and others, who are to lose the simple title of *gentlemen*, and be *ennobled* by a peerage,

peerage. We honeſtly confeſs, however, that they will not ſuit ſuch men as a Howe, a Jervis, a Duncan, or a Nelſon. The gratitude of their country, and the admiration and applauſe of all ages, muſt indemnify them for not being able to obtain any title adequate to their merits.

That uſeful work Miller's Gardener's Dictionary has been the ſource from which we have derived moſt of our ſpecimens.

Duke of Dandelion, a title equally magnificent and well-ſounding with Lord de Dunſtanville.

Earl of Peppermint—out of all doubt a better title than Lord Minto.

Viſcount Cauliflower.

Count Cabbage.

Lord Pumpkin.

Marquis of Medlar.

Viſcount Pearmain (much preferable to Lord Perth).

Baron Beans.

Lord Spinage.

Earl of Endive.

Viſcount Celery.

Lord Watercreſs.

Marquis of Melon.

Lord Clump.

Earl of Apricot. And

Baron Greengage.

Or what if the titles of new peers were to bear an alluſion to their favourite purſuits and occupations—

A good cricket-player might choofe the title of

Baron Bat, or

Viſcount Stump.

A frequenter of Newmarket might be,

Earl of Sweepſtakes, or

Viſcount Flat.

A man who lived either in the north or ſouth of England,

England, and was known for diabolical tyranny and oppression, might be

Baron Belial.

And a musical gentleman would make an excellent

Viscount Quaver, or

Baron Piano.

Such titles, it may be said, would be beneficial in another way—they would serve as *sign-posts*, to guide us to the different characters of the different peers, or to guard us against them.

Yet, after deep and mature reflection, we are inclined to think that our first idea is the best, and that *Miller's Gardener's Dictionary* is the most *fruitful* source for furnishing gentlemen who are candidates for the peerage with titles.

KNIGHTS OF THE TRENCHER.

NO passion hath so much the ascendant in the composition of human nature as vanity; indeed, I could almost venture to affirm, that there is no ingredient so equally distributed among us as this; not even fear, of which my Lord Rochester asserts, all men would show it *if they durst*; so I apprehend all men would show their vanity *if they durst*; and that we are not distinguished from one another by the degrees of these passions, but by the power of subduing, or rather concealing them; for good sense will always teach us, that, by betraying either fear or vanity, we expose both to the attack of our enemies.

This observation, perhaps, gave rise to an opinion that men were a sort of puppets, formed to entertain the gods by their ridiculous gestures; or, as Mr. Pope terms it, *made the standing jest of Heaven*: for, as vanity is the true source of ridicule, it might possibly be imagined,

gined, that ſo large and almoſt equal a proportion could be diſtributed among us for no other end. I have often thought, that ſuch wiſe men as conceal their vanity, make a large amends to themſelves, by feeding this paſſion with contemplation on the ridiculous appearance of it in others.

Vanity, or the deſire of excelling, to caſt it in a ridiculous light (for it may be ſeen in one very odious, being perhaps at the bottom of moſt villany, and the cauſe of moſt human miſeries), may be conſidered as exerting itſelf two ways, either as it puſhes us on to attempt excelling in particulars to which we are utterly unequal, or to diſplay excellence in qualities which are in themſelves very mean and trivial.

Hence it is, that in the country many gentlemen become excellent fox-hunters, or great adepts in horſe-racing and cock-fighting; and in the town an admirable taſte is diſcovered in dreſs and equipage; and that ſeveral perſons of diſtinction are remarkable for putting on their clothes well, whilſt others are not a little vain in ſhowing, that, though fortune hath deſtined them to ride in coaches, they are, nevertheleſs, as fit to drive or ride behind them.

I ſhall at preſent confine myſelf to a particular ſet of heroes, whom I chooſe to call the *knights of the trencher*; an order, which will confer as much honour as any other that gives no idea of any ſuperior merit in the wearer; I mean thoſe gentlemen who are proud of the voracioufneſs of their appetite, of being able to ſwallow ſeveral pounds of fleſh more at a meal than their fellow-creatures.

I have been often entertained by a worthy of this kind with his exploits: I have known him as vain of the entire demolition of a turkey, or a ſucceſsful attack on a ſurloin, as a general could have been of the ſtorming of a town, or the overthrow of an army.

Every reader muſt have heard of ſeveral engagements

in

in this way. The battle of the eggs, which happened a few years ſince in Somerſetſhire, is very famous to this day. This was a drawn battle, the town wherein it was fought not being able to furniſh a ſufficient quantity of ammunition to try the prowefs of either of the combatants.

A certain military gentleman belonging to the trained-bands, was formerly known in this city by the name of the Scourge of Ordinaries. This brave officer had, with great conduct and courage, entirely routed all the ordinaries from Charing Croſs to the Exchange. He is imagined to have died by the wound of a poiſoned gooſe, which he received while he was charging, with moſt voracious gallantry, at a city feaſt, where he ſerved as a volunteer. He was reckoned to have been a better man, by at leaſt a large ſhoulder of mutton, than any in the kingdom; and is ſaid to have envied no hero in hiſtory, ſo much as the Emperor Maximin, who is ſaid to have eaten forty pounds of fleſh at a meal.

I have heard of another hero, who was ſo excellent at his knife and fork, that he was frequently invited by ſeveral curious people, who took great delight in ſeeing him eat. This gentleman might have been ſaid, in more ſenſes than one, to have lived by eating.

Succeſs in this, as in moſt contentions, hath as often been owing to conduct as to courage or ſtrength. I remember a famous prize-eater, who had by many laxative doſes reduced his body to ſuch a habit, that his belly was little more than a vehicle to convey his meat downwards; by which means he had overcome all the celebrated eaters of his age, and his houſe was every where adorned with trophies of the conqueſts of his jaw. The weapon he chiefly delighted in was a ſurloin of roaſt-beef, at which he never was outdone but once; but this, as he afterwards told me, gave him little pain, when he diſcovered that his antagoniſt was a Roman Ca-

tholic, and was just discharged from his Lent diet. *And to show you*, said he, *that he was a good man, he had in that forty days abstinence fasted away two moderate fish-ponds.*

One thing remarkable among these Knights of the Trencher is, that the truest heroes among them are commonly the greatest boasters. They are continually entertaining company with their performances; I have however known some, who, to their great praise, have been pretty silent on that head; nay, I have heard a gentleman bewailing his lost appetite, and at the same time seen him devour as much as would have served half a dozen moderate people.

It is recorded of Vitellius, that he had near ten thousand dishes for a supper, of which (says my friend) if he had tasted a moderate quantity only, he must have had a glorious stomach. Tacitus tells us of this Knight of the Trencher, that he spent upwards of seven millions in a few months; and Josephus adds, if he had reigned much longer, he would have *eat up the empire*. Notwithstanding which, he very modestly set forth his temperance in an oration to the people.

Besides those who place all merit in the largeness of their stomach, there are others who may claim a just right of being mentioned here, and who are as vain of the nicety of their taste—men, whose whole business it is to consider what they shall eat. One of this sort never regards whom he is to dine with, but what he is to dine upon; he would at any time quit the better company for the better dinner; and if he purchases any rarity at his own cost, he chooses to dine alone, rather than to admit any partaker therein. I have known a person so extravagantly devoted to the pleasing his palate, that he would not have scrupled going a long journey to have feasted on a favourite dish; and have seen the journal of a man's life, which consisted of no

other articles, than the ſeveral diſhes which had compoſed his dinners and ſuppers.

Several writers have been very ſevere on theſe heroes; Dr. South particularly, who, in one of his ſermons, attempts to ſtrip them of their pretenſions to humanity, and very boldly declares, he can ſee no reaſon, *why he ſhould be reckoned leſs a beaſt, who carries his burden in his belly, than he who carries it upon his back.*

PLAY UPON NAMES.

[From the Morning Herald.]

LORD Mountjoy was once a *Gardener*, and, I have heard, lived in or near Dublin; and the Earl of Portmore was a *Collier*. Some years ago the preſent Biſhop of Clogher was a *Porter* at a College, and the Biſhop of Hereford was a *Butler* at another; the preſent Counteſs of Shafteſbury married a *Cooper*, and the Counteſs of Tyrconnel a *Carpenter*. We have alſo the following remarkable circumſtances among our Nobility—the Duke of Beaufort's ſons make better *Somerſets* than the beſt tumblers at Sadler's Wells; and Lord Harrowby is a better *Ryder* than a Newmarket jockey. The Earl of Stamford's eldeſt ſon was *Grey* before he was ten years of age, and, on the contrary, the Biſhop of Clonfert, it is ſaid, by all who know him, will be *Young* as long as he lives.

SINGULAR WORDS.

DR. Hince, of Cambridge, in a late Diary, propoſed the following queſtion, namely, "There is a word in the Engliſh language, to which if you add a ſyllable

it will make it ſhorter." *Short* is the word required; to which if you add *er*, it will then be *ſhorter*. This is a paradox; for the word, by being made actually longer, becomes really *ſhorter*. And now, *vice verſa*, to contraſt with the above, I ſhall name two or three words, which, by being made ſhorter in one ſenſe, become longer in another. Pl*ague* is a word of one ſyllable; take away the two firſt letters, and there will a word of two ſyllables remain, by which it appears the *ague* is four ſixths of the plague: we have three other words of this kind, viz. te*ague*, le*ague*, and Pr*ague*.

There is a word in the Engliſh language of five ſyllables, from which if one ſyllable be deducted no ſyllable remains—*Monoſyllable*.

The two longeſt monoſyllables in our language are *ſtrength* and *ſtraight*, and the very longeſt word *honorificabilituainity*. But this is an obſolete phraſe, and is not to be found in any vocabuliſt I know of, Bailey and Aſh excepted, who have borrowed it from the Latin, in which language it has a letter more, viz. *honorificabilitudinitas*.

Heroine is, perhaps, as peculiar a word as any in our language; the two firſt letters of it are male, the three firſt female, the four firſt a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman. It runs thus—*he*, *her*, *hero*, *heroine*.

We have a term for a beggar, which may be divided without the tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter, with only the addition of an apoſtrophe, ſo as to make a complete ſimple ſentence; and ſuch a ſentence as a perſon of this deſcription may generally addreſs himſelf withal: the term is *mendicant*, and the ſentence ariſing from its diviſion—*mend I can't*, which moſt of them may too truly aſſert.

Theſe words deſerve remark: *tartar*, *papa*, and *murmur*, in Engliſh; *toto* in Latin; and *berber* in the

Turkiſh language; becauſe they each of them are the ſame ſyllable twice repeated.

We have ſeveral diſſyllable words which read the ſame backwards as forwards, ſuch as *aga*, *ala*, *leſel*, *refer*, *&c.* But we have very few which conſtitute a different word by a reverſe reading; there are theſe, *lever*, *ever*, *repel*, *ſever*, which read backwards make *revel*, *reve*, *leper*, *reves*; and *æra*, by diſſolving the diphthong, when retrogradely read will be *area*. Of triſſyllables there can't be expected ſo many; *animal*, it is true, will be found to make the Latin, and by adoption, Engliſh word *lamina*.

A DIARIAN.

THE HANDSOME MAN AND UGLY WIFE:

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

By William Beloe, F.S.A.

A YOUNG man, remarkable for his beauty and elegance of perſon, was married to a woman exceedingly deformed and ugly: one evening as they were ſitting together, "My dear," ſaid he, "I congratulate you, I am the meſſenger of good news; you and I are certainly to be in Paradiſe."—"May God," ſaid the woman, "always make you the meſſenger of good news; but what is the occaſion of your preſent warm addreſs to me?"—"Why," returned the huſband; "I ſhall certaily go to Paradiſe. It was my lot to have ſuch a woman as you for my wife; I have borne it patiently: you will alſo go to Paradiſe, becauſe I was given you, and you are thankful. Now God himſelf has ſaid by Mahomet, that the patient and thankful are to be bleſſed in Paradiſe."

THE

THE ART OF LACONICOGRAPHY.

[From the Freemason's Magazine.]

SIR,

IN Gulliver's Travels we find an account of a people, or a sect of wise and economical men, who knowing what a precious thing *breath* is, and how frequently it is wasted on trifles, carry about with them a number of things, by means of which they make their sentiments known without the trouble and fatigue which attend speech. I am about to trouble you with some memorials of a friend of mine, whose economy extends principally to *writing*; and although I believe he can converse as volubly and as much to the purpose as most men, yet preserves, in all his letters, the most inflexible adherence to that kind of writing which is denominated the *laconic*.

As we live separated by some hundred miles, we have no opportunity of conference, unless by letter; and my esteem for him is such, that I am always glad to receive the *smallest* scrap of his pen: happy is it for me that I am so; for I assure you, Sir, I never receive any thing but the smallest scraps from him; all my endeavours to draw from him a long letter have hitherto been in vain: twenty of his epistles would not make up the sum of a common letter of business: and so very saving is he of his *ink* (for he sends paper enough), that I very rarely can get a *Dear Sir* from him, and yet he thinks I am so well acquainted with his hand, that he hardly ever signs his name. As to the place of abode, or day of the month, or even the month and year, these are things left entirely to my conjecture.

I once had an idea that my friend had taken the alarm at the too common practice of printing confidential letters after the death of a great man, and that he was determined no person should ever have it in his power to serve him so; but when I consider his modesty, and that he thinks much less of himself than

other people do who know him, I am ſatisfied that my conjecture is not juſt; and that, with every talent for eaſy and elegant epiſtolary correſpondence, he would be the only man hurt at the publication of his letters in any ſhape. As I told you before, however, he puts this quite out of my power; for were I diſpoſed to publiſh ſuch as I am poſſeſſed of, five hundred of them would not fill up the ſpace of a ſhilling pamphlet; and, what is more, the want of date and ſubſcription would lay me open to a flat denial of authenticity from any of his friends. Since your Magazine appeared, I have told him again and again that I would ſend you ſome of his letters, but he gave neither conſent nor diſſent; and I am determined to try the experiment, and perhaps draw from him *eight* or *ten lines* in anſwer, which will be an acquiſition of no ſmall moment.

While I am writing to you, Sir, I have received a letter from him. A ſiſter of mine, who lives in his neighbourhood, being *near her time*, as it is called, and my correſpondent being very intimate in the family, I aſked him to write me an account of her health, or whether delivered; in truth, I was here chooſing one of two evils, for her huſband is as laconic as my friend. The letter I received contains the following twelve words, and no more:

"*All tight as yet, but very weary, and looking out for land.*"

No ſignature, and no date; and a wonder it is that he took the trouble to addreſs it to me. Many inſtances could I give of this provoking *laconiciſm*, but I ſhall confine myſelf to two or three, preſuming they will be ſufficient.

My friend poſſeſſes a conſiderable ſum in the Bank, and I am employed by him, as attorney, to receive his dividends, or ſell, if need be. I wrote him on the approach of a rupture with Spain, as many conceived

ceived that the ſtocks would fall, and were ſelling out their money: the anſwer was,

"*Dear Sir,*

"*Sell, if you think proper, but not all.*"

The appearance of *Dear Sir* was novel, but ſo much was yet left to my judgment by the *not all*, that I was obliged to requeſt he would let me know *how much* —and the anſwer was,

"*I will conſider of it.*

"*Yours ſincerely, &c.*"

And here that affair ended, as he has never ſince *conſidered* any thing farther. A very great riot having lately taken place in the town where he lives, I wrote to him for the *particulars*, without ever reflecting that he was the laſt man in the world I could expect ſuch information from. The following is a literal copy of his epiſtle:

"*All quiet now, and no great miſchief done.*"

The only other inſtance of his brevity, with which I ſhall trouble you, occurred on the death of an uncle: on this melancholy occaſion he ſent me an *official* notice, as follows:

"Squaretoes *is gone—bruſh your black clothes—but he has left you nothing.*"

Had not a newſpaper at the ſame time informed me of the death of this gentleman, I ſhould have been very much puzzled to know who was meant by *Squaretoes!* But thus it is, Sir, that I am treated, in return for whole ſheets of paper, cloſely written, and which, I am told, he is very impatient to receive.—I hope you will inſert this in your next number; for if any thing can draw a letter from him, that will—and if the ſcheme ſucceeds, you may depend on my moſt grateful acknowledgments. I am, Sir, yours,

T. B.

THE

THE COMFORTS OF A CLUB.

[From the same.]

SIR,

I HAVE read in Tavernier, or some other traveller, of an English merchant who was cured of an inveterate gout by a severe bastinado, prescribed by a Turkish chiaus in his return to Constantinople with the head of an unfortunate bashaw. It was, doubtless, a severe remedy, and not very easily administered; but it proved so effectual, that the patient never failed, during the remainder of his life, to drink every day to the health of his Mussulman physician. Though I never underwent such a painful application, I myself have been cured of a bad habit by a very unpalatable medicine; to use the phrase of Shakspeare, a certain person *gave me the bastinado with his tongue.*

You must know, I am a middle-aged man in good circumstances, arising from the profits of a creditable profession, which I have exercised for many years with equal industry and circumspection. At the age of twenty-six I married the daughter of an eminent apothecary, with whom I received a comfortable addition to my fortune. The honey moon was scarce over, when we mutually found ourselves mismatched. She had been educated in notions of pleasure; and I had flattered myself that she would be contented with domestic enjoyments, and place among that number the care of her family: for my own part, I had been used to relax myself in the evening from the fatigues of the day, among a club of honest neighbours, who had been long acquainted with one another. The conversation was sometimes enlivened by quaint sallies and sly repartees; but politics formed the great topic, by which our attention was attracted like the needle by the pole; on this subject I had the vanity to think I was looked upon as a kind of oracle by the society. I had carefully

fully perufed the Univerfal Hiftory, together with the Political State of Europe, and pored over maps until I knew, *ad unguem*, the fituation of all the capital cities in Chriftendom. This branch of learning was of great confequence to the members of our club, who were generally fo little acquainted with geography, that I have known them mifake the Danube for a river of Afia, and Turin for the metropolis of Tufcany. I acquired fome reputation by defcribing the courfe of the Ohio in the beginning of our American troubles; and I filled the whole club with aftonifhment, by fetting to rights one of the members who talked of croffing the fea to Scotland. During a fufpenfion of foreign intelligence, we fported in puns, conundrums, and merry conceits; we would venture to be inoffenfively waggifh in bantering each other; we fometimes retailed extempore witticifms, which, between friends, we had ftudied through the day; and we indulged one or two fenior members in their propenfity to record the adventures of their youth. In a word, we conftituted one of the moft peaceful and beft affected communities in this great metropolis.

But the comforts of this and all other club converfations, were in a little time deftroyed by a ftranger, whom one of the members introduced into our fociety: he was a fpeculative phyfician, who had made his fortune by marrying a wealthy widow, now happily in her grave. The effence of all the difputants, goffips, and attornies of three centuries feemed to enter into the compofition of this fon of Æfculapius; his tongue rode at full gallop like a country man-midwife; his voice was loud, flat, and monotonous, like the clack of a mill, or rather like the found produced by a couple of flails on a barn floor—our ears were threfhed moft unmercifully; we fuppofed he was an adept in all the arts depending upon medicine, and a politician of courfe by the courtefy of England; but all fubjects

were

were alike to this universalist, from the most sublime metaphysics to the mystery of pin-making: he disputed with every one of us on our several professions, and silenced us all in our turns; not that he was master of every theme on which he pretended to expatiate; on the contrary, we soon discovered him to be superficial and misinformed in divers articles, and attempted to refute what he had advanced, by breaking out into divers expressions of dissent, such as, "But, pray, Sir"—"I beg your pardon, Sir"—"Give me leave, Sir"—"I will venture to say you are misinformed in that particular," and other civil checks of the same nature; but they had no effect upon this hard-mouthed courser, except that of stimulating him to proceed with redoubled velocity. He seemed both deaf and blind to the remonstrances and chagrin of the company; but dashed through thick and thin, as if he had undertaken to harangue by inch of candle. We were so overborne by the tide of his loquacity, that we sat for three successive evenings half petrified with astonishment and vexation. Sometimes we were cheered with a glimpse of hope that this torrent would soon exhaust itself; but, alas! we found him a perennial source of noise and disputation. I could not help repeating with Horace,

> "Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
> Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

The most provoking circumstance of this nuisance was, that he did not speak either for the entertainment or information of the company; he had no other view but that of displaying his own superiority in point of understanding; his aim was to puzzle, to perplex, and to triumph; and, by way of manifesting his wit, he extracted a wretched quibble from every hint, motion, or gesticulation of the society. Overhearing one of the members summing up the reckoning, he denied that

that five and three made eight, and undertook to prove the contrary by mathematical demonſtration. When I called for a bowl of punch, he affirmed there was no ſuch thing in nature; that bowls were made of porcelain, earthen-ware, wood, or metals; but they could not be made of punch, which was a liquid—*ergo*, I had confounded the *majus* with the *minus*; for, *omne majus in ſe continet minus*. An honeſt gentleman, who ſat by the fire, having burned his fingers with a hot poker, the Doctor aſſured him the accident was altogether an illuſion; that fire did not burn, and that he could not feel pain, which was not a ſubſtance, but a mode; *ergo*, not cognizable by the ſenſe of touching.

As we were naturally quiet and pacific, and, in truth, overawed by the enormous ſize of his pugiliſtic member, as well as by his profound ſkill in the art of man-ſlaying, which he did not fail to promulgate, we patiently ſubmitted to the ſcourge of his impertinence, praying heartily that he might ſucceed ſo far in his profeſſion as to become a practiſing doctor. Sometimes we enjoyed an intermiſſion for half an evening, congratulating ourſelves upon the deliverance, and began to reſume our old channel of converſation, when all of a ſudden he would appear like the Gorgon's head—then every countenance fell, and every tongue was ſilent: his organ forthwith began to play, and nothing was heard but his eternal clapper. It was no diſcourſe which he uttered, but a kind of *talkation* (if I may be allowed the expreſſion), more diſſonant and diſagreeable than the glaſs alarm-bell of a wooden clock, that ſhould ring twenty-four hours without intermiſſion. To ſupport ourſelves under this perpetual annoyance, we had recourſe to an extraordinary pint, and ſmoked a double portion of tobacco; but theſe expedients, inſtead of diminiſhing, ſerved only to increaſe the effect of his clamour. Our tempers were gradually ſoured; we grew peeviſh to every body, but particularly ſullen and moroſe

morose to the Doctor, who, far from perceiving the cause of our disgust, believed himself the object of our esteem and admiration; he was too much engrossed by his own impertinence to observe the humours of other men.

For three long months did we bear this dreadful visitation; at length the oldest member, who was indeed the nest egg, died, and the other individuals began to drop off. Nothing could be more disagreeable than the situation to which I was now reduced. I was engaged in fatiguing business all day, out of humour all the evening, went home extremely ruffled, with the headach, heartburn, and hiccup, and ruminated till morning on my family discomforts. Upon recollecting all these circumstances, I pitied my own condition, and my compassion was soon changed into contempt. This roused my pride and resolution; I determined to turn over a new leaf, and recover the importance I had lost: I with great difficulty discontinued my attendance at the club, and my absence contributed in a great measure to its dissolution. The Doctor was in a little time obliged to harangue to empty chairs, and the landlord became a bankrupt.

Thus was I delivered from the worst of plagues, an impertinent and talkative companion. I have now bid adieu to clubs, and am grown a family man; I see myself beloved by my children, revered by my servants, and respected by my neighbours. I find my expenses considerably lessened, my economy improved, my fortune and credit augmented; and in the fulness of my enjoyment, I cannot help drinking to the health of the loquacious Doctor, who is likely to perform much more important cures with his tongue, than ever he will be able to effect by his prescriptions.

If you think, Mr. Editor, that these hints may be serviceable to others labouring under the distemper of which I am so happily cured, you may freely communicate

municate them to the public by the channel of your Magazine, which has been the ſource of much amuſement to,

Sir, your very humble ſervant,

MISOLAUS.

THE SLEEPY CLUB.

[From the ſame.]

SIR,

AMONG the various ſocieties that are eſtabliſhed in this metropolis, there is one that has not yet been noticed by any of the public writers, though it is almoſt as numerous as that of the Bucks, and full as ancient as the Free Maſons; it is indeed thought to have been inſtituted before the Roman empire, and it is honoured with a deity of the Greeks for its patron.

There are lodges of this ſociety in various parts of the metropolis, and there is ſcarcely a corporation in England that has not a regular meeting of ſeveral of its members, who conſiſt of all ranks of people. The juſtices of the quorum are moſt frequently candidates, and they are ſeldom or never black-balled by the majority. Many of the members of the common council, who are not ſtimulated by party zeal, are alſo members of this laudable aſſociation.

Taciturnity and fumigation are now two eſſential requiſites in a candidate, who muſt prove his qualifications previous to his being admitted. To be brief, this is neither more nor leſs than the Sleepy Club, ſo well known, though hitherto ſo little celebrated. Every member of this ſociety muſt immediately after ſupper take a pipe, and, whether it be lighted or not, clap it in his mouth; and as it is an invariable maxim with

the ſons of Morpheus, "that ſpeaking ſpoils converſation," he muſt nod in five minutes, and attain a ſecure ſnore in ten, at which ſignal he muſt open one eye, fill his glaſs, drink, and reſume his former ſtation.

I have ſpent many very agreeable evenings in this worthy ſociety, whoſe plan is ſo healthful and peaceable, that it is to be wiſhed it were ſtill more numerous, and that it prevailed as much upon the continent as it does throughout England. The various good effects that are derived from it cannot be enumerated; but a few may ſerve to point out its general beneficial tendency. In the firſt place, it preſerves health by promoting ſleep, ſo eſſential to the human frame, even in the midſt of company; ſo that a member of this ſociety might at the ſame time be a member of the Everlaſting Club, without injuring his conſtitution by ſitting up. It prevents all altercation in politics or religion, party diſputes are unknown, and peace and tranquillity reign around. All profane or obſcene talk is alſo avoided; and a man is ſure never to reveal his ſecrets (unleſs he talks in his dreams), an event frequently fatal over a bottle. All ſcandal is aboliſhed, and a perfect harmony and a general good underſtanding are on all ſides eſtabliſhed.

This inſtitution is ſaid to owe its birth to a certain dumb philoſopher, whoſe cynic virtue greatly diſtinguiſhed him in the third olympiad: it is certain what he wanted in loquacity he made up in judgment, by placing himſelf upon a par with his diſciples, who, though they poſſeſſed tongues, did not make uſe of them. But we are indebted to Sir Walter Raleigh for bringing this ſociety to its preſent degree of perfection, as the badge of ſilence, a pipe, was at that time either unknown or neglected: to the introduction then of that ſoporific herb, tobacco, we may

may ascribe the present flourishing state of the present worthy, prudent, and numerous Society of Sleepers.

A MEMBER OF THE SLEEPY CLUB.

Drowsy Row.

GENERAL INVITATIONS.

THE first and most common of all invitations are general invitations: "We shall be glad to see you, Mr. ——, to take a dinner with us"—or, "When you pass this way, we shall be happy if you will step in, and eat a bit of mutton"—or, "Why do we never see you? We are always at home, and shall be happy if you will spend a day with us"—or, "Well! when am I to see you? Will you dine with me soon?"—or, "So! you never will come and dine with us"—or, "Before you go out of town, I positively insist, that you come and dine with us"—or, "I am engaged to-morrow, but any other time I shall be very happy if you will take pot luck with us"—or, "Now do come and dine with us, just in the family-way," &c.—with many other forms, which it were endless to mention. A man, who has but a dozen of such kind of friends, has no occasion to keep a table of his own above once a fortnight—and yet, Sir, somehow or other, I have met with various disappointments in accepting such invitations.

It was but the other day I walked four miles from my house to dine with a friend, who "was always at home," and who had asked me so often, that I began to be ashamed of my rudeness—but he had just dined, although I was at his house half an hour before the time which he told me he always kept. I concealed that I had not dined, and, making my bow precipitately, went to a neighbouring public house and dined on a beef-steak.

Those who "are always at home," I have found

are very ſeldom in the humour of ſeeing company; and of thoſe who are moſt "glad to ſee one," the greater part are engaged abroad. Some are "very happy to ſee me;" but it happens very unfortunately, that the miſtreſs of the houſe is gone a little way out of town, and taken the keys of the cellar with her, and the maſter is to take a family-dinner with a friend.

After a variety of rebuffs and diſappointments, I am come to this opinion, that general invitations are words of courſe, and rarely mean any thing. If it be ſaid, and I will allow it, that they are not always ſo, yet how are we to know when this is the caſe? My rule, therefore, is, never to accept of them; for if my company is really wanted, it will be aſked more particularly; if not, and repeated experience convinces me of it, I account all ſuch invitations to be only "a civil way of ſpeaking." Another kind of invitation I am nearly equally averſe to accept—that which depends on accident. You ſtep to a friend's houſe on buſineſs, near his dinner-hour: he thinks that politeneſs obliges him to aſk you; nay, perhaps, he thinks that you come to be aſked. The ſafeſt rule, in theſe caſes, is to refuſe the invitation, unleſs, which cannot always happen, the inviter be one with whom we live in habits of the cloſeſt friendſhip and intimacy. Of ſuch friends, few men can boaſt of a very large liſt.

It is confeſſedly a great meanneſs to put one's ſelf in the way of a man, on purpoſe to be aſked to dine; but it is, in my humble opinion, a greater meanneſs to aſk a man who is not welcome. Diſtreſs may prompt the former; but for the latter I know no excuſe, unleſs a compliance with the hypocriſy of modern politeneſs be juſtifiable. Men of delicacy are the beſt of men, and cannot eaſily ſubmit to be obliged by ſuch a trifling favour as an invitation to dinner, and are conſequently very much at a loſs how to underſtand the common cant of invitations. He that complies with every verbal

verbal and general invitation, cannot fail to be often a very unwelcome guest; while he who accepts only that kind of invitation which cannot be misunderstood, a formal and written invitation, will rarely fail of being acceptable.—Politeness, or what is called politeness, may induce a man to invite any one to dinner whom he may meet with, in hopes of a refusal; but the man who sends for his friend, generally wants to see him. J.

NEW METHOD OF SUPPLYING THE VARIOUS WANTS OF THE POOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[From the Novel of Azemia.]

A VERY sensible and intelligent author has proved beyond a doubt, that much may be effected by a proper application to the optic nerves of the vulgar orders. Thus he asserts, that by looking at a well-painted representation of fire, a man, or any number of men, may be made to believe themselves warm; and so on of eatables and drinkables. This fact being ascertained (as to me it appears incontrovertibly to be), I have, in my late memoir addressed to the Agricultural Society, proposed a plan to that honourable and respectable body, which they most judiciously intend adopting; it is what I am going to relate.

I have proposed then, that a subscription shall be raised for the purchase of several excellent paintings on large canvass (the most philanthropic members of the Royal Academy will undoubtedly contribute their assistance gratis); these, by means of the polygraphic art, may be multiplied in proportion to the demand. They are to represent good coal fires, with various articles of food roasting, stewing, and boiling; these shall be sent to the lord lieutenant of each county, to be

diſſeminated at his diſcretion among the pariſhes, according to the neceſſities of the people, and as the deputy lieutenants and juſtices of the peace under him ſhall direct. For very extenſive and widely ſcattered pariſhes, repreſentations will be furniſhed of a lord mayor's feaſt, or, what is yet more ſatisfactory, a Treaſury dinner; then, proper glaſſes or ſpeculums being provided, the men, women, and children will be ſummoned immediately after divine ſervice every Sabbath—and no doubts are entertained but that this meaſure will amply ſuffice for their comfortable ſuſtenance and ſupport for the ſeven enſuing days. To make the benefit of this happy illuſion more extenſive, it is propoſed, in order to accommodate the houſeleſs, if any ſuch there are (which, however, is their own fault), to have, on the ſame principle, various views painted of houſes and ſeats, after the manner of Mr. Repton, and in the moſt picturesque point of view—ſuch as Mr. Pitt's ſeat, at Holwood; Mr. Dundas's, at Wimbledon; Mr. Roſe's, at Cuffnells, &c. &c. &c.: and in contemplating in theſe repreſentations the great affluence and flouriſhing ſtate of their country, the wretched animals whoſe own folly and indiſcretion have not left them forty ſhillings a-year (which is the average price of a cottage), muſt ſurely (at leaſt they ought to do it) forget all *their* trifling inconveniences in the great and patriotic ſentiment of rejoicing in the proſperity of their country. I am ſure the ſans-culottes of England, by a little of this management, may become the moſt *docile* and contented race under the heavens.

TO THE GREAT FINANCIER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

I AM so struck with astonishment at the originality of your financiering genius, that I cannot withhold the humble eulogy due to your transcendent merit. Great things have been done within less than a century in the glorious edifice of national debt; but it was left imperfect till you arose, like a political Atlas, to sustain the mountain of more than two hundred millions additional. Go on, bold youth, *macte tua virtute, puer*, and cry out in the triumphant words of a favourite author with me, and perhaps with your academical tutor, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*. Posterity will read with amazement, that, amidst such an enormous debt and weight of taxation, you have the skill and address to provide for the vast and yet increasing expenses of government, for the good of your country, at so light and cheap a rate to the mortgagees of national property. Envy will empty her shaft of envenomed arrows on your great name; but leave it to your public prints to burn incense daily to your little deity, to heal the strokes of perturbed patriots, republicans, and other grovelling and insignificant calumniators of your solitary worth. Be not terrified by the vehement harangues and stern countenances of a few demagogues, while you and your nursery, with a few other nurseries, are snug and warm; regard not the pining wants and gradual emaciation of myriads of mean people—you must act with a stoical apathy: *Feel not*, must be your motto. The *æs triplex* of state philosophy must shield your breast from all the effeminate touches of *puling humanity*. It is for such a noble mind as yours to rise above the voices and clamours of thousands: you were born like the giant with twenty and four toes and fingers, and therefore ought not, as a favourite of Heaven,

and,

and, perhaps, heaven-born, to pay the leaſt regard to millions of that mean ſpecies of people who have only ten and ten to work and walk with. You will never find a *Jonathan*, the ſon of *Shimea*, to lift up any weapon againſt your gigantic ſtature of political power. You have no ground for fear; *totus teres atque rotundus*, you may defy all the attempts of popular declaimers: their philippics will never ſtick, but roll like drops of water from a marble bowl, perfectly round and ſmooth.

By a Doctor, not of the new Brunonian *ſyſtem*,
Debility, *but of the old bleeding ſyſtem*,
for a Plethora.

P. S. I agree with Drs. Liverwort, Hawk, Cheatum, and others, that the diſorder is a *plethoric* habit, yet *happily* drawing to a perfect cure.

CANT PHRASES.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOU rightly remark, that the preſent war has been abundantly productive of cant phraſes. It may not, perhaps, be unamuſing to your readers to ſee them brought together. I have collected the following for that purpoſe, but I am not certain that my collection is complete:—

"*Acquitted felons*"—men who have received a fair trial, and been acquitted by a jury of their countrymen.

"*Periſh commerce, let the conſtitution live*"—a flouriſh of an eminent lawyer, who did not foreſee, that, after very conſiderable alterations in our conſtitution, we were to enjoy the *commerce* of the *whole world*, and to be as rich as *goods* without *cuſtomers* can make us.

"*Deaf*

"*Deaf and dumb soldiers.*"

"*A vigour beyond the law.*" These two are so connected, that there is no understanding the one without the other.

"*Cheese-parings and candles ends*"—any sum from two to twenty thousand pounds a year.

"*Cold economy*"—another phrase to save calculation, and means the exact amount in pounds, shillings, and pence of our subsidies paid to foreign powers for the favour of defending themselves.

"*Indemnification for the past, and security for the future*"—the original *avant-propos* of negotiation, but produced neither at Paris nor Lisle. By some these are supposed to be obsolete words.

"*Wet blanket*"—haggling between pounds and shillings in a loan or subsidy, and is a kin to the above-mentioned *cold economy*.

"*Experience and the evidence of facts*"—the last new cant phrase introduced, and proposed by a young man who has so good an opinion of his own intellect, that he does not think any other person has an intellect. No meaning has yet been affixed to this phrase, except that *facts* are understood to be *assertions*, and *experience* means something *future*.

The amount of these phrases, including the *cant* of the last war, is near five hundred millions.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

A LINGUIST.

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE BOOK OF DANIEL.

[From the True Briton.]

1. NOW it came to pass in those days, that the king was at war with the Philistines, who came against him with a mighty force; and they sought to invade the land.

2. And

2. And the king called together his merchants of the great city, and said unto them, Lend me of your treasures, that I may pay my hosts, and go forth against the Philistines.

3. And the merchants answered and said, Lo, here are our treasures; take of them as much as thou needest: for the land is flourishing, and we have great faith in thy minister.

4. Moreover we abhor the Philistines, who are a cruel and deceitful race; and who come against us that they may destroy us utterly, with our commerce, and our banks, and our warehouses, and our wives, and our little ones, even as they have done unto other nations; nay, worse would they do unto us, for they hate us with a deadly hatred.

5. Now Daniel had prospered much in his traffic, and by loans, and by discounts, and by money-changing; so that he had great possessions. And he agreed with the merchants, his fellows of the great city, that he also would lend unto the king.

6. So Daniel joined with his fellows in a great loan unto the king: even in a loan of more than twenty millions.

7. And when the merchants came back from the king, behold they were received in the city with much greeting; and many thronged to the Exchange of Stocks, that they might buy of the loan; so that it sold for a goodly profit.

8. And when Daniel saw this, he rejoiced, for he was very covetous.

9. Now the merchants had said one to another, We will not now sell our loan at the Exchange of Stocks, nor take the profit thereof: for peradventure the credit of the land may suffer, and the enemy would rejoice.

10. But Daniel cared for none of these things, but

but was mindful only of his own interest; and some said that his heart was not right towards the king.

11. Therefore seeing that the loan bore a goodly profit, he straightway sold much thereof, even all that he had, at the Exchange of Stocks: and he took the profit thereof, and cared no more for his fellows.

12. And it came to pass, as Daniel kept selling at the Exchange of Stocks, that the loan fell, and the value of it became diminished: but happily the credit of the land was not shaken, for it was founded upon a rock.

13. Now the merchants were very wroth with Daniel: and they said one unto another, Verily this man is a Jew.

GILES.

NOVEL SCHEME OF FINANCE.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

AT a time when every man is anxiously conjecturing what will be the next experiment that the Minister will try for raising the supplies; when every scheme seems big with difficulty and danger; when every political quack is offering his nostrum to save our constitution from the slow but fatal operation of a deranged finance; and when, to every man but the projector, the remedy appears still more dangerous than the disease, I could not consider myself in the character of a true patriot, if, knowing, as I do, a plan which would effectually relieve the nation from its embarrassments, I did not promulgate it for the good of my country; and then, if the Premier obstinately persists in his dangerous plans, and shuts his ears against the

the voice of truth, "let the blood be upon his own head"

It will be granted me, I believe, that the population of this island is not less than ten millions; that the average sustenance for each person does not cost less than seven pounds per annum; and, consequently, that the expense of maintaining the whole is seventy millions, sterling, per annum. Now, Sir, by simply docking one day's allowance per week from every individual, there would arise a revenue of 10,000,000*l.* for two days 20,000,000*l.* and so on, as far as the subject can bear; which the Royal Society can, I suppose, as easily ascertain, as the time that a spider, a vulture, or any other animal, can exist without food.

As the poorer classes of the community, after having spent their money in a dinner, would not have wherewithal to pay the tax, the best method of collecting it would be by putting their bellies under the excise: but as it would, perhaps, be found impossible to force the gauging-stick down the throats of the refractory, each exciseman should be supplied with a strap, properly marked, so that he may ascertain how much a belly distends after a good dinner, and how much it is shrunk by a day of fasting; and those who shall be detected in eating *contrary to law*, may be punished by a double allowance of fasting.

Great care should be taken in not letting any modifications, &c. have too great an operation in lessening the produce of this tax; nor should discretionary power, on any account, be lodged in the hands of parochial commissioners, as they generally consist of the squire, the parson, and the most capacious stomachs in the parish, who, from a sympathetic feeling, would be too apt to grant indulgences.

Some may object, that starving has been adopted, as an

an engine of war, twice within these twenty years, and has failed; but let me observe, that that was offensive starvation, but this is defensive starvation; and the means of accomplishing this are more within our reach, nor is the operation liable to so many accidents as the offensive mode. Other objections may certainly be started; but the great utility of the measure, the hatred of the people to our natural and implacable foes, and their zeal for the support of our excellent constitution, will, I doubt not, easily overcome them.

I could urge many arguments why ministers should attempt it; but as I have already trespassed so much on your paper, I will only mention this one; that it will tame the most refractory into an acquiescence in all their measures; and though it is said, "hunger can break through stone walls," I dare engage, that, if my plan is tried but for one year, his Majesty will not have a seditious subject left in his dominions.

STARVATION.

NEW TAXES RECOMMENDED.

[From the same.]

AS it is necessary, by new taxes, to defray the expenses of a war which has been, *it is said*, waged in defence of religion, and to provide for the further maintenance of the contest, I will endeavour to show that many productive articles yet remain, which might be made to contribute to the increase of the power and prosperity of ministers.

1st. A tax upon Bibles. If knowing the hour, reading the news, and wearing hair-powder, be luxurious, how much more so must be the study of that good

book, on account of which the present war has been so necessarily undertaken, so successfully continued, and so gloriously about to be concluded? The number of Bibles to be ascertained in like manner with the number of taxable clocks and watches. And it will have the further advantage of annually reminding the individual on what account, and for what purpose, he pays this tax.

2d. A tax upon pulpits. Surely no reason can be adduced why the sale of religion should be exempted from the imposts payable on all commodities exposed from vendue rostrums.—A mitigation of one half the tax might be made in favour of ambulating rostrums, and a penalty for using the same for the purposes of auctioneering during week-days. Private chapel pulpits being a luxury, proportioned to their privacy, should pay double.

3d. A tax on scratch wigs. When time has thinned or despoiled "the flowing honours of the head," surely it must be deemed a luxury to supply by artificial means what nature has denied or withdrawn.

4th. A tax of half a guinea on all persons not wearing hair-powder, which they might if they would. This cannot be thought to bear hard, as all subject to it save the expense of riband, pomatum, powder, curling-irons, &c.

5th. I might add a tax upon all persons retiring for the summer into the country, or, during winter, resident in town; but perhaps this tax would bear too hard upon the rich, and militate against the system of our worthy rulers.

VECTIGAL.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER NEW TAX SUGGESTED.

Valeat res ludicra.

[From the Freemason's Magazine.]

SIR,

AMONG the several ways and means recommended for assisting the finances of our country, no one at first sight appears so effectual, as that of laying a tax upon Politicians. Did not the general poverty of these *Quixotes* render such a scheme abortive, an immense sum might be raised at sixpence a head; but a modern politician generally carries his head as full, and his pockets as empty, as one of Swift's projectors.

In the present age of bankruptcy and patriotism, there is scarcely an alley in London but can boast of its committee of politics, whose worthy members are so intent upon the views and designs of foreign princes, that they quite forget their starving families, their gaping creditors, and the harpy-clawed bailiff, who waits without to convey these redressers of public grievances to the spunging-house.

This increase of *public spirit* among the lower class of mechanics has been attended with many inconveniencies, as well to their employers as themselves. Since my *taylor* was made chairman of his *club*, he has lost most of his customers, the complicated business of his high office not permitting him to work at his trade; and since his elevation to the chair, his attention has been so much turned upon ways and means for reducing the high price of provisions, that Mrs. *Cabbage* has actually been obliged to pawn his goose, to satisfy the craving appetites of her starving children.

My *cobler* I have been forced to turn off, after having gone barefoot above a week out of regard to his numerous family; and on my remonstrating with him on his unaccountable neglect, Mr. *Last* replied very

 gravely,

gravely, "That he really could not attend to every body's business at once." The fellow, I find, is secretary to a club.

But if the increasing numbers of *eloquent porters*, *speculative lamplighters*, and *learned draymen*, convinced me of the rapid progress of political literature in town, how surprised was I, on my return into the country, to find several shrewd politicians threshing in a barn, and many an *able statesman* following a dung-cart! In the village where I now reside, the reins of government are held by a weekly meeting of ploughmen and waggoners, assisted by the parish-clerk and grave-digger, who are severally bound by oath to accept of neither *post*, *peerage*, nor *pension*. At the period when the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill threatened the ministry with a formidable opposition, this society was upon a respectable footing; but Mr. President being lately hanged for sheep-stealing, and three of the most eloquent members sent to prison for debt, its number has greatly decreased; yet the flame of patriotism burns as bright as ever; and if not interrupted by their wives, or the parish constable, they still continue their laudable custom of getting drunk once or twice a week for the good of their country.

Somerset. IRONICUS.

A SIMPLE TALE.

ADDRESSED TO THE MOST EXPERT OF JUGGLERS.

[From the Morning Post.]

A JUGGLER at a village fair
Set up a scaffold, broad and high,
To make the gaping bumpkins stare
At his dexterity!
While he his wily tricks displays
With many a stale and pompous phrase,

Of

Of "There 's a wonder, there 's a ſight!
Such *art* before was never ſeen!
Fit for a king! fit for a queen!"
While the whole audience roar'd and laugh'd with all their might!

In the *black art*
So well he play'd his part,
Firſt he to gold would turn a *pig* of lead!
To prove the trial, each among the throng
Preſents his ſilly *head*,
And makes a neck ſo wondrous long,
That you 'd have ſworn they were a flock of *geeſe*;
While the ſhrewd conjurer prov'd the *golden fleece*,
Now hanging o'er them glitt'ring to their eyes,
While the loud *drum* and *trumpet* echo'd to the ſkies!

Next, his perſuaſive powers to prove,
He made an egg-ſhell nimbly move,
Calling the empty ſpace
An emblem of the human race,
Moſt *fair* to look on, and moſt *hollow* too.
The louts, who watch'd the juggler, *thought it true*;
While ev'ry cunning word he ſpoke,
Was maſk'd beneath a ſubtle joke,
Jokes, that betray'd his hearers' want of ſenſe,
Yet often made—becauſe *at their expenſe*.

One lent his ſtore of current gold
A magic ſieve to hold,
('T was but *a loan*,
As ſhall be ſhown,)
With promiſe, that, to pay his trouble,
He ſhould have current guineas—double!
Another handed (to be brief)
A ſilver *watch*, in firm belief
That he the outſide ſhould behold
Of ſolid gold!
A third his *hat* beſtow'd, and bare,
Stood like his fellow-fools to ſtare;
Each ſhoe, of buckle robb'd, appears
With dangling ſtraps, like aſſes ears!

In ſhort, the ſimple crowd, we 're told,
Ere the ſhrewd juggler would begin,
(Stripp'd nearly to the ſkin)
One garment only kept to ſhield them from the cold:
And all the while, would you believe?
The trickſter chuckled in his ſleeve!
Now he paces round and round,
With ſolemn ſtep, and thought profound!
Now muſing with an ell of chin;
And now with perk'd-up noſe, and monkey's grin;
"Now blind your eyes,"
The conjurer cries;
(And ſtraight a handkerchief was bound
Each leaden pate around;—)
Then to each gaping lout preſents a *gag*—
A ſtrange conceit! but 't was a ſubtle wag!
"Wear this to-night," ſays he, "to-morrow's ſun
Shall riſe to witneſs glorious fun!
All ſhall be rich, and all be gay;
Each pledge that I receive to-day,
(Doubled ten-fold,)
Shall be transform'd to ſterling ſolid gold!"

The ruſtics murmur'd—ſome, 't is ſaid,
Swore they would break the juggler's head—
While he, by *conjuration* ſtrong,
Threaſen'd to hang, tranſport, impriſon
Each growling knave, whoſe daring REASON
Againſt his magic Highneſs wagg'd the tongue!

They ſcal'd the ſtage in wild deſpair;
When, lo! the lofty ſcaffold fell!
Loud ſhrieks of terror fill'd the air;
The boors were ſcatter'd all around;
But, ſtrange to tell,
The juggler no where could be found!
Each hubberkin retir'd to mourn his fate,
To feel his hapleſs lot, and curſe his empty pate!

"This is not new, nor ſtrange," you 'll ſay,
"I ſee it practis'd every day;

And

And still unwary fools I find
To wonder! like your witless kind.
Wear but my *gags*, and trust my better wit,
I 'll make you all amends——*when I think fit.*"

Yes, master, if you 'll make the story true,
Vanish, content with what from us you 've taken,
While we look out for prospects bright and new,
And leave *your pigs of lead*—to save our bacon!

T. B.

EPISTLE TO SIR WALTER FARQUHAR,

ON HEARING THAT HE HAD ADVISED MR. P— NOT TO REMAIN "LONG IN ONE PLACE."

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

O FARQUHAR, hadst thou thought it fit
Six years ago, to give to —
The saving counsel thou hast lately given;
And, if the lad had been so wise
As THEN to follow thine advice,
Thou wouldst have been an ANGEL dropt from heav'n,

To save thy country from the ruin,
Which from that period has been brewing
By wicked, wilful men, who love their places
More than their country, or their King,
Than Church or State, or any thing;
And fastly hold them with unblushing faces.

Ah, had thy counsel THEN prevail'd,
We should not thus have been assail'd
By such an *Iliad* of pernicious measures!—
The nation had not been undone;
We had not seen our setting sun—
Nor spent on idle schemes our blood and treasures!

We should not have, with weeping eyes,
And deep but unavailing sighs,

Seen

Seen Freedom fetter'd by Convention Bills—
We ſhould not have with ſorrow ſeen
Pretended treaſons made a ſcreen
For twenty thouſand nameleſs, REAL ills.

We ſhould not at this moment feel
Wounds which no balſam e'er can heal;
Not even SWAINSON'S SYRUP, though divine:
No, no; oft, often have we bled:
The vital ſtream of life is fled,
And we are in a galloping decline.

Is it too late, Sir Walter, ſay,
To ſtop the courſe of this decay,
That waſtes and undermines our conſtitution?
Or ſhall thine Eſculapian power
Be able to ſtave off the hour
That threatens death and ſpeedy diſſolution?

O quickly all thy *noſtrums* try,
This mid-day devil to defy;
For God's ſake do, we pray thee, good Sir Walter,
In thy preſcription perſevere,
Tell —— to quit his preſent ſphere,
And if that will not do—preſcribe a ———!

THE WONDERFUL BAG.

[From the Morning Herald.]

A STORY has been propagated of a wonderful bag being ſent to Government, the contents of which were *marvellous* beyond all former precedent.

This extraordinary bag was given by a *firſt-rate* man of war, of FIVE HUNDRED GUNS, belonging to *no* nation, to an Engliſh 74, who, ſteering a different courſe from the Engliſh coaſt, gave it in charge to a neutral frigate, who gave it to a merchantman, who put it on board a collier; the collier gave it to a fiſhing-boat,

boat, and the fishing-boat sent it *instantly* to the Admiralty—so says the *wonderful report* of this *wonderful* bag.

The contents of this bag, says one of the purveyors of public news, we understand, were something very extraordinary:—it was *probably* Bonaparte's head—the Abbé Sieyes' spectacles—Madame Tallien's wig—the ears of Barras—or the whiskers of Talleyrand.

A disciple of Aaron Hill was of opinion that it was filled with the *tears* of Suwarrow.

Lady R——conceived it must contain the *breeches* of the President of the Batavian Directory.

Dr. Patrick Duigenan, the Irish orator, declared he had it from good authority that it was FULL of *nothing*.

But at length it was finally concluded by a quidnunc of the Stock Exchange, that it contained—an insurrection in Paris.

However, as the promulgation of the contents of this most wonderful bag is looked upon by the reporters as *premature*, they, with their accustomed *modesty*, beg to be understood not to pledge themselves to any thing that may call in question their *veracity*!!

OBJECT OF THE WAR.

[From the Morning Post.]

EVERY body asks, What is the object of the war? On the authority of Mr. Pitt, I answer,

First, The opening of the Scheldt;
Then, The annexation of Belgium;
Then, For religion and social order;
Then, Jacobinism;

Then,

Then, For the deliverance of Europe;
Then, For a ſolid ſyſtem of finance;
Then, For the Houſe of Bourbon;
Then, To put Bonaparte's government to the teſt;
And, *all along*, to preſerve thoſe miniſters in power who began it.

JOHN BULL.

PERVERSIONS OF THE WORD VIRTUE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I WISH you would recommend to ſome of our moralizing ſtateſmen, to take into conſideration the true meaning and extent of the word *virtue*, which is at preſent ſo extremely confuſed, that it is no wonder the thing itſelf has ſlipt through our fingers. There is, indeed, a prodigious *talk* about virtue; but where we hear once of the virtue of a *man* or *woman*, we hear ten times, and are ſtunned with the virtues of *pills* and *drops*, *razors* and *patent locks*. And this very morning I read in my paper, that we are to take 45,000 Ruſſians into pay by *virtue* of a convention. We hear likewiſe of *virtuous* ſtateſmen, and, as my dictionary informs me that virtue ſometimes means *power*, every one muſt allow that we have ſtateſmen who are virtuous *even to a fault*. Pray, Sir, do recommend theſe matters to the attention of our moraliſts, and reſolve the doubts of

A PLAIN MAN.

ABSURD

ABSURD CUSTOMS.

[From the Freemason's Magazine.]

I HAVE been led into a reflection upon the many uselefs, superfluous, inconsistent, and troublefome customs and ceremonies which still subsist among us in our most social and entertaining meetings; and which are so absurd and ridiculous in themselves, that they rather serve to confound and perplex, than to support the dignity of society, or give consequence to individuals.

True politeness consists in ease, to which good sense is a happy auxiliary. Form and false parade stick close to the ignorant and the vulgar.

I have seen two ladies from Petticoat Lane stand for five minutes curtsying, with "*No, Madam, indeed, Ma'm—'pon my honour—I cannot go first, Madam,*" it raining perhaps all the time: and all this about who should first ascend the step to a greasy hackney coach.

In entering a room, public or private, you will frequently find two old dames, drawn forth in their stiffest silks, wrangling who shall first advance; by which tiresome ceremony the rear is thrown into disorder.

At dinner, again, if the mistress of the house help some lady first, the sweet creature, to show her politeness, will not touch her victuals till the table is served round; by which means she loses the comfort of her dinner, her meat being quite cold before she tastes it; and if any thing better than usual is provided for her, she is sure not to touch it, by way of showing her manners.

I went a few days ago to dine in the country with a lady, who was lately initiated into the mysteries of the carving-knife, which she handles to admiration; and nobody cuts up the wing of a chicken, or parts off the leg of a pigeon, woodcock fashion, with greater elegance

gance and grace than ſhe does; in ſhort, ſhe helps her gueſts to fiſh, fleſh, and fowl, vegetables, puddings, and pies, with that politeneſs, neatneſs, and propriety, that none come to her table but go away ſatisfied and charmed. We had a genteel repaſt, the moſt exquiſite wines, and, what rendered the whole more agreeable, mirth and good-humour, till there remained only, to fill up the chinks, a delicious plum tart and ſome macaroni, with toaſted Parmeſan cheeſe. Here the good lady beginning to cut the tart, was interrupted by another lady, who obſerved that the macaroni and Parmeſan ſhould be eaten firſt. "Dear Madam, I never ſaw ſuch a thing in my life—give me leave"—"O Madam, you ſurpriſe me."—"Nay, Madam, only *ax* the company."—"Pſhaw, Madam!"—Words went very high. The company was unwilling to decide on either ſide, for fear of offending either party. Mr. Joſeph, the butler, was appealed to, who gave it in favour of his miſtreſs.

This only exaſperated the other lady. Her brilliant eyes, which only uſed to dart the fire of love, now flaſhed revenge. Six times in a ſecond the knife and fork were toſſed about. Her fingers began to aim at ſomething which her antagoniſt ſeemed to be aware of, by ſettling the pins in her cap, and drawing her chair a little farther off from her: and here it would have ended, had not a contemptuous ſmile from the miſtreſs of the table been inſupportable; for now the plum tart, the marcaroni, and Parmeſan, all went ſouſe into the lady's face, which from the moſt delicate white became yellow, brown, blue, and of divers hues.

The company all roſe; prayers and entreaties for peace were urged in vain; hands were held, the lady's woman called, hartſhorn, lavender water, towels; and the ladies were both conducted into ſeparate retirements, in order to cool. I ſent next day to know how they did, and find the mighty point of conteſt remains yet

yet *alta mente repoſtum*, as Virgil calls it. But I have ſome hopes hands may be ſhaken, if this dubious matter were determined by better authority than Mr. Joſeph's. I therefore beg leave to ſubjoin the following card:

"To all ladies, miſtreſſes of a polite table, this queſtion is humbly propoſed and ſubmitted, whether fruit pies and puddings ſhould be eaten after or before macaroni and Parmeſan?"

There is another moſt diſſonant and perplexing cuſtom, which is that of drinking healths at table; and we certainly have the beſt reaſon for dropping ſuch a troubleſome cuſtom, when we have ſo good an example in all crowned heads, who, I am informed, never ſuffer ſo teaſing a ceremony among them.

It is my misfortune to viſit ſome houſes where ſix children dine at table; and mamma, to ſhow her good breeding and manners, has taught all her ſqueaking brats to drink every perſon's health at the table; we have therefore nothing in our ears but the dull repetitions of theſe children, to ſhow their obſervance of mamma's dictates.

Drinking of healths does not ſtop here, but in large ſocieties is the peſt of every ſenſible ear; where you will hear a pudding-ſtuffed alderman echo ſome common-councilman's health, and deſire the vibration to be continued ten deep, when a culinary echo is returned of, "*Thank you—thank you—thank you, Sir.*"

I belong to one of the moſt vociferous clubs in town, where, independent of their natural and acquired noiſe, they keep eternally bellowing the preſident's health; ſo that before one mouthful can ſucceed to another, I am continually interrupted with, "*Doctor—Sir, your health!*" For the univerſal peace of every table I mention this, in the hope that an univerſal reformation in the cuſtom may be adopted. Sometimes I have pretended not to hear this offenſive ſalute, in the hope

that thereby I might escape making a reply; when, to my mortification, some formal big-nosed old fellow waited till I was ready, nor would his good manners suffer him to drink till he had received my bow and thanks.

The origin of this custom is traced to the time when the natural enemies of the British islanders were often wounded or murdered by their invaders at the very time the cup was at their mouths: whence the expression of "I pledge you" was introduced; that is, a second person pledged himself for the safety of him who was drinking, and he that took the cup drank health to him who pledged himself for his safety.

Now, since religion and education have rather modelled and reformed us, and that while we are drinking there is no great danger of having one's throat cut, there is no pressing occasion to drink every body's health, as we do not look for any protection at their hands; and therefore I would recommend all my readers to abolish this troublesome and ridiculous custom, in which there is such a repeated sameness.

The French, who have more vivacity, used to carry off these trifles with more grace, and cry with sparkling eyes while they rattled their glasses, *Vive la bagatelle!* John Bull cannot do this; but John Bull will solemnly and dully sit down to his pipe and bowl with a fellow of the same serious liver, and get abominably drunk without any conversation, but the dull repetition of "*Here's to you!*"

As long, therefore, as there is nothing to recommend this stale and insipid custom, I recommend that it be cried down by all parties.

Our good friends in Ireland, I believe, may be more grieved than the rest of the community in parting with this ceremony, as it helps to make out their festivities; for no English gentleman ought to sit at an Irish table without a chronological dictionary. I confess I have been puzzled to know the meaning of their toasts; for they

they rarely give you more for a guide than the day and the year of the event, believing, according to their own warm ſouls, that every body ſhould know thoſe days which proved an univerſal benefit to *dear little Ireland.* When I firſt dined in Ireland, I was charmed with the eaſe and condeſcenſion of the ladies; and the brilliancy of their eyes, and the poignancy of their wit, inſpired me with univerſal admiration. Their convivial ſentiments were new, lively, and applicable, and gave a new zeſt to good claret; but when they withdrew, I ſtared at the maſter of the houſe, who coolly roſe from his ſeat, and locked the door, with the moſt ſolemn and deliberate countenance I ever beheld. This manœuvre confounded me, till he reſumed his chair, when I ſoon found the purport of faſtening the door; for in a veſſel, or moving cellar, ſome dozens of wine were left within his reach. Now, to the pleaſing, innocent ſentiments of the ladies, ſucceeded the moſt profligate and abandoned toaſts, when all the company appeared to be emulous in excelling in the moſt meretricious and debauched ſentiments. Obſcenity was ſucceeded by politics and religion: diſputes upon theſe topics produced quarrels, and a duel or two concluded this barbarous and moſt ſavage bacchanalian debauch.

Our moſt celebrated painters had certainly an eye toward theſe profligate orgies, when they drew thoſe riotous ſcenes of Silenus, the Fauns, and Satyrs; wherein the drunken crew are excellently depicted with the horns and hoofs of the moſt lewd and noxious brutes; by which Titian always meant to ſatirize man, who is a mere brute when drunk. What I mean by theſe obſervations is, to baniſh the ſtale cuſtom of drinking common healths. I would not wiſh to baniſh the toaſt that celebrates a blooming wench, nor forget the hero, or the memorable event. Theſe ſerve to ſtimulate to great and glorious actions; and

they give a zeſt to the wine, which often without them would loſe its flavour, and tire upon the palate:

It is the hero's name and blooming laſs,
That give new flavour to the circling glaſs.

There is yet another cuſtom which, of all others, tires the ſenſes, and ſtupefies the fancy. This is the abſurd parade of aſking ſome pouting Miſs to ſing, who will bear teaſing for a full hour before ſhe complies; and then in a moſt wretched ſquall ſhe diſturbs your ears for an hour: for when once ſet off, ſhe rattles away like the clack of a mill, while all the company are under the neceſſity of praiſing this ſcreaming devil for the very torture ſhe has given them.

Others, again, are plaguing ſome dull he-animal for a ſong, who begins braying in a moſt diſſonant tone, without one requiſite to pleaſe; and if you do not keep renewing your ſolicitation for the continuation of his noiſe, he thinks himſelf uſed very ill.

There are a ſet of men in this town who have a few ſongs ready cut and dried, and are uneaſy till they have ſhot them all off upon the company. ****** is a lad of this kind; he has no converſation; ſo that all the entertainment which you can promiſe yourſelf in his company is the ſongs that he gives you: theſe you muſt keep demanding, until he has twittered away all his ſtock.

Whenever a lady or a gentleman has a fine voice, it is natural to aſk them to ſing, and it is good-natured when they comply; but when the reſolution is made of a whole company ſinging alternately, it is enough to confound one's ſenſes, and make a philoſopher vow that he never will go into the ſociety of men more. Beſides, I have ever made it an invariable obſervation, that theſe ſinging companies in general conſiſt of impenetrable blockheads, who have neither fancy, nor education, nor ſenſe, to furniſh out an evening's entertainment

tertainment with any ſenſible converſation; indeed, wherever *ſuch* ſinging is introduced, it is ſure to deſtroy all converſation; ſo that you are under the neceſſity of proceeding from ballad to ballad till your coach relieves you.

What ear, ye Sirens, can endure the peſt
Of a man roaring like a ſtorm at weſt?
Or who can bear, that hath an ear at all,
To hear ſome hoyden Miſs for ev'nings ſquall?
Give me, ye Gods! my cabin free from care,
And *jugging* nightingales in darkling air.

N.

USEFUL HINTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

NEGLIGENCE ſometimes ſuffers a child to grow up left-handed. But why are we all to be only *right*-handed? The right hand was made ſtronger and more convenient by habit, not by our Creator; the wiſeſt of God's creatures ſuffer habit, when they have two arms, to confine them almoſt totally to the uſe of *one*. Let us copy the ſkilful fencing-maſter, and teach our children the uſe of both arms indiſcriminately. Caſes may be put, in which the left arm, which now ſeems to be fixed to the body only for the ſake of uniformity, may truly ſave the wearer's life.

Every man, in the moment of deep thought, is addicted to ſome particular action. Swift uſed to roll up a ſlip of paper with his finger and thumb. Many people have contracted habits of this ſort, which are diſgraceful; and ſome, even habits of indecency. Beware of bad *habits* as well as bad *company*.

Have you a daughter? Do not chriſten her from novels and romances. Louiſa and Clementina may betray her into ſituations, of which Elizabeth and Mary never dream. Shenſtone thanked God his name was

liable to no pun. Never give your daughter a name which ſentimental writers would prefer to weave into a novel, or "hitch into a rhyme."

When you accoſt a friend, ſtay to anſwer his queſtion, and don't be in the ſame hurry that he is: or you will both aſk the ſame queſtions, and neither of you receive an anſwer.

Liſten to the two gentlemen who have met at the corner of yonder ſtreet. One ſays, "How do you do? I am very glad to ſee you. How do you all do at home?" &c. &c. &c. The other ſays, "How do you do? I am very glad to ſee you. How do you all do at home?" &c. &c.

By the way, "How *do* you *do?* however idiomatic it may be, is a very uncouth phraſe.

When you come, or find yourſelf coming *full butt*, as it is called, againſt another perſon, you endeavour to get out of his way. Let an old man adviſe you not to do ſo. Stand ſtill. He will endeavour to get out of *your* way, and, by your ſtanding ſtill, he will effect it. If you both endeavour to get by at the ſame time, as there are but two ſides, it is an even wager but that you run againſt each other.

I once broke my noſe and ſpoiled a new coat, by encountering a hair-dreſſer thus in St. Paul's Churchyard. Another time I was almoſt killed by getting out of a ſmuggler's way on the Suſſex road. Now, if I am on horſeback, I ride ſtraight forward; if I am on foot, I ſtand ſtock ſtill; by which precautions I have not been knocked down theſe *thirty* years.

If you have occaſion to travel frequently to one place, take all the croſs cuts, and endeavour to find out the neareſt way; but when you make a journey for once and no more, keep the high road—for though it may be the longeſt way, you will get the ſooner to your deſtination.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE TO A COAT.

[From the Morning Post.]

MY OLD FRIEND,

PERMIT me to addreſs you by this reſpectable title, although it be ſcarcely ten months ſince we contracted an intimate acquaintance; but ſuch is now the fragility of the bonds which conſtitute the cloſeſt friendſhip, that I ſee no reaſon for reſiſting ſo ſhort a proof of it, particularly as of all the friends with whom I have formed a connexion within that time, you are the only one who has remained faithful to me. I muſt confeſs, however, it is a long time ſince you loſt that brilliant gloſſineſs, which diſtinguiſhed you on our firſt acquaintance; and though your zeal to ſerve me be undiminiſhed, your phyſical powers have long ſince ceaſed to anſwer your obliging wiſhes. In this reſpect, alas! you are the mere ſhadow of yourſelf. What a variety of circumſtances you bring to my memory! I may well call you *my old friend*.

Notwithſtanding your inconteſtable claim to my gratitude, my dear coat, I am obliged to break off a connexion which I could no longer cultivate, but with injury to myſelf. Do not charge me with ingratitude. You have no reaſon. I ſhall never forget the ſervices you have done me in your youth. If for ſeveral months I was favourably received by a crowd of people *comme il faut*; if I have been invited to fêtes by fine women *du bon genre*; it is to you I am indebted for theſe favours. They found me a man of wit, praiſed my talents, pronounced me a charming fellow. O my coat! all this was the effect of your freſhneſs, of your original gloſs. The tender looks, the ſweet vows that I obtained from Chloe, it is to you I am obliged for them. I ſhall never forget the delightful ball at which you firſt eſſayed your power. Ah! how many heads you made giddy on that night! How many hearts you made ſigh!

Oh!

Oh! he is a charming fellow, there is no withſtanding him, exclaimed each fair one. What a ſhape! How gracefully he dances! Should I ſnatch a moment's reſt! "Would you leave me then!" ſays Eliza to me with a languiſhing look of ineffable ſoftneſs. "Remember you are engaged to me for the next ſet," adds Roſina; "No, no, he promiſed me," ſubjoins Emira —Elvira complains ſhe can never ſee me; Zulme vows ſhe will take no apology, but that I muſt dine with her poſitively the next day. O my coat, my dear coat! never, no never ſhall the moments of pleaſure which you have made me taſte be erafed from my memory.

But, on the other hand, ſince old age has worn off your freſhneſs, has ſoiled and tumbled you, of how many unpleaſant circumſtances have you not been the cauſe? It is not your fault. I know it. Youth vaniſhes like the ſpring. Nothing can eſcape the ravages of him who devours even iron and ſtone. He, yes, he it is, who has deſtroyed the charm which procured you ſo much reſpect and conſideration. But with the ſame zeal we careſs the roſe muſt we ſhun the thorn. Ah, my old friend, how times are changed! No more preſſing invitations aſſail me. No more fêtes, no more careſſes. My wit and talents are no more; I am no longer the charming fellow that I was. Adieu, you tender looks; adieu, you ſweetly breathing wiſhes; adieu, you happy ſighs! the friends whom you made me have ceaſed to know me. If perchance I meet any of them, "Lord! how changed you are," they exclaim. "Have you been ill?"—Alas! I never was better in my life; but for you, you, my old friend, you look ſo miſerable, ſo poor, ſo worn! Among thoſe who do not recollect me, I muſt however except my creditors. As for them, they never knew me better. It was you too who procured me the credit which they offered me, and while your

youth

youth remained, I never saw them; but now their visits distress me—absolutely incommode me. They are the only persons who ever knock at my door. With what a critical eye they examine you! What anxiety in their looks! I dare no longer appear with you, either in the public gardens or in private companies. Should I offer my hand at a ball to a fine woman, or my arm in the street, Madame is always engaged.—Refusals every where, every where disdain and affronts. I can bear them no longer. I have weighed the pleasures against the inconveniencies which you have caused me, and find, alas! the balance on the side of the latter! Therefore, my old friend, we must part;—but without mutual reproaches. Do not fear I shall hand you over to some vile cast clothesman. No, I shall carefully preserve you as a monument to remind me of the manner in which the world dispenses its respect and its disdain.

TOM THREADBARE.

RULES OF HEALTH.

[From the Oracle.]

SIR,

ON looking into the papers for some time past, I could not repress my surprise at observing the various, not to say contradictory recommendations given (as coming from the most eminent physicians) for the preservation of health, and the prevention of those disorders to which the constitutions of the people of England are exposed by the present intense heat of the weather.

"Live *low*," says one; "to keep your blood cool, and prevent the attacks of putrid or malignant fever."

"Live *high*," says another; "for you lose so much by

by perſpiration, that the juices require to be recruited."

"Employ *ſtimulatives*," adds a third, "to counteract that languor and relaxation of the organs to which you are expoſed by the extreme heat of the ſeaſon."

"Drink *water*," cries a fourth; "for it will deſtroy thoſe inſects engendered in the atmoſphere."

"Drink *good old port*," exclaims a ſixth, "to invigorate the ſyſtem, and keep up the tone and action of the ſtomach."

"Put on a *clean ſhirt*," adviſes a ſeventh, "to abſorb the morbid effluvia, act as a detergent, and ſupply the place of waſhing." In ſhort, Sir, there is no end to the variety of their preſcriptions.

Now, Mr. Editor, to adopt all theſe recommendations would be unwiſe; for nothing is more plain, than that they muſt counteract each other; but for my own part, Sir, and *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* there are but two of theſe preſcriptions with which it is poſſible for me to comply (whatever anxiety I may have for the preſervation of my health), viz. that of living *low*, and that of drinking *water*. For the laſt ſixteen years I have been condemned to live, or rather indeed to *ſtarve*, upon the *half-pay* of an *Enſign*; and to ſay the truth, for this or any other ſeaſon to take any *juices* from me, would be ſomething like taking blood from a *turnip*, or, if I may uſe ſo trite an obſervation, "robbing a *highlander* of a *knee-buckle*." If, however, it were poſſible to extract from my *ſkeleton* any thing like *juice*, to talk to me of living *high*, would be much the ſame thing as to adviſe a *modern dramatiſt* to write in the ſtrain of Shakſpeare, or Charles Fox to ſtep into the ſeat of the Premier! Even the luxuries of the *ſoup-ſhops* are denied to me; for though inſtituted for the relief of the ſuffering *poor*, there are enough of thoſe without including us poor gentlemen.

I ſhall

I shall say nothing of *port wine*—that would be ridiculous; nor is it less so to talk of *a change of linen* to a man who has but *one shirt*.—*Shirt!* Why should I give my rag so proud an appellation? Such as it is, I assure you it is a kind of *hydrophobia*, and would fly like a mad dog from the approach of *water*. To tell you a secret, Sir, the last time I attempted to blanch it (and as an *Irishman* I may be allowed to say that I am my own *washer-woman*), I was obliged to wash it in a *net* lest any of its component parts should be lost. This happened *only* three months ago, and since that time I dared not renew the operation. One word in your ear, Sir, before we part. By J——s, I believe were I once to *take off* my shirt, if I may so call it, the devil himself, with all his ingenuity, would be puzzled to *get into it* again.

So much, Sir, for the advice of your physicians, who are no better than *Job*'s comforters to

Your humble servant,

HARDRUN O'WHOOLLOHANE.

P. S. Some people ride out and use every other means they can devise to *get an appetite*. If you could inform me where to *lose one*, I should be much obliged to you.

DRAMATIC MANUFACTORY.

[From the Morning Post.]

MR. EDITOR,

HAS it ever occurred to you that an establishment might be devised of singular advantage to literature, from the *facilities* which it would afford our authors—a *Literary Manufactory*, in which each might be exclusively employed in the department best suited to his genius? Of the joint productions might then be formed

formed one *immenſe magazine*, in which every cuſtomer might find every ingredient neceſſary to form a complete work. In a manufactory of cannon, ay even of pins, each artiſt only attends to a particular branch of the trade. Why then not adopt the ſame method in the caſe of literature; above all, in dramatic productions? Our authors, who rely ſo much upon ſcene-painters, ſcene-ſhifters, &c. cannot ſurely urge diſſimilarity between their and mechanical labours. Even in the ſimple occupation of eating callipaſh, or plum-pudding, ſome men are more dexterous than others, as the Board of Aldermen can teſtify. Boileau ſays—

> La nature fertile en eſprits excellens,
> Sait entre les auteurs partager les talens.

It would be only neceſſary, therefore, to diſcover the particular merit of each, and employ him in the line for which he ſhowed the greateſt aptitude; a conduct well warranted by the Jeſuits, and exemplified in the caſe of the learned mathematician, Chriſtopher Clavius, whom they found a dunce in every other ſcience. One man, for inſtance, has a *fruitful fancy*; he might be ſet upon *inventing* ſubjects. In this department Mazzinghi, Sir Wm. A——, and all our *alarmiſts*, would ſoon make light work of it. Another has a knack at *declamatory ſpeeches*. Here the ſuperior powers of Mr. Pitt place him without a rival. There would, however, be no danger of ſcarcity, as the dexterity of this artiſt alone would always ſupply abundance of theſe materials. The R—v-s's, &c. excel in the conſtruction of *plots*; they ſhould, therefore, be confined to this branch of manufacture. You will find ſome diſtinguiſhed characters employed in the intenſe ſtudy of *crim. con.* and *divorces*. Let them then have the management of the *intrigue* and *denouement*. A man of a ſharp, logical mind, like Mr. Windham, might, with the aſſiſtance of two or three printer's devils, correct

rect the press, to the utter confusion of all *critics*; and as for *rich* and *luxuriant* descriptions of *prisons*, *dungeons*, and *horrible cells*, Governor Aris might be employed with credit to himself and advantage to the proprietors. All these isolated elements should be then ticketed and priced; and accordingly, when a manager wanted a new piece, he would have only to apply to an author for it, as he would to his taylor for a new coat. The book of samples could be produced, and the town accommodated with any thing, from fustian up to superfine, in a moment. What then would your boasted *Pizarro* be to a piece in which Mr. Wilberforce furnished the *morality*, the Bishop of ——— all the *intrigue*, Mr. I. H. Browne the *soliloquy*, and Sir John Mitford all the *digressions*? We should, in such case, no longer see the lame productions which daily disgrace our stage; passable enough, perhaps, in a few points, but glaringly defective in all the rest. No; every work would be a *chef-d'œuvre*, a perfect *galaxy* of stars. We have already *carpet* manufactories, *oil-cloth* manufactories, *candle* manufactories; all essentially connected with the modern drama. Why then not have a *literary* manufactory for the use of the same department?—Do then, Mr. Editor, think of it, in mercy to the public, who, by the opening of the winter theatres, are doomed to suffer so soon from the cruelties and persecution of modern playwrights.

Sept. 1800. A REFORMER.

UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.

[From the same.]

THE public is unacquainted with the dreadful calamities sustained by the burning down a few weeks ago of the house of a pawnbroker. It was stated in

the newſpapers, that all the pledges were deſtroyed; but theſe were ſuppoſed to conſiſt only of the little valuables of the poor ſtarving inhabitants in the neighbourhood. What was our aſtoniſhment, to hear, that, among the articles consumed, were the following:

A fine new 74 gun ſhip, which Lord Lonſdale pledged himſelf to preſent to his country. This veſſel had been kept ſnugly by his Lordſhip, to be launched whenever the Britiſh navy ſhould be reduced to a ſingle line of battle ſhip.

A pair of handſome *jack boots*, in which Lord H——ſb—y pledged himſelf to march at the head of his regiment to Paris. They were made with ſpring-heels, that his Lordſhip's ſtep might be quickened; and the beautiful gloſs they bore had often been rubbed up by the ſpeeches of many a Member of Parliament. Theſe boots were moſt beautifully brightened up in 1794 at the capture of Valenciennes. General Pichegru, ſome years after, was preparing a patent blacking for them at Paris, for which he was ſent to Cayenne; and General Suwarrow made them abſolutely glitter with a jetty black, about eighteen months ago.

A fine child, which a lady of high rank pledged herſelf to produce to her huſband, whether a boy or a girl we have not heard; but the cries of its parents for its loſs are very mournful.

A plan of Parliamentary reform, which Mr. Pitt pledged himſelf to exert his whole influence at all times to paſs through the Houſe of Commons. Of this pledge Mr. Pitt long ago burnt the duplicate, refuſed to pay the intereſt, and of courſe he was determined never to redeem it. The Pawnbroker complains of having been groſsly cheated in this affair.

The watch of a Member of Parliament, by which he kept *time* whenever he pledged himſelf to an appointment or a payment. The loſs of this valuable

monitor has proved very distressing to all the gentleman's friends.

Proofs of plenty, pledged by the Earl of D——y. Most unfortunately, when they were called for by the House of Peers, his Lordship had them not to produce.

The emancipation of the Irish Catholics, pledged by the D— of P——d. Earl Fitzwilliam nobly made sacrifices in attempting to redeem this article, having a great party affection for it; but the Duke having otherways suited himself, refused his consent.

Many pledges of sincerity in wishing for peace, given by our ministers, were destroyed; but the Pawnbroker does not much regret their loss, as he had found himself cruelly deceived in respect to their value; and he believes he could not have sold them for twopence at the Stock Exchange.

A vast number of pledges to the cause of liberty, given by noblemen and gentlemen now enjoying places and pensions, were likewise destroyed; a loss of little importance, as the owners had given full powers to sell them on their entry into office.

DREADFUL EFFECTS OF A LATE STORM.

[From the same.]

THE Stock Exchange rocked like a cradle; and with every gust of wind, particularly when it blew from the French shore, the oscillation of the funds could be compared to nothing but the vibrations of a pendulum.

In every other part of the city the effects of the storm were equally frightful and extraordinary. The hurricane was so great in Cheapside, that a certain henpecked husband could not hear his wife at the distance

of two flights of ſtairs; ſeveral pious Chriſtians were awoke in the very middle of the ſermon from a ſound ſleep in their pews; the beard was actually blown off a Jew in Crutched Friars; and *big* Kemble, as he eſcorted the new Lord Mayor to church, was obliged to put ſtones in his pockets, to prevent his being whiffed away like a quid of tobacco.

In its weſtern courſe its ravages were ſtill more tremendous. In Weſtminſter Hall it blew a ſort of tornado or whirlwind, now at this *point*, now that *point*, and ſo veering through all the points in the compaſs. In ſhort, from its glorious uncertainty and confuſion, its obſtreperous din in ſome places, its buz and murmurs in others, the four Courts might be compared to the caverns of the four bluſtering railers, and each lawyer to another Ulyſſes, with all the winds of heaven in his bag. The Court of King's Bench was kept in conſtant motion, but the motions were all *ex parte*; and hence the breeze there is ſuppoſed to have been a ſort of ſide wind, or, more properly ſpeaking, from its blowing all one way, a kind of *trade* wind, or *monſoon*, which uniformly ſets in at the beginning of every Michaelmas term.

Of minor incidents in this quarter, the liſt is innumerable.

As Mr. W—ndh-m was going into his military ſhop, his old blue *coat* was completely *turned* on his back, and all the *buff* lining torn away. An immenſe quantity of *candle-ends* tumbled out of the pockets, and he was miſtaken for one of his own footmen going to diſpoſe of his perquiſites.

On the coaſt, ſeveral of our men of war were terribly mauled in their rigging, and Mr. P—t, ſuppoſing that the Emperor Paul was come *in propriâ perſonâ*, to inflict vengeance for the inſult to the Daniſh flag, ordered George R—e to prepare a ſubſidy to calm his fury. Amidſt this general devaſtation, it muſt, however,

ever, be confeſſed that it did ſome good; it diſperſed a tumultuous aſſembly in the morning at Kennington Common, and prevented another meeting equally numerous at a methodiſt preacher's in the neighbourhood.

Six outſide paſſengers were blown off the Norwich coach, and taken up *dead*—they were *turkies*.

ADVICE TO AN ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

YOU are to conſider yourſelf as one of the limbs of that noble profeſſion, the head of which takes precedence of all the lay peers in England, and whoſe members have ſwelled the Right Honourables of the Court Calendar more than the navy, army, and the church put together. You ought therefore to imagine yourſelf a man of ſome conſequence, eſpecially during term time, and are entitled to act accordingly.

For this purpoſe you muſt affect to be very familiar with the names of the leading counſel, and ſhould quote your friends Erſkine, Mingay, and Scott, upon all occaſions. As you have then but a ſtep between you and the bench, after the ſecond pint, I ſee no good reaſon (as I am ſure that you are equally well acquainted with them) why you may not make free with your old friends Kenyon and Loughborough. A ſmutty ſtory told you on the circuit by W—s, or a little anecdote about Lord Thurlow, if accompanied with a few oaths, a dark complexion, and a protruſion of the eyebrows, will give you ſome conſequence at a Sunday ordinary.

If your maſter—I beg your pardon, your employer—be of a lazy diſpoſition, you alſo may indulge yourſelf of a morning: no gentleman ſhould be in office before ten o'clock, more eſpecially if the fumes of his laſt

overtaker of Burton ale have not evaporated, or if he has fatigued himſelf during the preceding evening by his legal exertion, in mimicking any of the twelve judges.

In the moments of relaxation, more eſpecially during the long vacation, you will find a conſtant ſource of amuſement in making love to the daughter of the attorney with whom you live. As a ſymbol of your conſtancy, you may write the firſt letter on parchment in a ſtrong engroſſing hand. If ſhe has been much uſed to her father's clerks, you may indulge in the Saxon character, or black letter, as you need not then be in any fear of a diſcovery from the mother or ſervants—or perhaps, good man! even from the father himſelf.

An intrigue of this kind will anſwer two purpoſes; for, firſt, it will divert your mind after the fatigues of buſineſs; and, ſecondly, it will moiſten your lips after the dry ſtudy of the law, as you will be always certain of a cup of tea, when mamma happens to be engaged at Mrs. Latitat's rout, and papa is drinking his crank at Nando's with an officer of—the four counties.

If you have been but a ſhort time in the buſineſs, perhaps your own heart, or, more likely, a friend from the country, may reproach you with baſeneſs and ingratitude; in ſuch a caſe, be ſure to affirm with boldneſs—for without boldneſs, and even braſs, what figure can you make in the profeſſion?—that attornies' clerks have a right to court attornies' daughters, by immemorial cuſtom; and then jocularly add, that you have not only precedent, but even law, on your ſide; for Jacob and Lord Coke both aſſert, "that cuſtom is the ſoul of the common law."

There is one lucrative part of your buſineſs, which I would ſpecially recommend to you. If you come from Norfolk, or indeed any of the game counties, you muſt undoubtedly know what a ſetter is. Be ſure, when

when you have got a writ to execute for a generous plaintiff, to make yourself acquainted with the person of the defendant, the coffee-house he frequents, the residence of his mistress, &c. so that by means of this intelligence you will be able to point with such staunchness to an ignorant or shamefaced bailiff, if ever in the course of a long practice you should meet with such a phenomenon, that he may be able to spring the forlorn partridge at a moment's notice, and bag him till the next insolvent act.

If, during the sittings at Westminster, you should happen, either by the absence or indisposition of your principal, to be intrusted, like Judas, with the bag (indeed some of the commentators have affirmed that his, like the lawyers', was of the blue damask), in such a case you will have no merit, unless you exactly resemble your great prototype. I would therefore advise you to look over the paper of causes, and about the middle of the one immediately preceding yours, to hop off with some other fellow-labourer in the vineyard, to the Exchequer coffee-house, and there, over a beef-steak and a bowl of punch, wish better success to your client next term—at his own expense. You can never be in want of a good excuse for your conduct; the counsel were not prepared—the witnesses were not in the way—and, if you are hard pushed, you may swear that the judge was in an ill humour, and that you chose rather to be nonsuited, than lose your cause irretrievably.

If the client is rich, you may tip your employer the wink, and he will back you with a thousand cases in point, as he cannot in conscience be angry with the nursing a fat cause for six months longer, which, had not your prudence interfered, the Lord Chief Justice might have weaned immediately.

And after having acquired the learning—which some silly people define to be the quirks and quibbles of your trade—

trade—you will undoubtedly have ſome thoughts of ſetting up for yourſelf; as it will therefore be neceſſary to frequent good company on the ſcore of practice, I would adviſe you to dine at the Go, drink ale and ſmoke at the Blue Roarer, ſup at the Glue, and take your morning coffee at the Finiſh.

THE FOLLY OF NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN PAYING THEIR DEBTS.

IT muſt give every Engliſhman infinite ſatisfaction, when he conſiders what a progreſs arts and ſciences, and politeneſs of every kind, have made among us ſince the days of honeſt Queen Beſs; nay, it would not a little add to his ſatisfaction, to look back even upon the reign of King Charles II. which has been ſo much celebrated for one continued ſcene of wit and gaiety, and reflect how ſuperior we are, through every rank of men, to our anceſtors of the laſt century. But among all the improvements we have made, there is one, which, while it diſtinguiſhes our country from the reſt of Europe, ſets proper bounds at the ſame time between the well-bred patrician and the mechanic multitude; I mean that admirable invention of being ſupplied with the neceſſaries and ſuperfluities of life, without the expenſe of a ſingle farthing. This is a thing which many a great man has long ſighed after; for though it has been approved of in theory many ages, yet a certain obſolete cuſtom, and the prejudice of education, have, till within theſe few years, prevented ſo noble a ſcheme from being put in execution. But as all things, from the moſt eſſential to the moſt minute, are regulated by faſhion, this admirable art is at length eſtabliſhed by the general conſent of the nobility and gentry; and that it may not be debaſed like other

other fashions, by descending to the mob, the legislature has very prudently taken care to reserve it as a peculiar privilege to themselves by Parliamentary authority *. But as innovations of all kinds, let them be ever so productive of public utility, generally meet with opposition; so there are at present a few among the quality, who either through a tenacious disposition of habit, a stubborn opposition to the court, or an unaccountable frenzy that has seized them, still persevere in the old road of paying; and annually throw away vast sums in the unnecessary discharge of what is commonly called lawful debts. However, as the number of these is very small, and daily decreases, I hope no inconvenience will accrue from their obstinate dissension; yet, lest vulgar error should invest such people with characters to make them the objects of admiration, and consequently imitation, to the young nobility, I think it the duty of one who wishes well to that body, to expose the absurdity of such a proceeding, and to warn the unexperienced against this enthusiasm. I call it enthusiasm, because these schismatics plead conscience and an inward calling, that instigates them to these ungentleman-like, as well as unsociable actions.

In the first place, I must deviate a little from my subject, to make a proper distinction between two things, which have been confounded of late on purpose by this party, to advance their doctrine, viz. Honour and Honesty. Now they have long argued in vain, and used many sophistical reasons, to prove that the punctual observance of one constitutes the other; whereas a little insight into the present age will clearly demonstrate, that they not only can, but do actually

* Alluding to the privilege of members of either House, from being arrested for their debts.

exist

exist separately and independent of each other. For instance, honour is not that little pitiful thing it has long been taken for, of servilely keeping a promise, paying debts, &c. No, 't is of a more high and aerial extraction. Honour runs in the blood, nods under the coronet, and is enrolled in the patent; and in that shape is transmitted unalienable to posterity, from generation to generation. My Lord's ancestors had titles, and he and his offspring are persons of honour, in spite of any dirty mechanic's uncrossed shop-book among them. This is honour, and appears at court in the greatest lustre; whilst Honesty, the paltry inhabitant of a cottage, has no manner of business in a palace; and if by chance any of the above-mentioned faction invite her there, they are looked upon as men who delight in low company, and are stigmatized and avoided accordingly.

I would have, therefore, our young people of quality, who are desirous of being esteemed polite, persons of honour and high breeding, be particularly careful not to be influenced by the precepts or examples of such antiquated bigots; for paying debts now-a-days, is looked upon as a great mark of honesty, which, I dare say, people of their rank and education would industriously fly from if they knew it, as it is become in some measure incompatible with honour. Long bills and no receipts ought to be an inseparable mark of a patrician, as the coronet upon the coach; and the different degrees of dignity should be distinguished, by the number of duns at his Lordship's doors, as they are, by the spots in the ermine upon the parliamentary robes. But there is a farther advantage accruing from this honourable art, more than ornamental, which has hitherto been entirely overlooked; that is, the vast power that it will by degrees place in the hands of the aristocracy, by making so many dependants upon them; for in case of an invasion, every baron may by this means

means be enabled to raiſe a regiment or two in twenty-four hours, by calling his creditors about him; which ſervice they would not ſo willingly enter into, if they were made rich and ſaucy by frequent payments.

As I have already ſaid enough for the inſtruction of theſe illuſtrious debtors, I think it is my duty to give a word or two of advice to the plebeian creditors: for I have been informed that the progreſs of this art has lately been often obſtructed, by their ill-timed impatience, ill-conducted manner of dunning, and want of mercantile faith. And ſince they have ſo far forgot their duty, I ſhall take upon me to remind them of it, and preſcribe proper rules for their behaviour in this reſpect for the future. Faith, ſilence, and patience, ſhould be the characteriſtics of a tradeſman, and every one ought to write the names of theſe three virtues in golden letters over his counter: the one will dictate to him to give proper credit; the ſecond will prevent him from making uſe of any impertinent expreſſion when he attends the levee; and the third will inure him to the diſappointment of "Mr. Such-a-one, I'll pay you to-morrow:" for procraſtination is now a conſtant attendant on the great, and with them, as Shakſpeare ſays,

> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day;

and tradeſmen ought no more to expect their money, than my lord or my lady intends to pay it. 'T is ſufficient honour to be employed by them, and the name of a Right Honourable ſhould ſtand for no more in their day-books, than the arms upon the ſign-poſt, to draw in other cuſtomers. If ſhopkeepers and mechanics would practiſe this part of their duty, I dare ſay a perpetual harmony would be eſtabliſhed between the court and the city, and thoſe opprobrious names with which they brand each other would be entirely abo-

liſhed;

liſhed; but while the dirty ſhoes of Ludgate Hill and Covent Garden preſume to pollute the ſtairs at St. James's, the citizens can never reaſonably expect to be countenanced; nay, perhaps, if they carry their impertinence a little farther, that uſeleſs thing they live by, called Trade, may, in a ſecond improvement of politeneſs, be baniſhed the kingdom.

PHILARETES.

THE LAND OF NINEVEH;

A FRAGMENT.

By Sir John Sinclair.

AND there lived a king in the land of Nineveh, who ruled the country in peace; and he diſtributed his favours among his people, giving to one great authority, and to others ſituations of emolument; but no man was oppreſſed thereby, for he gave but his own, and what the laws of the land permitted.

And his nobles confederated together, and ſaid, "Why ſuffer we this thing? This man placeth over us whom he liſteth, and giveth away what he pleaſeth to others, and pays no proper reſpect to our claims: let us endure it no longer: let us diſplace him: let us divide his poſſeſſions and authority amongſt us, and we ſhall be happy." And they did ſo; and the king fled, and lived in another country, and the nobles returned triumphing each to his own home.

And the huſbandmen of the country heard this, and they aſſembled together, and ſaid, "Behold, the king that reigned over us has fled, and his nobles have ſeized every thing he had, and they claim the inheritance of the land. What giveth them a right to do ſo? What mattereth their wax or their parchments? The land is ours, for we till it, and we will pay them their heavy exactions

exactions no more." And the nobles were few in number, and no man could truſt another, and they fled, and the huſbandmen took each man the land he poſſeſſed, and he kept it as his own, and he lived in his own houſe rejoicing.

And theſe huſbandmen had many ſervants, who were employed in tilling the land; and the ſervants ſaid unto one another, "Whence cometh this? the king that reigned over us has fled, and his nobles are driven from their eſtates, and the huſbandmen poſſeſs the ſoil, and they claim the whole land as their own. But what right have they to do ſo? Where are their deeds or parchments? Are their titles an atom better than ours? Let us then join together, let us drive theſe wicked men from our bounds, and let us divide the land among us." And they did ſo, and the huſbandmen fled every where, and none of them retained a ſpot of the land they had formerly poſſeſſed; and the ſervants ſaid, "There is none now to conteſt with us, we ſhall ſoon become rich and happy; we formerly tilled the land of others, we ſhall now cultivate our own."

And behold, in the cities of that country there dwelt perſons profeſſing different occupations; and theſe perſons met together, and ſaid, "What is this that we hear? The king that reigned over us has fled, and his nobles are baniſhed from the land, and the huſbandmen are driven from amongſt us, and their ſervants are now poſſeſſors of the ſoil? Why ſhould this be ſuffered? We live in crowded cities—we breathe unwholeſome air; we toil for others more than for ourſelves; we can procure but a bare ſubſiſtence. Let us join and act together. Our enemies are ſcattered over the face of the land. We will ſoon drive them before us, and enjoy their poſſeſſions in peace." And they aſſembled together, and took arms, and went againſt the ſervants

of the husbandmen, and drove them out of the country, and those who resisted they put to death.

And the men of occupation now possessed the whole land; and they said, "Let us divide it equally amongst us, that none may have more than his neighbour, and that all may share alike." And they quarrelled about the division, and no man was satisfied with what he got; and they had no means of cultivating the soil, and they had no skill to do it, and famine spread over the land, and they wept bitterly, and said, "When we had no land, we got what it produced in abundance; and now we have land, it yieldeth us nothing:" and they cried, "Give us some bread to eat."

And the Lord saw what the people had suffered, and how much they had repented of their transgressions; and he had compassion upon them, and he sent a prophet to announce to them the way in which they should walk; and the prophet said unto them, "Let the men of occupation return to their professions, by the exercise of which they obtain their share of the produce of the soil. Let the servants labour for their masters, that the earth may be duly cultivated. Let the husbandmen hire their land from those who lawfully inherit it, for no man must possess the territory of another without his consent. Let the nobles be restored to their property, and they will watch over the interests of the state. Let the king be re-established on his throne, that he may protect his people from injury. And let property be held sacred, the sure basis of the prosperity of a state, AND ALL SHALL BE WELL." And it was so; and the people blessed the Lord, and said, "Now we see what is good for us, and how alone a multitude of people can dwell together." And they lived happily and increased in numbers, and all the neighbouring nations rejoiced with them.

ST.

ST. FRANCIS: A REPARTEE.

A CORDELIER, preaching on the merits of St. Francis, exalted him, in his discourse, above all the other saints in the calendar. After exaggerating his merits, he exclaimed, "Where shall we place the seraphic father, St. Francis? He is greater in dignity than all other saints. Shall we place him among the prophets? Oh! he is greater than the prophets. Shall we place him with the patriarchs? Oh! he is greater than the patriarchs."—In like manner he exalted him above the angels, archangels, cherubim, seraphim, virtues, thrones, dominions, and powers; and still he exclaimed, "Where then shall we place him? Where shall we place this holy saint?" A sailor in the church, tired with the discourse, stood up and said, "If you really don't know where to place him, you may place him in my seat; for I am going."

THE CASE OF TITUS DRIPPING.

[From the Freemason's Magazine.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I KNOW not how far the representation of grievances in the monthly magazines has a tendency to give relief; but from its being frequently done, I am apt to conceive that some benefit arises from it, although the evil complained of may not be altogether removable. There is something in the very communication of grief which gives a temporary ease to the burdened mind, and procures the sufferer often the satisfaction of knowing, that there are others in a similar or a worse state than himself.

Without farther preface, then, know ye by these presents, that before the month of June, one thousand

ſeven hundred and ninety-nine years, no man was more happy in his family than myſelf—no family enjoyed a greater portion of bodily health and earthly happineſs; but it happened very unfortunately at that period, namely, June 1799, that my whole family were ſeized with diſorders which they had never been afflicted with before. My wife and three daughters were poſſeſſed with a ſhort cough, want of breath, and decay of appetite; my two ſons had all the ſymptoms of a conſumptive tendency, except the outward ones, for their looks and appetites were as uſual, but they complained often of a cough, and imagined that the ſmoke of the town affected their lungs.

There were ſeveral circumſtances in theſe diſorders which puzzled me extremely.

In the firſt place, it was very ſingular that my whole family ſhould be affected, and nearly with the ſame ſymptoms, while I remained without the leaſt complaint, and notwithſtanding I lived in the ſame houſe, breathed the ſame air, ate and drank of the ſame eatables and drinkables, and was always with my family. My medical knowledge is not to be boaſted of; but from what little I had read, this phenomenon appeared to me very ſingular.

Secondly. There was another circumſtance which appeared to me more wonderful than the former, and that was, that all the ſymptoms of diſorders in my family were exaſperated on my appearance. Not a ſingle hem nor cough was heard until I came into the room, nor did ever any of my neighbours remark that any thing was the matter with my wife and children. This appeared to me very ſtrange: the moment I entered the room, I was ſaluted with a full chorus of coughing, accompanied, or rather followed, by ſuch wheezing, deep ſighs, and groans, as are only to be heard in an hoſpital; whereas the moment I left the room, health and quiet were reſtored. This, I con-

ſeſs,

fefs, made me look upon myself as a peftiferous fellow, a walking Pandora's box, diffufing difeafe around me, although (which made the miracle the greater) I could perceive no fuch infection pafs from me in any place, but where my own family were. On remarking this to my wife, fhe affured me that I muft be miftaken; but I have reafon, as you fhall foon hear, to believe what I have told you was ftrictly true.

Thirdly. I remarked that the diforders my family were afflicted with came on fuddenly; in one evening, indeed, after their being in company with a neighbouring family, where, as I well remember, the converfation turned upon watering-places, and what a fweet place Margate was.

To make as fhort of my ftory as poffible, the complaint increafed, and I thought it prudent to fend for my family phyfician, who, after being clofeted with Mrs. Dripping for about a quarter of an hour, gave it as his opinion, that a month or fix weeks refidence at one of the watering-places was the only thing likely to be of fervice to my family. I cheerfully acquiefced; for what would not a tender father do in fuch a cafe to procure relief to the wife and children of his beft affections? Had I been obliged to fell all, I would have cheerfully done it to fave the lives of thofe fo dear to me. I was the more anxious to comply with the doctor's advice, as, from what I inform you above, I had reafon to believe that I was the caufe of their ailments, and for that reafon would have declined accompanying my family, had not my wife, on a fecond confultation with the doctor, perfuaded me that there was no danger. Well, away we went to Margate; my family bore the journey wonderfully—and before we had been twenty-four hours at Benfon's, not a fingle complaint remained; the cough and all other fymptoms vanifhed. Wonderful proof of the falutary power of the fea air, and for which I hope I fhall always entertain

a proper respect for watering-places, particularly Margate.

The month being expired, and no appearance of complaint remaining, I proposed to return home; but my wife and daughters represented the dangers of a relapse in such frightful colours, that I was prevailed upon to stay another fortnight; and that over, we set out for town. The expense of this wonderful cure, however, was so very considerable, that I heartily prayed we might never be afflicted beyond the reach of London doctors and apothecaries, whose fees and bribes were nothing to what I paid at the watering-place.

During the remainder of the year, and the whole winter and spring following, namely, to June 1800, my family enjoyed perfect health; but, alas! one day in that fatal month, they were all seized with the old complaints, attended with the same singular symptoms relating to myself, as before mentioned. The doctor was sent for again. The doctor prescribed a *repetatur* of the same medicine, and six weeks more at Margate completed the cure a second time. A whole apothecary's shop would not have cost the price of this second cure.

Health, however, returned, and continued again until last June, when our diseases recommenced with uncommon violence. But experience having given me now a little insight into this annual disorder, I am determined to follow the doctor's prescription. My family shall swallow his powders, his boluses, his pills, his juleps, his electuaries, and his potions; but I cannot afford to pay for such *materia medica* as raffles, fine lodgings, balls, whist-tables, and Dandelion dances.

But, alas! what is the resolution of man? My wife and children, particularly the girls, have become worse and worse every day: the cough tears their lungs; the smoke of London is more offensive now than ever; and, in a word, it shocks me to enter my own dining-room, where

where my dinner is ſpoiled every day by the moving accounts I hear of family diſeaſes, all of which are imputed to my obſtinacy in not permitting them to viſit Margate in the courſe of the laſt ſummer. To put an end to domeſtic complaints for the preſent, I have promiſed that they ſhall viſit Margate next year; though, in the preſent perilous times, I am ſure the profits of my trade will hardly be adequate to the expenſes of the journey. Thus circumſtanced, let me beg from you, or ſome of your correſpondents, advice how to regulate my conduct. I am, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours truly,

TITUS DRIPPING.

FASHIONABLE FAIRS.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

IN Piccadilly, at the Dutcheſs's, *dancers* have been plentiful, and they went off very well.

Tattlers were in great requeſt; but *ſpectators* hung very heavily on the market.

Nobles have been much wanted at Mrs. M—'s, and Mrs. Th—'s. The fear of a ſtoppage being put to the importation of them from Ireland has greatly heightened the demand.

There is a great ſcarcity of *patriots* in Weſtminſter, moſt of them having been bought up by certain great monopolizers. At Weſtminſter Hall, however, *tongues* never were in greater abundance, nor *fees* more rare.

Characters are in general requeſt all over London; but thoſe for the city muſt be very different from thoſe for the weſt end of the town.

Pigeons are extremely ſcarce at the weſt end of the town, and thoſe that come to market are poor and of little

little value. And yet every market is overstocked with *rooks*.

Wits were rather scarce at Mrs. W——'s last week, and the demand for them continues to increase. *Beauties* were plentiful, and very *dear* to *admirers*.

Puppies and *loungers* are quite drugs upon the *Bond-Street market*, and in general they are of very little value, though they too often cost a great deal—to their *taylors*.

CROSS READING OF A NEWSPAPER.

THIS morning the Right Hon. the Speaker——
was convicted of keeping a disorderly house.

Lord C——— took his seat in the House——
and was severely handled by the populace.

Several changes are talked of at court;
consisting of 9040 triple bob-majors.

'T is said that a great opposition is intended;
——Pray stop it, and the party———

A certain commoner will be created a peer.
†‡† No greater reward will be offered.

Last night a most terrible fire broke out,
and the evening concluded with the utmost festivity.

At a very full meeting of common-council
the greatest show of horned cattle this season.

An indictment for murder is preferred against
the worshipful company of apothecaries.

Removed to Marybone, for the benefit of the air,
The city and liberties of Westminster.

set out on his travels to foreign parts.
Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

The

The Freemasons will hold their annual grand lodge.
N. B. The utmost secrecy may be depended on.

Yesterday the new Lord Mayor was sworn in,
and burnt with dreadful fury; but no lives were lost.

On Tuesday last an address was presented—
it happily missed fire, and the villain made off.

A fine turtle, weighing upwards of eighty pounds,
was carried before the sitting Alderman.

Sunday a poor woman was suddenly taken in labour,
the contents whereof have not yet transpired.

ACCOUNT OF A NEW PANTOMIME.

[From the Morning Herald.]

THIS bastard species of theatrical amusement has been criticised by our dramatic censors, perhaps too severely, as being incapable of gratifying tastes superior to those of tradesfolk, or children in the holidays. Exhibitions of this nature ought not, however, to be condemned *in toto*. There are a few that merit exemption from so general a censure; such, for instance, are those in which an interesting story may be expressed and understood by action only; and among this kind may be reckoned the pantomime of "*Robinson Crusoe*." But that sort deserves the highest praise, which, to a story deeply interesting, adds the most wonderful feats of action, the most ingenious machinery, and the sublimest scenery. Of this last and most perfect species of pantomime, we never had it in our power to notice an example before the present famous piece, entitled

HARLEQUIN

HARLEQUIN IN ITALY,

OR

A FLIGHT OVER THE ALPS.

We proceed to give our readers a brief ſketch of the plot, characters, and ſcenery of this extraordinary repreſentation. To impreſs a juſt idea of the merits and celebrity of the reſpective performers, collected as they have been from every nation in Europe, it is only neceſſary to preſent the following rôle of the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Harlequin by	PRESTISSIMO BONAPARTE;
The Magician by	LE PERE SEE-EYES;
Sempervivo, Harlequin's Friend	Signor MESSINO;
Columbine's Father,	Monſ. LA REVOLUTIONAIRE;
Columbine's Suitor,	The Baron FRANCISCUS;
Pantaloon,	Count PAULO PUGIVITZ;
Scaramouch,	The Chevalier SWALLOWALL:
The Clown by the famous	Sieur PITTO;
Punchinello (the Clown's Man)	Miſter M'DUNDERASS;
Columbine, by the celebrated	Donna VICTORIA.

This pantomime at the opening does not very materially differ from others. Columbine, wearied with the importunities of ſuitors, of whoſe addreſſes, notwithſtanding the imperious commands of her father, ſhe cannot approve, chooſes for herſelf, in the excurſions of fancy, an imaginary lover, with whom ſhe becomes enamoured, even before he has exiſtence. The Magician, knowing the ſtate of her mind by his art magic, waves his wand, calls up his familiars, and gives birth to a Harlequin exactly ſuited to her inclinations. Here a variety of ſcenes are exhibited, *en ombres Chinoiſes*, before the actual developement of the drama. By theſe Harlequin is underſtood to have obtained a temporary poſſeſſion of Columbine. The fair fugitive

fugitive becomes wanton and capricious, and longs for a Mamlouck; upon which Harlequin begins his feats and adventures.—Harlequin performs his first spring from the feet of the Alps to the island of Malta, and from the island of Malta to the land of Egypt. This amazing jump reminds the classical reader of the hop, step, and leap that Neptune makes in the Iliad, from Samothracia to Troy:

"From realm to realm three ample strides he took."

Harlequin's adventures in Egypt form a brilliant display of scenery and machinery. There, like his predecessor St. George, he encounters several terrible Saracens, and sundry fiery dragons. The Clown, however, who, as in other pantomimes, is the head and soul of Harlequin's enemies and pursuers, finds a way, some how or other, *haud passibus æquis*, to come up with him; upon which the Clown, who is himself a conjurer, and very clever withal, brings forward a trained crocodile, which he sets at Harlequin, exactly as a butcher sets his dog at a bull. The monster is then seen to open his enormous jaws, to make a snap at Harlequin, and, in fine, to swallow him up at a mouthful. The Clown then turns about to the audience, and laughs, and all the audience laugh with him.—Poor Harlequin being thus disposed of, to all appearance for ever, the scene changes to the Alps, and exhibits Columbine's adventures in the absence of Harlequin. There she is several times entrapped by the lover she detests; but, by the assistance of Harlequin's sprightly friend, Sempervivo, she contrives to escape. The Lover finding himself likely to be foiled, calls in Pantaloon, and his man Scaramouch, to his assistance. Pantaloon makes his *debut*, mounted on a tall pair of stilts (concealed by his long pantaloons), in order to appear grand. Scaramouch, however, is a much more formidable personage; he is furnished with an immensely

menſely fierce pair of muſtachoes, and flouriſhes in either hand a huge carving knife and fork, with which he threatens to cut up and eat all the little children he can meet with. Sempervivo, no ways intimidated, performs a thouſand aſtoniſhing capers; he ſkips about from Alp to Alp like a Shamoy goat, and exceeds Harlequin himſelf in ſome of his vaulting: in fine, he reſcues Columbine from Pantaloon, ſends him off with a flea in his ear, ſhaves the whiſkers of Scaramouch, and drives him blubbering after his maſter. At laſt the Clown and the Lover lay their heads together; by the aſſiſtance of a black knight, they once more recover Columbine, and ſhut up Sempervivo in an enchanted caſtle. Here then the audience are led to ſuppoſe that the piece muſt conclude, and that Columbine will be compelled to marry the lover of her father's choice. But now comes the *denouement* of the plot, which ſtrikingly evinces the ſuperior excellence of this pantomime above every other; inaſmuch as ſupernatural or miraculous methods are never employed, until nothing can be effected by ordinary means: the contriver thereby ſtrictly adhering to the precept of Horace,

Nec deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus.

The ſtage repreſents a ſcene at once beautiful and ſublime — of the Alpine coaſt of the Mediterranean. Enter the Magician from between two rocks, *ſolus*, and in all his awful paraphernalia; his San-Benito cap on his head; his white wand in his hand; his ſable robe, and his venerable beard, "ſtreaming like a meteor in the troubled air." He waves his wand over the ſea, and begins his magical incantations; when, behold! an immenſe and terrific ſea-monſter is ſeen ſwimming towards him. In ſhort, this monſter proves to be the identical crocodile that had ſwallowed up Harlequin in Egypt, and he now vomits him up ſafe and ſound on the ſhore. After all, this ſurpriſing incident does not

ſhock

ſhock probability very much. We have the beſt precedent for it in Jonah and the whale. By the by, it might have been a crocodile, and not a whale, that was concerned in the affair of Jonah. The text ſimply mentions "a great fiſh," but of what genus, commentators have not yet been able to agree. Harlequin, like a fly eſcaped from a cobweb, having cleanſed himſelf from the gaſtric juice of the crocodile, prepares to take "flight o'er the Alps," to recover Columbine, and to releaſe his friend Sempervivo from the enchanted caſtle. Here the ſcenery of the piece produces the moſt awful and intereſting effect. Harlequin is ſeen, ſometimes gliding like a meteor among the Glaciers, ſometimes aſcending the ſnowy pinnacles of the mountains, and ſometimes opening for himſelf a paſſage through the perpendicular rocks of granite by a ſtroke of his ſword. In fine, he arrives at the ſcene of action in leſs time than would be required circumſtantially to deſcribe the journey. He now becomes invincible. He completely baffles the black Knight, the Lover, the Clown, and the Clown's man, releaſes his friend Sempervivo from the enchanted caſtle, and carries off Columbine in triumph.

Such is the general outline of this celebrated pantomime; in which, however, many ſubordinate characters and intereſting epiſodes are introduced: but theſe could not be conveniently noticed without breaking the thread of the narrative.

In this piece the contraſt of characters and the whimſicality of ſituations are very remarkable. In other pantomimes, the actor who plays the part of the Clown, is generally equal, if not ſuperior in agility to the Harlequin; becauſe, to perform theſe practical blunders it requires more real addreſs than for feats of mere activity. But the ſource of amuſement in this piece ariſes from the downright and ſincere attempts of the Clown to rival the gambols of Harlequin, the ſaid

Clown being crippled with the gout. For inſtance, when Harlequin takes his ſurpriſing leap acroſs the Mediterranean, the Clown, in imitation, attempts a running leap over a ditch, but not knowing his ground he ſinks up to his neck in a bog-hole, in which he would have been infallibly ſmothered, if Harlequin had not run to his aſſiſtance, and dragged him out in a curious pickle. At another time, when Harlequin jumps on the top of the Alps, the Clown eſſays to leap out of a ferry-boat on a rock; he jumps ſhort, however, and breaks his noſe and ſhins. But if the Clown be awkward on land, he is wonderfully active on water. Put him in a wherry, with a ſculler in each hand, and he'll ſhoot the falls of Niagara.

There is one remarkably droll incident in this entertainment: Harlequin, at one time, wiſhing to accommodate differences, ſends his propoſals to the Clown, on two ſcrolls of papyrus, by way of compliment. The Clown, however, to ſhow his contempt, converts them to a very curious kind of uſe. Afterwards, Harlequin gets poſſeſſion of the two ſcrolls, plentifully bedaubed, and makes the Clown eat them. This laughable circumſtance, notwithſtanding, appears to have been borrowed either from the choleric Fluellin making Ancient Piſtol eat up the leek, in Henry the Fifth, or from the Sieur Folliot's ſwallowing the enormous carrots, which ſo much delighted the galleries, in Harlequin and Oberon. Punchinello is a very amuſing perſonage; there is a ſtrain of ſhrewdneſs obſervable in all his blunders, and, as your dramatic Drawcanſirs "out-herod Herod," ſo Punchinello out-clowns the Clown.

We regret to notice that this pantomime is likely to have but a ſhort run. The principal performer has ſo well ſucceeded, that, like his predeceſſor Rich, he is about to turn manager; and the other performers, though

though excellent in their way, are all in embarraſſed circumſtances; ſo much ſo, that ſome of them muſt be contented to take refuge in the Fleet.

OPINION OF MYSELF AND MY ENEMY.

OPINION OF MYSELF!	OPINION OF MY ENEMY!
Benevolent endeavours.	Perſevering hoſtility.
Unremitting ſolicitude.	Unprovoked aggreſſion.
Ardent deſire for eaſe.	Boundleſs ambition.
Benevolent intentions.	Unwarranted inſinuations.
Reaſonable and equal grounds.	Unfounded reproaches, frivolous and offenſive.
Temperate and conciliatory conduct.	Unprecedented demands.
Explicit and detailed propoſals.	Inveterate hoſtility.
Deſire for peace.	Inadmiſſible demands.
Pacific overtures.	Undiſguiſed impatience.
Earneſt wiſhes.	Aggravated conduct.
Moderate principles.	Freſh inſult.
Reſources of the kingdom.	Unexampled outrage.
Favour of Providence.	Inſurmountable obſtacles.
Vigorous application.	Oſtentatious profeſſion.
Independence of the country.	Inſidious and illuſory.
Proſperity of my empire.	Extravagant and inadmiſſible.
Channels of induſtry.	Preliminary.
Preſervation of the conſtitution.	Undiſguiſed ambition.
Undiſturbed religion.	Evident and fixed hoſtility.
Liberties and laws.	Repeated provocations.
	Implacable animoſity.
	Inſatiable ambition.
	Aſſumed ſuperiority.

THE WIMBLEDON DINNER: A SATIRE *.

IN THREE PARTS.

By Mr. Thomas Fool.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

PART I.

AT Wimbledon with Hal Dundas
Sat William Pitt at dinner:
To ev'ry bit he gulp'd a glaſs—
He did, as I 'm a ſinner!
To make them drink and make them eat
Was ev'ry zeſt provoking;
And, ere well clos'd the dainty treat,
Thus Willy got to joking:—

"A lively crab that turtle was,
A taſty bird that pheaſant;
When Thurlow held the ſeals, he poz
Had never better preſent.
Thoſe ſoles were good; without a hum
I 've taſted none for ages;
I Moira ſent to buy me ſome—
I think at Melcomb-Regis."

Then call'd he out—"Step hither, Roſe!
Reeves, Spencer, Steele, and Windham!
We 've uſe," adds he, "for tools like thoſe,
And therefore I ſo kind am."
As Roſe was not of upper claſs,
He bluſh'd—but ſoon got bolder;
Steele drank to Pitt, and gave a glaſs
To Windham o'er his ſhoulder.

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* This article appeared ſo long ago as September 1795, but did not fall under the Editor's eye till 1800. The alluſions, however, are ſtill too recent not to be obvious.

Shake-

Shake-hands exchang'd, and how-d' ye-do's,
Cries Pitt—"Hal, ring the bell! Come,
Spencer, tell us some naval news,
If you 'd secure a welcome!"
Quoth Spencer—"Clarence runs dog-mad;
He cannot bear the water—
Yet takes his pay; and so this lad
Our press-gang must run a'ter."

Said Pitt, "Are folks yet reconcil'd
To war?—I mean the city:
Snug contracts! eh?" and Windham smil'd;
"They think a war is pretty."
"Ierne 's all in huff," quoth Hal;
Fitzwilliam so hath made her."
Cries Pitt—"If she 's rumbustical,
By Jove we must invade her.

"Fitzgibbon bragg'd with honour big—
'We Statesmen all are Catos!'
And yet, about his justice wig
Vex'd Paddy knock'd potatoes.
Though out of bag Fitzwilliam 's let
Our cat, a cat o'nine-tails,
Yet Pat shall smart, I 'll thousands bet—
Though Grattan tell his fine tales.

"Yes, Pat shall have an airy dance;
M'Nally may harangue him;
His beef I 'll take, and send to France—
And then, like bacon, hang him.
As nurses whip the cat and dog
When little miss gets naughty,
We 'll Edinburgh and Dublin flog
When London gets too faulty.

"To string O'Connor up, like Watt,
In politics may tell well:—
Be quiet; or you see your lot,
Joyce, Holcroft, Tooke, and Thelwall.
Here, draw that cork, you butler bold!
By Heav'n 't is neatly done, Sir;
Your port is stout, ripe, bright, and old—
I think you 've got a son, Sir!

"To show true merit due regard
Was always my intention;
Your son shall have, as your reward,
A decent Irish pension.
Good James, if you in orders were,
I'd cut you pious work out;
My Chaplain you should be:—don't stare,
But draw another cork out.

"Than bishop ne'er was better trade
(And so Voltaire, the wag, said),
Since Bet, the Queen, first Bishop made
Of Parker at the Nag's-head.
A book at church you yet shall read
On eagle's back that brass is:
A Bishop James shall be, indeed—
So give us all clean glasses!"

Now Pol stept in, with wand so white,
Star, garter, and such rigging:
He pokes the ladies' tails to right
Before the Queen when jigging:
At court he rules the birth-day ball;
Dogs out by him are spurn'd;
Tow'rds Stable-yard, or tow'rds Pall-mall,
Has horses' tails right turn'd.

Quoth he—"The Banti thinks me mad!
Or she 's of sense imbecile:
Affront so gross I never had—
Since Burleigh's name was Cecil;
By all the Odes of M. P. Pye,
And by the show galanti,
By Prince of Wales's bow, have I
Been much ill us'd by Banti!

"Said I, 'I 'm thine, Italian queen:
'Command!—then see who 's failer.'
'Dis lettre take to Turnham-green,'
Said she—'and giv' to Taylor'."
Cries Pitt—"Like me, my Lord, be cool:
The Banti cause this fury!"
Quoth Pol—"But I 've been made a fool
By Kemble great of Drury!

"I wrote

"I wrote a card that he 'd engage
A charming foreign dancer;
He kick'd my Monſieur off the ſtage—
And that was all his anſwer."
Quoth Pitt—"Polonius, you 're an aſs!
And ſo leave off your braying:
With Roſe, Steele, Windham, and Dundas,
Good old Oporto lay in.

"What, Grenville here! and Stafford too!"
The door now open'd wider;
Such fuſs, to introduce—pray who?
Adonis Dudley Ryder!
Cries Steele—"Great Miniſter and prime,
Thou Stateſman wiſe and able,
Declare, how ſhall we paſs the time—
Till ſupper comes on table?

"At flats ſuppoſe we play pope-joan,
Or billiard-balls let 's ram on;
Or knock about the ſpeckled bone,
At hazard or backgammon?"
"Such talk!" ſays Will: "your wit 's decay'd;
Your noddle full of cracks is!
Of all the games that e'er was play'd
Give me—The GAME of TAXES!"

PART II.

Of loſing place exempt from fear
Was ev'ry feature ſtampt on;
Their laugh ſo loud, it you could hear
At Putney or Roehampton.
Adds Pitt (and then he bit a pine)
"By Moſes and his primmer
A neat invention this ſame wine:
Here 's Noah, in a brimmer!"

"Our game of ſoldiers makes me laugh,
When brother bullies brother!
We rob the whole, to pay the half;—
They ſlaughter one another.

By

By war, of people's minds and cash
We gain a snug possession:
Its glories in their eyes come flash—
Just like a Pope's procession.

"John's constitution how absurd!—
He buys the stick that bangs him;
And, by his laws, upon my word,
He buys the rope that hangs him!
As 'cross the Channel with his corn
This summer fine I roll ships,
To winter-nip him, sure as born,
I'll transports make of coal-ships.

"His windows, brick'd, want air; hard lot!
But swine complaints will hash up
Against the State.—This room grows hot;
Here, James, do fling that sash up!
John cries—'To sword ten thousands put!
'Or worse:—they wounded linger!'
As fine a peach as e'er I cut.——
Hold: 'sdeath, I've cut my finger!

"A shark bit Watson most uncouth,
But Brooke now takes the shark's place:
Pray, Reeves, fix up a lion's mouth
For use, as at St. Mark's Place!
From Osnaburgh I wish Fred York
Had brought that torture over:
Then rare Old Bailey's pinching work
Would try the rogues in clover!"

And now John Bull they turn to jest
(Such was not Swift's opinion),
Whilst on his flesh they make a feast—
Like Bruce's Abyssinian.
"Amongst the signs, upon my truth,"
Said Hal, "is Bull celestial:
Near Cheapside is 'The Bull and Mouth'—
But that 's a bull most bestial.

"Europa on a bull rode out
(As Naso he hath written);
Strong Milo toss'd a bull about,
As Big Ben would a kitten;

Pope

Pope Pius' bull by France was frump'd
(She 'll now not kiſs his toe much);
The bull of Marathon was thump'd
By Ariadne's beau much;

"The Iriſh bull, quite à-la-mode,
Sets ladies all in laughter—
The parſon's bull, through dirty road,
Will all the cows run after."
Then Pitt remarks (ſo once did Bute),
"Of all the bulls in ſtory,
Give me John Bull! without diſpute,
For baiting him 's my glory.

"To yoke this bull who tax will not
Hath King's and my abhorrence—
To me Ralph Durham 's but a ſot,
Or Machiavel of Florence:
I 've humm'd poor Jay into an owl!
Cries Waſhington—'Say whether,
O Congreſs! ſhall we give this fowl
'Or thanks, or tar and feather?'"

"In Corſica, to gild our State,
Sir Gilbert, there our viceroy,
Three thouſand pounds muſt have for plate:
They 'll think him, then, a nice roy.
High poſts!—Was Britain Turkey-land,
Thus I and Moira ſhare 'em:
The Janizaries his command;
And mine—the ladies' haram."

"I 'll tell you how," quoth Tommy Steele,
("For I 'm a man of reading)
Our Kings made John their taxes feel,
Pray mark, it 's worth your heeding.
Will Firſt (the Norman come by chance),
Who filch'd Old England's freedom,
Wrote Engliſh laws in words of France,
That none but French might read 'em.

"His people he regarded juſt
As does the whale the haddock—
Their cities off the land he thruſt,
To make an hunting-paddock.

My parks, said Stephen, be enjoy'd,
On ven'son, boys, I'll dine ye!
'T was then, my deer you have destroy'd—
For this, ye dogs, I'll fine ye!

Dick First rais'd cash to sail abroad,
And kick a Turk most handsome:
But coming home, was cast in quod,
Till subjects paid his ransom.
A pretty taxer was King John!
The Jews as well as I know;
He pull'd his teeth out one by one,
Till Smouch laid down the rhino.

"Fifth Hal to Mayor of London town
Must pawn a rich carbuncle—
For cash he popp'd his very crown,
And Beaufort was his uncle.
For, nine months old—O, what a thought!—
Sixth Hal, in lisping prattle,
Ask'd ev'ry one to give a groat,
To buy their King a rattle.

"Gay Ned the Fourth so pinch'd for gold,
Though lov'd of wives and misses,
That to a lady, very old,
He sold his very kisses.
Fat Hal the Eighth, in bully fit,
Did cash of plebs and chiefs take;
Dan Wolsey was his William Pitt,
Whose dad could cut a beef-steak.

"First Charles took chains and posts away
From John—divide them thus, boys—
The chains may now with Johnny stay,
The *posts* are all for us, boys!
Good nose for city spit and pot
Had James and Charley royal;
They laugh'd at hosts, although they got
With dinner purse most loyal.

"And gallant Charley, very nice,
By taxes gave some sly blows—
John Bull he saddled in a trice,
With four fine dukes, his by-blows.

Dutch

Dutch Will play'd well at number one,
At Boyne he did not bounce ill;
He brought a block of Portland-ſtone,
To prop our Privy Council."

PART III.

"O Steele," cries Pitt, "thou art my ſword!
And Hal my ſubtle dagger:—
For war let Biſhops bawl the word;
For war, O Windham, ſwagger."
Now Grenville roar'd—"Let 's taxes make!
Aye, that 's the niceſt rig, ſure:
We win; but to lay down the ſtake,
We have John Bull the pig ſure."

"Who makes worſt tax ſhall forfeits pay,"
Says Pitt; "and I will judge it:
The beſt before the Houſe I 'll lay,
Next Seſſion, from my budget."
The butler then put in his word
(No ſervant-man was bolder);
Quoth he—"In hand I love a bird;
Let me be forfeit-holder."

Cries Windham—"James! that lad of wax
Call'd Hardy, in his boot-ſhop;
Nor W——— e'er could judge a tax
Like Betty at the fruit-ſhop.
A bumper, ere our play begin!—
You James, be Judge of Taxes."
Quoth Pitt—"John Bull the ſaddle win;
A fig for blocks and axes!

"'Thus,' ſaid Calonne, 'your taxes lay
(Calonne did much reſpect us):
'Tax well the poor; we rich can pay;
'So taxes don't affect us.'
In Afric reigns a king moſt black;
I think it England's duty
Of feathers fine to buy a ſack,
To give that ſovereign ſooty.

"With

"With neighbour kings by way of fight,
He carries on a brave trade;
Of Liverpool the chief delight—
The foul of all her flave-trade.
With this fupply, we red-caps dare;
Set freedom at defiance;
Macartney fhall thefe feathers bear—
To court his grand alliance!

We 'll tax the rich—we 'll tax the poor;
As Premier I decide it:—
Yes, he that 's down muft all endure;
Thofe up will ne'er abide it."
Now at the game fo warm they wax,
Each fets off like a rocket—
To try who could invent a tax,
Savoir—could pick a pocket.

Quoth Steele—"Good Sirs, I humbly hope
On taxes you 'll take my fenfe:—
Each poor man, that his mouth doth ope
To eat—muft buy a licenfe."
"A fiddle-office I 'll fet up,"
Says Pol: "Pitt, though you flout one,
John Bull won't fleep, or bite, or fup—
Or walk, or dance without one."

Cries Reeves—"We yet (the Lord knows how)
May fubjects be to Katty:
Each man fhall let his whifkers grow—
To look a Ruffian natty.
In Bow-ftreet dwells a rough Brown Bear;
The landlord is an Hector:
In honour of the Ruffian fair,
Sir, make him tax-collector!"

Cries Hal—"John may at patents huff,
Of ways and means abufive;
A patent I for making fnuff
Will have—and that exclufive.
That nofe that won't my *nifheen* fniff
Shall guinea pay per annum;
Old ladies fhall my 'bacco whiff——
I 'll not excufe my grannum!"

"Your

Your tax the ſubject, Sir, may teaſe;
I 'll ſet about it meekly,"
Said Grenville: "all, for leave to ſneeze,
Shall pay a ſhilling weekly."
Quoth Dudley—"Some at mine may pout
(I ſcorn all partial winking):
The rich muſt take a licenſe out—
To whiſtle when they 're drinking."

"My tax," cries Stafford, "will ſurpriſe
John Bull when rous'd from ſleeping:
I 'll clap a ſtamp upon his eyes—
And make him pay for peeping."
Cries Windham—"Paſs a rope of hay
'Croſs Fleet Street; by Jove's thunder,
Each Briton will his ten-pence pay—
For leave to ſcramble under."

"Who backwards will get out of bed,"
Quoth Roſe, "muſt licenſe take out:
By this, it comes into my head,
We ſhall ten thouſands make out."
Cries butler James—"Moſt ſure I am,
For taxes if you 're puzzled,
John Bull, as quiet as a lamb,
Will let himſelf be muzzled.

"With ſurly face and head unflour'd,
Hair brown, or black as ſweep's hide;
His hat is bruſh'd, his coat is ſcour'd—
John Bull walks now through Cheapſide.
Equality confounds the maſs.
Of muzzle mark the ſequel:
By it poor men will keep their claſs—
And rich men know their equal."

"A muzzle! muzzle!" roars the crew;
"John Bull ſhall have a muzzle!"
The toaſt around the table flew,
Whilſt proud tokay they guzzle.
Quoth Hal—"My butler's tax, no doubt,
Will muzzle half the nation:
You, Dudley, lay the forfeits out—
Upon ſome bleſt occaſion."

The ſervant brought a paper in;
It was a poor petition:
Each gentleman then rubb'd his chin:
This paper all cried "Piſh!" on.
Says Dudley—"Mark my purpoſe good!—
As Rockingham's old lady
Gives gentle dogs much dainty food,
When cook hath made it ready:

"This forfeit gold ſhall chickens buy;
We 'll nicely have them roaſted;
As preſents to her dogs, ſay I,
Then off they ſhall be poſted."
And now a noiſe without was heard:
Pitt rage would have diſſembled;
And Hal grew pale; and Spencer ſtar'd;
And *warlike* Windham trembled!

John Bull it was! and in he ſtalk'd:
His *manus* graſp'd a cudgel:
Great Dudley Ryder would have talk'd—
But that he now did judge ill.
"You, Pitt, in Commons I inſiſt
On being repreſented!"
Quoth John; "or, by this ſtick and fiſt,
It ſhall be ſore repented!

"My Parliament but gives away
What 's not its own to give, Sir;
To aſk is all you 've got to ſay;
Lucullus-like you live, Sir.
If war you want, go out and fight;
Here ſafely ſit carouſing,
Whilſt murder-hacks, with main and might,
Your air-built cauſe eſpouſing!"

Cries Pitt—"I 'm thin, John Bull; thou 'rt fat!
So thus here lies the thing now—
Right honeſt John, take off thy hat,
And chaunt, 'God ſave the King' now!
'God ſave the King and Nobles all,'
Let 's drink: we 've wine before us."
"God ſave the King!" John Bull did bawl:—
Right loyal was the chorus.

THE

THE LITTLE ISLAND.

A NEW SONG: WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

[From the Sun.]

I.

DADDY Neptune one day
To Freedom did ſay,
"If e'er I ſhould live upon dry land,
The ſpot I would hit on,
Should be little Britain."—
Says Freedom, "Why that 's my own iſland."
O! it 's a nice little iſland,
'T is a tight little, right little iſland.

II.

Julius Cæſar the Roman,
Who yielded to no man,
Came by water; he could not come by land;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon,
Their homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the ſake of the iſland.
O! it 's a nice little iſland,
'T is a right little, tight little iſland.

III.

Then another great war-man,
Call'd Billy the Norman,
Cried, "Hang it, I don't much like my land;
It would ſure be more handy
To leave this Normandy,
And go to that beautiful iſland:
Shan't us go and viſit the iſland,
The right little, tight little iſland?"

IV.

Then ſays Harold the king,
As hiſtories ſing,

 "While

"While I live, it ſhall never be thy land;"
So he died, I well wot,
Becauſe he was ſhot
In bravely defending the iſland.
Poor Harold, the king of the iſland,
Like a Briton he died for his iſland.

V.

Yet 't was partly deceit
Help'd the Normans to beat;
Of traitors they manag'd to buy land:
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict,
We had never been lick'd,
Had we ſtuck to the king of the iſland:
Then let us ſtand firm to the iſland,
The right little, tight little iſland.

VI.

The Spaniſh Armadas
Set out to invade us,
And ſwore that if e'er they came nigh land,
They could not do leſs
Than hang poor Queen Beſs,
And kick up a duſt in the iſland.
O! the poor queen of the iſland,
The Dons would have plunder'd the iſland.

VII.

Thoſe proud puff'd-up rakes
Thought to make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth; but before they could ſpy land,
Our Drake had the luck
To make their pride duck,
And ſtoop to the boys of the iſland.
Huzza for the tars of the iſland,
Of the right little, tight little iſland.

VIII.

Now I don't wonder much,
That the French and the Dutch

Have

Have oft ſince been tempted to try land;
And I wonder much leſs
They have met no ſucceſs,
For why ſhould we give 'em the iſland?
Pray an't it our own little iſland?
A nice little, tight little iſland.

IX.

Then as Freedom and Neptune
Have hitherto kept tune,
In each ſinging, "This ſhall be my land;"
Let the Army of England,
Or all they can bring, land,
We 'll ſhow 'em ſome play for the iſland.
O! how we will fight for the iſland,
The right little, tight little iſland!

X.

The monſtrous Great Nation,
With grand botheration,
Would vapour o'er lowland and highland;
May our Nelſon be bleſt,
Who has lower'd their creſt,
And taught them reſpect for the iſland.
O! it 's a nice little iſland,
A right little, tight little iſland.

XI.

Now they all have the hip,
And at ſea ſcarce a ſhip,
Let 'em go and build more upon dry land;
While our conqueſts increaſe,
Till the bleſſings of peace
Shall glad ev'ry heart in the iſland.
O! it 's a nice little iſland,
A right little, tight little iſland.

SONG OF THE HIGHLAND ARMED ASSOCIATION.

WHEN Gaul's impious hordes round our coasts spread alarms,
And Great Britain, arous'd, calls her children to arms,
Their freedom to save, in their martial array,
The warlike sons of Scotia her summons obey.

CHORUS.

So strong our love of liberty, our country, and her cause,
From French destructive novelties we 'll guard our ancient laws;
In solemn plight we here unite, to live with them or die,
Assur'd the patriot's hallow'd meed awaits us on high.

When Rome's conquering eagle proud nations enslav'd,
And man's independence insultingly brav'd,
From Solway to Forth soon a barrier we threw,
And boundaries to lawless invasion first drew.
Chorus.—So strong our love of liberty, &c.

By that spirit which of old our brave ancestors fir'd,
By love of our King, our religion inspir'd,
Caledonians to England their service extend,
Common interests to shield, equal rights to defend.
Chorus.—So strong our love of liberty, &c.

While from Nile's fertile banks Nelson's glories resound;
While Duncan resistless with victory is crown'd;
On th'Atlantic while Jervis triumphantly rides,
And the Genius of Howe o'er the ocean presides:
Chorus.—So strong our love of liberty, &c.

Be it ours now to perfect the work we begin,
Guard 'gainst Frenchmen without, and 'gainst traitors within;
Our constitution preserve, Britannia's proud boast,
And let *Esto perpetua* go round as the toast.
Chorus.—So strong our love of liberty, &c.

THE

THE BRITON's SONG.

[From the European Magazine.]

Tune "*To Anacreon in Heav'n.*"

I.

TO teach Johnny Bull *à la mode de Paris*,
Some half-ſtarv'd republicans made declaration,
That they would inſtruct him like them to be free,
When this anſwer return'd from our loyal Old Nation:
Ye ragged banditti,
Your freedom we pity,
And mean to live happy, while frantic you ſing
Your fam'd *Ca Ira*,
And hymn *Marſeillois*,
For the true Briton's ſong ſhall be "God ſave the King."

II.

Our forefathers bled on the ſcaffold and plain
T'eſtabliſh a government wiſe, juſt, and pure;
We 'll defend it till death, and reject with diſdain
One that ſcarce for a day or an hour can endure.
Shall your fam'd guillotine
In Old England be ſeen?
No!—we mean to live happy, while frantic you ſing
Your fam'd *Ca Ira*,
And hymn *Marſeillois*,
For the true Briton's ſong ſhall be "God ſave the King."

III.

This anſwer of England to Gaul ſwiftly flew,
The Frenchmen pretended to give themſelves airs;
"Soon, ſoon," they exclaim'd, "ſhall that proud iſland rue,
And New Carthage be humbled, defend it who dares:
They freedom abuſe,
And our kindneſs refuſe,
We 'll enlighten them quickly, with us ſhall they ſing
Our fam'd *Ca Ira*;
And the hymn *Marſeillois*
Shall re-echo inſtead of their 'God ſave the King'."

IV.

IV.

But ſhall reſolute Britons at threats be diſmay'd?
No!—we 're ready to meet them, though twenty to one;
From our ſcabbards leap forth ev'ry ſword. Who 's afraid?
Though they 're join'd by the Dutchman and bluſtering Don.
In battle we 'll ſhow
To our *ſans culotte* foe,
That, in ſpite of their efforts, we never will ſing
Their fam'd *Ca Ira*,
Or hymn *Marſeillois*,
For the true Briton's ſong ſhall be "God ſave the King."

V.

If we fall in the conflict, how noble the cauſe!
The ſtone ſhall record it that ſtands on our grave;
"Here lies one who defended his country and laws,
And died, his religion and monarch to ſave."
This and more might be ſaid,
But,—thank Heav'n! we 're not dead;
We can all of us yet, with one heart and voice ſing,
Not the French *Ca Ira*,
Or hymn *Marſeillois*,
But the true Briton's ſong, "Huzza! God ſave the King."

A SONG FOR ST. PATRICK's DAY.

[From the Sun.]

IT has long been agreed by all perſons of learning,
Who in ſtories of old have a ready diſcerning,
That in every country which travellers paint,
There has always been found a protector or ſaint.
Derry down, &c.

St. George for Old England, with target and lance,
St. Andrew for Scotland, St. Denis for France,
St. David for Wales, who on goats us'd to ride,
And St. Patrick, Hibernia's patron and pride.
Derry down, &c.

St.

St. Denis gives ſoup, and St. George the ſirloin,
While St. Andrew on oatmeal will frequently dine;
With leeks the fair boards of St. David are crown'd,
And St. Patrick 's for rivers of claret renown'd.
Derry down, &c.

He was gallant and brave, as a ſaint ought to be,
For St. George was not braver nor better than HE;
He 'd drink and he 'd ſing, and he 'd rattle like thunder,
Though 't is ſaid he was now and then given to blunder.
Derry down, &c.

He 'd tell you how certain he 'd meet you behind,
And he 'd follow before you as quick as the wind;
To a tavern he 'd go for a temple of prayer,
And he 'd drink to the laſs with the ſtraight-colour'd hair.
Derry down, &c.

But the jeſts of his friends he took in good part,
For his blunders were nought but th' exceſs of his heart;
Though there was but one blunder he ever would own,
Which was—when he ſaw all the liquor was gone.
Derry down, &c.

He 'd fight for his country's religion and laws,
And when beauty was injur'd he took up the cauſe;
For the gallant St. Patrick, as ev'ry one knows,
Was fond of a pretty girl, under the roſe.
Derry down, &c.

So many his virtues, it would be too long
To rehearſe them at once in a ballad or ſong:
Then with laughter and mirth let us hallow his ſhrine,
And drown all his bulls in a bumper of wine.
Derry down, &c.

United with Britain, Hibernia ſhall be
One nation, one people, the brave and the free;
Then in vain ſhall the thunders of Denis be hurl'd,
And St. George and St. Patrick give laws to the world.
Derry down, &c.

AN OLD ENGLISHMAN.

SOBRIETY

SOBRIETY OF STATESMEN.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE never until within thefe few days confidered that the public have any thing to do with the private foibles of their ftatefmen. What is faid of players may alfo be faid of politicians; where their private vices do not interfere with their public duties, the *town* has no bufinefs with them—

"*Act* well your part; there all the merit lies."

I therefore have never paid much attention to the numerous paragraphs which have attacked the conduct of ftatefmen in their convivial moments. I was convinced very early in this war, that additional refources would be neceffary to keep up the fpirits of Minifters, and that thofe refources would be found in cellars ftored with "all the armies of Europe." I know that a vigour beyond the law may often be found in the bottle, and that a people intoxicated with republican theories were to be fought by their own weapons.

But, Sir, I forefaw that there are certain bounds to all indulgences, and that what was occafionally adopted as an amufement, fhould not be carried into a fyftem; I forefaw that if the allied powers adopted the fame method, with different *heads*, the confequences would be fatal; and I have not been difappointed in my fears. Late events prove, that the glafs is not the medium of wife counfels, and that all men are not equally qualified to govern nations and to empty hogfheads.

The conviviality of cabinets is, I grant, of long ftanding. When the Germans, fays Tacitus, wanted to reconcile enemies, to make alliances, to name chiefs, or to treat of war and peace, it was during the

the repaſt that they took counſel; a time in which the mind is moſt open to the impreſſions of ſimple truths, or moſt eaſily animated to great attempts. Theſe artleſs people, continues my author, during the conviviality of the feaſt, ſpoke without diſguiſe. *Next day*, they weighed the counſels of the former evening: they deliberated at a time when they were not diſpoſed to feign, and took their reſolution when they were leaſt liable to be deceived.

Such was the practice of the anceſtors of our allies, and to which no objection can be made. That we have introduced an important innovation in the plan is much to be lamented. Their cuſtom of weighing the counſels of the evening *next day*, has, I am afraid, been totally diſcontinued, and hence many of our vigorous plans have carried with them the ſtain of wine inſtead of the marks of wiſdom. What is no inconſiderable proof of this, may be advanced without riſk of contradiction, as it appears every day in the newſpapers, namely, that *couriers* are generally diſpatched "*laſt night!*"

I ſhall not enter upon a detail of all the conſequences of this haſty ſyſtem. We feel them too acutely for demonſtration. But what is the conſequence abroad, the late very extraordinary news ſhows too plainly. Men in power may boaſt of the ſtrength of their heads, but it is proved, beyond all controverſy, that the coffee and ſlops of the Firſt Conſul are more than a match for our port and brandy; that a clear head has ſome advantages over a ſtrong head; and that, in a complicated ſtate of public affairs, the ſucceſs of vigorous meaſures does not depend on the ſize of a decanter, nor the height of a bumper. We cannot, at the ſame time, be curious in our liquors, and careleſs in our meaſures.

We have heard much lately of ſtateſmen being *indiſpoſed*, and attended by eminent phyſicians. The diſorders

diſorders of ſtateſmen are of a nature ſo different from thoſe of other men, that a judgment cannot be formed of them from books. I am inclined, therefore, to think that the chief buſineſs of political phyſicians is to regulate the *diet* of ſtateſmen according to exiſting circumſtances; and I am afraid—I ſpeak it however with ſubmiſſion—I am afraid that this has not always been done in the moſt judicious manner, partly, perhaps, becauſe the faculty have not been called in in proper time; but principally, becauſe their attention has been directed to keeping them "on their legs," and neglecting the *head*, as if there were nothing in that. Hence the accumulation of thoſe *crudities* which ſo frequently are diſcharged, with great violence, in the ſhape of ſpeeches, motions, and bills. Far otherwiſe would have been the caſe if the gentlemen of Warwick Lane had drawn out proper tables of diet, and made out ſuch bills of fare for cabinet dinners, as were ſuited to the buſineſs about to be diſcuſſed. To what ſtrange accidents has the neglect of this led? Can any one ſuppoſe that a *motion of inquiry* would demand as many bottles as the *budget*, or that the many variations in the *income-tax* (for example) would admit a miniſter to riſe from table at the ſame moment? In the caſe of a road bill, or a wet dock, a man may do as he pleaſes; and his talking of the diſtreſs of the times upon an empty ſtomach may do no harm: but ſurely the defence of *expeditions* requires ſome of the *vigour* in which they were planned; and it is notorious that the *ſtate of the nation* will not admit of *heel-taps*.

I ſay, Sir, if the faculty have neglected theſe matters, they have erred egregiouſly; and the evidence of facts will not permit me to ſuppoſe that they have not been remiſs in their duty, and I am certain they have in various inſtances directed their patients to the wrong *binn*. To remark only in one caſe, the *arguments for the war*—Is it not evident that they have been too long

long in the *wood?* Some even ſtretch as far back as the vintage 1792, although not a bottle of it will bear to be uncorked. It is either uſeleſs the moment it is expoſed to the air, or it fills weak heads with vapours; and whenever any of our brave ſtateſmen ventured to drink it abroad, they were ſure to be *overtaken.* All this a proper attention to diet and regimen might have prevented; and we might long ere now have ſat down to a *peaceable* dinner with characteriſtic diſhes—the Engliſh ſirloin, the French fricaſſee, the German ſauſages, and perhaps the magnanimous boar's head.

I know not that it is too late to ſuggeſt theſe hints. If I had thought ſo, I would not have intruded ſo far upon your paper; but I queſtion whether it can be filled with matter more important at this remarkable criſis, when a bottle more or leſs breaks a *head*, or a *confederacy*, and the affairs of Europe ſeem to reſt entirely on the honeſty of *wine-merchants.* Even inanimate objects have caught the infection; our *guineas* have been *half-ſeas-over*, and our *three per cents* are *reeling* in a ſtrange way, and ready to tumble down; and as to internal affairs, look at the multiplicity of *laws* and *taxes*; ſo multiplied, indeed, that, when we obſerve how ſtateſmen live, we are tempted to think that all things are governed by "a bottle and a *bill!* a bottle and a *bill!*" I am, Sir, with reſpect,

Your humble ſervant,

LANCELOT LIQUORISH.

SCARCITY AND PLENTY.

[From the Morning Herald.]

MR. EDITOR,

THERE are ſo many miſtaken opinions, which obtain very general credit, that you and I ſhall not be able to ſet the world right upon all points, however, earneſtly

earneſtly we may wiſh and labour to do ſo. Nevertheleſs, as I am very ambitious to "deſerve well of my country" (as they ſay in France), I am determined, when a groſs error falls in my way, to attack it with all my might. For ſome time paſt I have not been able to pop my head into a bookſeller's ſhop, caſt an eye upon a newſpaper, or pay a morning viſit to a friend, without meeting with doleful declarations that "every thing is ſo ſcarce!"—Now, Sir, I do aver, that the complaint is for the moſt part groundleſs. True it is, that we have a *ſcarcity* of corn, a *ſcarcity* of good news from abroad, and a *ſcarcity* of good people at home. But then, how many things are abounding and even overflowing among us? We ſee *plenty* of room at our churches, *plenty* of people at the playhouſes, *plenty* of young ladies of age to be married, and *plenty* of young gentlemen very ready to marry them. We find *plenty* of new books to be bought, and *plenty*——no, no—I forget myſelf—we do *not* find plenty of money to buy them. Then, who does not know that there are *plenty* of patriots, willing to repreſent us in Parliament—and *plenty* of poor curates ready to take charge of the rich livings, if they could get them?—But it is not only of *plenty* that we can boaſt; in many inſtances we have an *exceſs*. For inſtance, our literary Reviews exhibit *too much* partiality, and our Newſpapers (no offence to you, Sir) contain *too many* lies. Our tradeſmen have *too many* bad debts upon their books, and our bankers iſſue *too many* bills. Doctors Commons has *too many* ſuits, and Jack Ketch has *too many* jobs. There are *too many* in gaol, that would be glad to get out; and *too many* out of gaol that ought to be put in. In ſhort, Sir, for I don't know when I ſhould have done, if I went through the whole catalogue of our profuſions, we have *too much* truſt in PROVIDENCE to be afraid of the French; our ſailors have *too much* courage to ſtrike a flag to leſs than

five

five times their force, and I have *too much* respect for you to omit subscribing myself,

Your very humble servant,

OBADIAH OVERPLUS.

DRAMATIC SCARCITY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I DOUBT not but that you have often remarked in social companies, the frequent and easy transitions which are made from subject to subject, of the most opposite natures, at least apparently so, but between which our minds, by a certain association of ideas, have established a kind of connexion, or affinity. I never was more sensible of this versatility in conversation-talents than a few days ago, when in company where the *talk* was about the present scarcity, and when, after all the questions that arise from the subject, and all the remedies proposed had been discussed, we passed, I don't know how, but almost imperceptibly, into the present scarcity of *dramatic talents*. Nothing surely can *appear* more dissonant with the feelings excited by the want of corn and the price of bread; yet, to parody the old adage, "before you could say *Will Pitt*," we dashed headlong into an inquiry into the present alarming scarcity of *comic genius*, and I could not help remarking, that we went the easier into this subject, as the preceding discussions seemed only to want the alteration of a few words (such as *comedies* for *corn*, and *authors* for *farmers*), to enable us to pursue the very same train of reasoning, and perplex ourselves with the same set of questions.

It was first asked, whether a scarcity actually existed?

ifted? and that queſtion (we having no authors among us) being immediately reſolved in the affirmative, it was next propoſed to conſider whether this *ſcarcity* was *real* or *artificial*? The opinions now were as diſcordant as when we had our eye upon *Bear Key*. On the one hand it was alleged, that there was an actual or real *ſcarcity*; and for proof, an appeal was made to the dramatic returns for the laſt five years; and we were alſo deſired to obſerve, that the leading men in the theatrical government were themſelves ſo conſcious of this ſcarcity, that they had not only been obliged to import large quantities of foreign wit from Vienna and other places, but, where even this reſource failed, they had propoſed what they called *dramas*, *pantomimes*, *five act farces*, and other *cheap* compoſitions, as *ſubſtitutes* for genuine Engliſh comedy—that their houſes of entertainment were a ſort of *ſoup-ſhops*, with this amazing difference, that articles of *inferior quality* were ſold at the *beſt* prices—that this had introduced a confuſion of *taſte*, as ſingular as that of the man who fancied that *herrings* might be made into *muffins* and *crumpets*, and that the *Iriſh giants* ſhown about town might be manufactured from *potatoes*: in a word, that there could not, from all theſe circumſtances, be a doubt that the ſcarcity was *real*.

On the other hand it was poſitively aſſerted, that the ſcarcity complained of was in a great meaſure *artificial*, and owing to certain perſons hoarding up their genius in hopes of a riſe in the price, and in hopes that the buyers would not long have it in their power to keep all the *benefits* for themſelves, and allow the *grower* a ſmall price certain, without his being able to avail himſelf of a *run* upon the article. It was particularly mentioned, that one eminent cultivator of dramatic ſoil had at this moment above twenty *head* of comedies by him, all ready to be brought to market. Others were mentioned whoſe crops were in ſuch a

ſtate

ſtate of forwardneſs, that they might be *houſed* in a few weeks, but that there was no encouragement, as the *great monopoliſts* had uſed the public ſo much to the *ſubſtitutes* above mentioned, that it became hazardous to venture on the genuine article. It was allowed, at the ſame time, that although theſe arguments bore generally in favour of the ſcarcity being *artificial*, there were inſtances where a real failure of crops had taken place, and that the *ſmut* in *comedies*, as well as *wheat*, had been on ſome occaſions very deſtructive! It was alſo very candidly allowed that the ſuppoſition of an *artificial* ſcarcity might be defended, becauſe this was an article which might become *better*, but certainly could not be worſe, for *keeping*; and that formerly it was the practice to keep it *nine years* before it was brought to market.

The mention of this circumſtance gave riſe to a third ſet of opinions, which, in ſome reſpects, may be deemed neutral. It was ſaid that the poverty and badneſs of the article aroſe chiefly from its being brought to market in a green ſtate, and without any preparation; that it was frequently mixed and adulterated with ingredients, which, it was feared, had not been procured very honeſtly; and that even the comic grain imported from foreign countries was obliged to be ſifted over and over again, threſhed out anew, and after all was indigeſtible without a mixture of the home growth, which rendered the whole a compoſition more palatable than healthful, and more pleaſing to the *eye*, than to any other of the ſenſes.

Such were the opinions given on this ſubject, which I humbly preſume may fill a ſpare corner in your paper. I have only to add, that the *war* was not once mentioned as any cauſe of the *ſcarcity*; on the contrary, it was hinted that certain *battles*, *ſieges*, *expeditions*, and *ſurrenders*, *trips* to *Plymouth*, and *camps*, &c. had been haſhed up as *ſubſtitutes* in a time of dearth, and had

been found as agreeable to the popular taste as a *firm* and *lasting piece.* I am, Sir, yours,

DRAMATICULUS.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

[From the Oracle.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOU must know, Sir, that, being a very ardent sportsman, I made an engagement some time since with a neighbour of mine, *Bill Buckram*, a topping taylor, to go a-shooting the *First of September*. We were a long while debating as to the scene of action, but having been told, *in confidence*, that there was a very fine *flock of larks* within two fields of Primrose Hill, we determined, in order to break the journey, to sleep at Chalk Farm last Sunday night, and go to bed early, in order that we might rise fresh in the morning. We accordingly set off with our muskets (as we are both volunteers) in a gig, from Threadneedle Street, on Sunday after dinner, and arrived at Chalk Farm without any remarkable occurrence, except that the turnpike-man threatened to thrash us both and take away our pieces, for offering him a bad halfpenny. This insolence you may depend upon it we should have resented, as we have both learned to box and spar very well—*in gloves*; but we were afraid the exertion would agitate us to such a degree as to affect the steadiness of our hands, and consequently spoil our sport the next morning.

When we came to Chalk Farm we tipped the waiter sixpence, and were not only gratified with the confirmation of our intelligence respecting the larks, but likewise assured that the fields abounded with *ducks*, *geese*, *chickens*, and *hogs!* the latter of which were so tame,

tame, that, by creeping under the hedges, we might easily get a shot within two yards and a half. We were therefore very sanguine in our expectations of good sport, especially from the excellence of our dogs, as I had a pointer which cost five guineas *before he was lamed*, and Bill Buckram had purchased a spaniel from a gamekeeper, who would not have parted with it on any account, but that it was a *little blind*.

Well, Sir, we started as soon as it was light yesterday morning; but our dogs having unfortunately had too much supper, we were forced to beat about ourselves, which we did with such success, that, after going over three fields, we put up a very large flock of larks within twelve yards. We both presented (as we had been taught at drill), and pulled at the same moment—I say pulled, because neither of our pieces went off; and, on inspection, we found that though we had loaded our pockets with case-bottles, shooting gingerbread, &c. &c. we had unluckily forgot that necessary article, a flint. Well, Sir, we at length procured two mis-shapen pebbles, which answered the purpose; and in order to make us amends, we found, on the very next hedge, *the largest tom-tit I ever saw*. Billy Buckram, fearing that his charge was not sufficient, put in some more shot, and having neglected to pull out his *ramrod*, fired through the hedge, missed the tom-tit, and shot a cow, which was quietly grazing on the other side, and, with the ramrod sticking in her shoulder, ran bellowing over the field, and alarmed two herdsmen, who pursued us with the most terrible oaths. Our poor dogs were soon killed, and we ourselves had a very narrow escape; for though, in order to make more expedition, we threw away our muskets, we were very near caught. However we at length arrived in Oxford Street, and calling a coach, reached Threadneedle Street most dreadfully fatigued. On examination, we found that Billy Buckram had lost

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one of his new Heſſian boots, and that my ſhooting jacket was torn to pieces.

I aſſure you, Mr. Editor, I am ſo little ſatisfied with my expedition, that on the next 1ſt of September, inſtead of rambling over the fields, you will find *behind the counter*, Yours, &c.

2d Sept. 1800, NED DIMITY.
Threadneedle Street.

PANORAMA OF FERROL.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

I REQUEST a corner in your paper to apprize the public that certain eminent artiſts embarked with the recent expedition, under the ſanction of Government, to prepare *a panorama of the town and port of Ferrol.* From the ſplendid auſpices with which it has been undertaken and is now executing, it promiſes as far to excel every thing of the kind that has hitherto appeared, as the military good fortune of our ſtateſmen is known to preponderate over that of all Europe.

But, to give you ſome haſty particulars —The drawings for this magnificent painting, which will be *coloured* with great *truth* and *nature* by *amateurs* of the firſt rank and conſequence, aſſiſted in the ſubordinate departments by ſome of the miniſterial journeymen-*daubers*, were taken on the ſpot in *red aquatinta*, and are ſaid to be very *ſpirited*, though ſome critics of queſtionable politics have condemned the *judgment* both of the *deſign* and *execution*. The artiſts have, however, ſucceeded in a very excellent *bird's-eye view*, the proſpect from the *heights* of the town being conſidered as more picturesque than a *nearer* repreſentation. Still we

we muſt confeſs that the *keeping* of the picture is very faulty: but the landing and re-embarkation of the troops, requiring, as might be expected, particular talents, is moſt *happily* executed by ſome of the ableſt maſters of the day. On the whole, this national panorama promiſes to redound *much* to the honour of Engliſh taſte; and it is not eaſy to foreſee all the advantages that the art of perſpective will derive from ſo *fortunate* an "opportunity of minutely obſerving" the beauties of Spaniſh ſcenery.

It is, indeed, peculiarly deſerving of admiration, when the deſtructive ravages of war go ſo even-handed with the improvement of the fine arts, and afford to the Britiſh public a gazette and a panorama at the ſame moment!

I am ſo buſy with my ſhare of this celebrated *ouvrage*, I have only time to add, that Government, with their accuſtomed liberality, have taken the whole expenſe upon themſelves.

I am, Sir, yours,
AN ARTIST.

LAW CHARTS.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

SCARCELY a day paſſes in which we have not ſome occaſion to admire the wonderful inventions of the preſent day, and to bleſs our ſtars that we live in an age when improvement is moſt rapidly progreſſive; and genius, with all its train of uſeful plans, projects, and ſchemes, ſeems to be haſtening towards perfection. I was moſt ſenſibly penetrated with the juſtice of this remark, the other day, on paying a viſit to my attorney, on the walls of whoſe room I diſcovered an invention

ſo

ſo new, ſo ſingular, and ſo important, that if you can poſſibly ſpare a corner from the Theatre at Luneville, or the coaſt of Spain, I hope you will not loſe a day in communicating it to the public at large.

This invention, which decorated the walls of my friend Latitat's room, conſiſted of two very large *charts* of the *common law* and the *criminal law*, very accurately *coloured* in the manner of our beſt *maps*, and, as my friend informed me, containing every neceſſary article of information on theſe weighty ſciences. On theſe legal charts was accurately laid down, from the *lateſt diſcoveries*, every part of the *actionable* globe, whether continents, iſlands, peninſulas, iſthmuſes, promontories, mountains, valleys, coaſts, ſhores, or oceans, ſeas, gulfs, and bays, ſtraits, lakes, and rivers, belonging to, or lying in or upon the *King's Bench*, *Common Pleas*, *Exchequer*, or *Old Bailey*. Here you ſee, at one glance, all the bearings and diſtances of the moſt tedious and dangerous *cauſes*, and can find the *latitude* or *longitude* of a proſecution, by bringing it to the *ſtatute* meridian, and guiding your finger to the *equator* of Weſtminſter Hall. Here, when you are once embarked, you may diſcover where to ſteer with moſt ſafety, avoiding, on the one hand, the *ſhoals* of *evidence*, and on the other, the *rocks* of *ſpecial verdicts*. Buoys and light-houſes are carefully noted, the want of which frequently precipitates the legal mariner into the *depths* of a *nonſuit*, or obliges him to caſt anchor with his *coſts*.

I have ſeldom ſeen an invention that bids fairer for general utility than this. To have the whole of Viner, or at leaſt, all that is valuable, laid down on a map of three or four ſheets, and our whole juriſprudence as eaſily placed before the eye as one of thoſe *ſeats of war* in which our map-makers have lately dealt ſo liberally, is, of itſelf, a prodigious advantage. From a ſlight inſpection, I am inclined to think that the *ſcale* of theſe maps is about an *inch* to an *action*, which it muſt be allowed

lowed is ſufficiently large for any perſons that are not very near-ſighted. But I think the invention is yet capable of conſiderable improvement. Charts, for example, of ſingle cauſes might be invented, which would make a very ornamental article of furniture in the houſe of a plaintiff or defendant, who might take a pride in explaining it to his friends; "here," he might ſay, "you obſerve *retainer*-bay; we ſet out from that, and got to a huge iſland of *parchment* in a few days, where we landed a cargo of *fees* conſigned to our attorney; then we weighed *evidence* and ſet ſail for the *North circuit*, where we encountered a *torrent* of *eloquence* that had almoſt borne us down; but the wind ſhifting, although we received conſiderable damage, we hoiſted *jury*-maſts, and there at that *narrow creek* we got on ſhore; but the truth is, I can't ſay much for the profits of the voyage, for the veſſel was but crazy, and we had enough to do to keep her together."

A map of this kind, too, in my opinion, might be conſtructed for a voyage up *Chancery*-lane, a huge expanſe, in which as many ſtrange diſcoveries are daily making as in the great Southern Ocean; but on mentioning this ſubject to my friend Latitat, he ſhook his head—"Time, my good Sir, is ſhort, life is uncertain, and paper is ſcarce. A map of the kind you mention would bury half the ſubſcribers before it was finiſhed, and would require to be on ſuch an immenſe ſcale, that were it only an *inch* to a *hearing* or a *foot* to a *ſeal*, there is ne'er a wall in London large enough to exhibit it."

This argument, however, rather ſilenced than convinced me, although I did not choſe to urge the matter with friend Latitat, becauſe I ſaw above a *ſcore* of *eſtates* piled up in his room, which do not belong to him, and which, to my knowledge, have been there theſe ten years.——I hope I have ſaid enough to announce the invention of reducing law to the ſcale of geography

geography—an invention which muſt rank high among the brighteſt of modern times, and will contribute to ſpread the wiſdom of our legiſlators, and the eloquence of our barriſters, from *pole* to *pole*.

I am, Sir, yours,

CHOROGRAPHICUS.

FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

[From the Oracle.]

A BRIGHTON BLOOD.

ROSE at nine—Rumpled my wig, and ſtood before the glaſs an hour endeavouring to give myſelf a ſlovenlike appearance.—Having, at length, ſucceeded in making myſelf a complete blackguard, walked to the bathing-place—Lady Daſhaway told me ſhe had been up all night—ſmiled aſſent—memorandum, always affect the rake, it 's ſtyliſh, and the women like it.—Took my poſition on the cliffs ſo as to prevent the ladies bathing; d——d good fun! though the other morning got my noſe pulled by a cruſty old gentleman, *merely* for aſking to bathe in the machine with his daughter—dull dog—not one of us could take ſuch a joke, ſo paſſed it over, though a ſhameful report was circulated at the libraries, that I declined becauſe the old man was a notorious *fighting* character—all a hum! can hit a card at ten paces when my nerves are ſteady, and a'nt frightened.

At twelve o'clock, knowing the libraries and the Steine crowded, went with a party of *ſpirited witty* dogs, and bathed in view of the ladies! though a d——d unlucky accident happened; for a party of wags, having ſeized on our clothes, bribed the old bathing woman to follow

follow us into the water—we made for ſhore, could not find our clothes—what the devil was to be done? —boys pelted us—women hiſſed us—dogs barked, children ſhouted, men ſwore—at laſt, hearing a ſour fellow talk of the pillory, made a precipitate retreat, and covered with mud, rotten eggs, and other ſweet-ſcented accompaniments, arrived at home, departed quick for London, and left my *bills unpaid*, and my character behind me!

A BON VIVANT.

Roſe at twelve, with a moſt confounded headach—eyes ſunk in my head—my mouth dreadfully parched—my pulſe feveriſh; could not eat any breakfaſt, ſo drank a bumper of brandy to ſet me to rights. About two o'clock ſauntered down to the coffee-houſe, and had a baſon of vermicelli, with three glaſſes of noyau; at half paſt two ate a devil'd kidney, and drank two glaſſes of Madeira; half an hour afterwards, took a glaſs of nervous reſtorative cordial, and waſhed it down with a dram.

About five, finding my appetite very la, la, took two glaſſes of bitters, and at half paſt ſix ſat down to dinner—couldn't eat a morſel—what the devil ails me?—A gentleman ſaid, I muſt go to bed ſooner; take more exerciſe, and never touch any thing between meals—hate theſe prating fellows—how the devil can I lead a more regular life?—don't I live every day the ſame? However, though I couldn't eat at dinner, I made amends by drinking; for, before the cloth was taken away, I had diſpatched a bottle of madeira and three bumpers of brandy, by way of ſettling my ſtomach!

At eight o'clock ſat in to drinking, and by two in the morning had taken to my own ſhare three bottles of port, and five devil'd biſcuits.

At three o'clock got home, and finding myſelf ra-

ther queer, took two glasses of hot brandy and water, half and half, and, having nothing else to do, undress'd myself as well as I could, and went to bed!

A KIDDY.

About ten o'clock got every thing prepared—tossed off three flashes of lightning and two noggins of max *, and set the young ones to collect money for old Guy—About two o'clock dressed to play the ordinary; and went in mock procession to Tyburn with Guy in the cart; felt cursed awkward, and had such a choking in my throat, was obliged to wet my whistle by way of clearing the passage. During our journey, the wipe-nabbers † made a tolerable gleaning, as besides eighteen silks, fourteen whites, and twelve coloured, they secured three gold tickers ‡, two metal and five silver ones. About six in the evening trade began, rather dullish at first, but the blazing of the fire, the hooting of the boys, and the crackling of the squibs, having collected a crowd, Jemmy Twitcher and I set to work—many a good pull had I at the tickers, but at last being detected in an attempt to nab a gold repeater, I was secured, and carried to the Russian coffee-house §, and afterwards had before the beaks ‖ in Bow Street; the rum culls were cursedly queer in their questions, and down upon all my rigs—however, should have got off for want of evidence, had not a tit-lark ** swore that a few evenings since I had pulled him up †† on Hounslow Heath. This being the case, the *darbies* were put on, and one of the beaks told me, that instead of crossing the herring-pond at the expense

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* Gin and brandy.
† Pickpockets.
‡ Watches.
§ Brown Bear.
‖ Magistrates.
** Spectator.
†† Robbed him on the highway.

of

of Government, I ſhould now pay my reſpects to the nabbing cheat *.

A GAMESTER.

Roſe at four---dreamt had thrown crabs all night, and could not nick ſeven for the life of me; had ſome ſtrong green tea, and threw a tea-cup at my wife, becauſe ſhe aſked for money to buy the children ſhoes. My ſtomach being queer, and my hand unſteady, toſs'd off a half pint bumper of brandy, and ſauntered down to the billiard-table—ſaw two ill-looking fellows at the corner of the Haymarket—was afraid they were bailiffs, ſo ſhirked 'em, by dodging 'em behind a coach. *Memorandum*, The firſt lucky run to change my lodgings—loſt fifteen guineas at billiards, and borrowed one of a friend to pay my dinner; won a hit or two at backgammon, but loſt again at piquet. Ordered turtle and claret for ten, at a guinea a head, and ſent my wife two ſhillings and ſixpence to buy ſome victuals for herſelf, five children, and the maid—houſekeeping d——d expenſive, and no end to women's extravagance; heard good news—a famous pigeon expected to dinner—a young *Weſt Indian*, and rich as Crœſus; was reſolved to be prepared, and leave nothing to luck; ſo loaded a couple of the doctors for throwing a ſeven and nine.

After dinner, plied the young Creole with wine, and ſhammed Abraham to avoid the glaſs; but nevertheleſs pretended to be drunk. About eleven o'clock the tables were ſet, caſh depoſited, and the ſport began: by three o'clock had won 3000*l.*—Was high in ſpirits—thought myſelf a made man, when the devil de-

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* Gallows.

ſerted me, and put it into the head of my opponent to examine the dice!—To make ſhort of my ſtory, I was detected, compelled to refund, and finally kicked out of the room, with my ears ſlit and my hair docked.

In my way home, theſe cogitations offered themſelves—What can I do? I am expelled ſociety; I cannot game; I cannot apply to habits of induſtry; what is to become of me? I have it; a thought ſtrikes me; the *new philoſophy* ſays death is an eternal ſleep! There 's horror in the thought! but . . . . . !

By five o'clock arrived at home, and found my wife in tears, and my children crying for bread! gave 'em a hearty curſe, drank a pint bumper of ſpirits, and went to bed!!! [*Report of a piſtol.*

PIZARRO:

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

AS I walk'd through the Strand ſo careleſs and gay,
I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow:
"Choice fruit, Sir," ſaid ſhe—"and a bill of the play;"
So my apples I bought, and ſet off for Pizarro.

When I got to the door I was ſqueez'd, and cried "Dear me,
I wonder they made the entrance ſo narrow!"
At laſt I got in, and found every one near me
Was buſily talking of Mr. Pizarro.

Lo! the hero appears—(what a ſtrut and a ſtride!)
He might eaſily paſs for Marſhal Suwarrow!
And Elvira ſo tall, neither virgin nor bride—
The loving companion of gallant Pizarro.

But Elvira, alas! turn'd ſo dull and ſo proſy,
That I long'd for a hornpipe by little Del Caro:
Had I been 'mong the gods, I had ſurely cried—"*Noſy*,
"Come play up a jig; and a fig for Pizarro."

On

On his wife and his child his affection to pay,
  Alonzo ſtood gazing, and ſtraight as an arrow:
Of him I have only this little to ſay—
  His boots were much neater than thoſe of Pizarro.

Then the prieſteſs and virgins, in robes white and flowing,
  Walk'd ſolemnly on—like a ſow and her farrow,
And politely inform'd the whole houſe they were going
  To entreat Heav'n's curſes on noble Pizarro.

Then at it at they went. How they made us all ſtare!—
  One growl'd like a bear, and one chirp'd like a ſparrow:
I liſten'd; but all I could learn, I declare,
  Was, that vengeance would certainly fall on Pizarro.

Rolla made a fine ſpeech, with ſuch logic and grammar
  As muſt ſure rouſe the envy of Counſellor Garrow—
It would ſell for five pounds, were it brought to the hammer;
  For it rais'd all Peru againſt valiant Pizarro.

Four acts are tol tol—but the fifth 's my delight,
  Where hiſt'ry 's trac'd with the pen of a Varro;
And Elvira in black and Alonzo in white
  Put an end to the piece, by killing Pizarro.

I have finiſh'd my ſong; if it had but a tune
  (Nancy Dawſon won't do, nor the ſweet Braes of Yarrow),
I vow I would ſing it from morning to noon—
  So much am I charm'd with the play of Pizarro.

BROGUE.

MODERN NOVELS.

INSCRIBED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MONK.

TOM, Dick, and Will, were little known to fame;—
  No matter:—
But to the alehouſe oftentimes they came,
  To chatter.

It was the cuſtom of theſe three,
To ſit up late;
And o'er the embers of the alehouſe fire,
When ſteadier cuſtomers retire,
The choice triumviri, d' ye ſee,
Held a debate.

Held a debate!—on politics, no doubt;
Not ſo;—they car'd not who was in,
Not of a pin—
Nor who was out.
All their diſcourſe on modern poets ran;
For in the muſes was their ſole delight:—
They talk'd of ſuch, and ſuch, and ſuch a man;
Of thoſe who could and thoſe who could not write.

It coſt them very little pains
To count the modern poets, who had brains.
'T was a ſmall difficulty:—'t wasn't any;
They were ſo few.
But to caſt up the ſcores of men
Who wield a ſtump they call a pen,
Lord! they had much to do!
They were ſo many.

Buoy'd on a ſea of fancy, Genius riſes,
And like the rare Leviathan ſurpriſes:
But the ſmall fry of ſcribblers!—tiny ſouls!
They wriggle through the mud in ſhoals.

It would have rais'd a ſmile to ſee the faces
They made, and the ridiculous grimaces,
At many an author as they overhaul'd him.
They gave no quarter to a calf,
Blown up with puff and paragraph;
But if they found him bad, they maul'd him.

On modern dramatiſts they fell,
Pounce, *vi et armis*—tooth and nail—pell mell.
They call'd them carpenters and ſmugglers;
Filching their incidents from ancient hoards,
And knocking them together like deal boards:
And jugglers;

Wh

Who all the town's attention fix
By making—plays?—No, Sir, by making tricks.

The verſifiers—Heaven defend us!
They play'd the very devil with their rhymes;
They hop'd Apollo a new ſet would ſend us:—
And then, invidiouſly enough,
Plac'd modiſh verſes, which they miſcall'd ſtuff,
Againſt the writings of the elder times.

To ſay the truth, a modern verſifier
Clapp'd cheek by jowl
With Pope, with Dryden, and with Prior,
Would look d——'d ſcurvily, upon my ſoul!

For novels, ſhould their critic hints ſucceed,
The miſſes might fare better when they took 'em;
But it would fare extremely ill, indeed,
With gentle Meſſrs. Bell and Hookham.

"A novel, now," ſays Will, "is nothing more
Than an old caſtle—and a creaking door—
A diſtant hovel—
Clanking of chains—a gallery—a light,
Old armour—and a phantom all in white—
And there 's a novel.

"Scourge me ſuch catchpenny inditers
Out of the land," quoth Will—rouſing in paſſion,
"And fie upon the readers of ſuch writers,
Who bring them into faſhion!"

Will roſe in declamation; "'T is the bane,"
Says he, "of youth;—'t is the perdition:
It fills a giddy female brain
With vice, romance, luſt, terror, pain,—
With ſuperſtition.

"Were I a paſtor in a boarding-ſchool,
I 'd quaſh ſuch books, *in toto*; if, I couldn't,
Let me but catch one miſs that broke my rule,
I 'd flog her ſoundly; d—me if I wouldn't."

William,

William, 't is plain, was getting in a rage;
  But Thomas drily ſaid—for he was cool—
"I think no gentleman would mend the age
  By flogging ladies at a boarding-ſchool."

Dick knock'd the aſhes from his pipe;
  And ſaid, "Friend Will,
You give the novels a fair wipe;
  But ſtill,
While you, my friend, with paſſion run 'em down,
  They 're in the hands of all the town.

"The reaſon 's plain," proceeded Dick,
  "And ſimply thus—
Taſte, over-glutted, grows deprav'd, and ſick,
  And needs a ſtimulus.

"Time was—when honeſt Fielding writ—
Tales full of nature, character, and wit,
  Were reckon'd moſt delicious boil'd and roaſt.
But ſtomachs are ſo cloy'd with novel-feeding,
Folks get a vitiated taſte in reading,
  And want that ſtrong provocative a ghoſt.

  "Or to come nearer,
    And put the caſe a little clearer:—
Minds, juſt like bodies, ſuffer enervation,
    By too much uſe;
And ſink into a ſtate of relaxation,
    With long abuſe.

"Now, a romance, with reading debauchees,
  Rouſes their torpid powers, when nature fails;
  And all theſe legendary tales
Are, to a worn-out mind, cantharides.

"But how to cure the evil? you will ſay:
My recipe is laughing it away.

"Lay bare the weak farrago of thoſe men
  Who fabricate ſuch viſionary ſchemes;
As if the nightmare rode upon their pen,
  And troubled all their ink with hideous dreams.

"For

"For inſtance—when a ſolemn ghoſt ſtalks in,
And, through a myſtic tale, is buſy,
Strip me the gentleman into his ſkin;
What is he?
Truly, ridiculous enough:
Mere traſh;—and very childiſh ſtuff."

POETIC EPISTLE

FROM J. A. TO R. H. ESQ. AND INSCRIBED TO MRS. FORTY *, CHELTENHAM WELLS.

DEAR R——t, it 's time I ſhould take up my quill,
And give you our travels from B———ly H—ll;
As no avocation my mind now encumbers,
I 've leiſure to ſend you theſe fanciful numbers;
And if attic ſalt my podrida don't ſeaſon,
The Cheltenham ſalts ſhall afford rhyme and reaſon.
The rain having cool'd the hot weather ſo roaſting,
And made all the country ſo pleaſant for poſting,
We left your kind houſe on variety's dream,
"*To drive away care and drink deep of the ſtream.*"
No matter what places we ſaw in our way,
But here we arriv'd in the courſe of the day;
My good martial croney †, with friendſhip ſo ſteady,
Beſpeaking our beds and apartments quite ready;
I order'd our chaiſe to the ſign of the George,
And found a good dinner our ſtomachs to gorge;
For that there 's a place in the world, I much queſtion,
Where people eat more, or have quicker digeſtion.
At night we were told we muſt go to the ball,
For faſhion would there all the gay world enthral;
The ſight of the company made full amends,
For there we met ſundry acquaintance and friends,
And many *Weſt Britons* were mix'd in the throng,
Who ſeem'd with our *women* for *union* to long,

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* The woman at the Lower Well.
† Lieutenant General M———h.

Saluting

Saluting each other, and nodding their plumes,
As they ſtroll'd up and down, and thus talk'd through the rooms:—
"I 'm ſo glad to meet you, how long are you here?
'T is a charming gay place, though expenſive and dear;
Are you come for the gout, the rheumatics, or bile,
Or juſt *en paſſant*, or to lounge here awhile?
Theſe waters are mix'd with ſalt, ſulphur, and ſteel,
They 're good in the *end*, though they make your head reel,
And cure every *ill we imagine or feel.*
In each book of ſubſcription go put down your name,
For that in the news will your coming proclaim;
The town from all parts of the world is ſo full,
There 's ſo much amuſement, you cannot be dull.
You 've met, I dare ſay, many people you know?
We 're juſt come a month, and we now wiſh to go.
I hope, my dear madam, we often ſhall meet,
For I 'll drop you a card as I 'm walking down ſtreet."
If very fine people ſhould deign to come hither,
They neſtle and pair juſt like birds of a feather,
They ſpread out their plumes, and like peacocks ſtrut by,
As much as to ſay, From inferiors we fly!
For I 've heard 't is the cuſtom of folks of high faſhion,
For their dear ſelves alone to diſcover a paſſion.
A *title* is here quite a magical charm,
Like a handkerchief dropp'd to get into a har'm!
It acts like a paſſport each circle to hit,
For they know their own value and each other's wit;
And how can one judge where true merit appears,
Unleſs it is tried by its jury of peers?
But ſure when we 're plagu'd with their airs and their ſtate,
They make themſelves *little* by proving too *great.*
Now ſee the young people a-cutting of capers,
And flirting away, as a cure for the vapours;
Sure none dance ſo light as thoſe beaux and thoſe belles
(All owing, perhaps, to the uſe of the Wells);
For though now the weather was rainy and ſtupid,
It never had moiſten'd the pinions of Cupid!
What a number of tabbies and men were at cards,
Playing more for the caſh than each other's regards!

This

This fine *raree-ſhow*, that began about *ſeven*,
Broke up, as at Bath, at the hour of *eleven !*
Though many, well pleas'd with the ſcene of delight,
Would have given up ſleep to have ſtaid there all night;
But 'faith it requires ſome good regulation,
All raking to ſtop and to cure diſſipation.
So King, like the fam'd Baratarian phyſician,
Likes to keep all his friends in a healthy condition;
And after he flatter'd our hopes and our wiſhes,
'T was *Preſto*, begone! as with Sancho's lov'd diſhes.
To prove all the raptures of life a mere trance,
"For no longer than piping, no longer we dance:"
And fearing a ſurfeit might pall all our pleaſures,
Makes regular hours the wiſeſt of meaſures.
And ſure there 's no man that 's more fit for the place,
That ſhows more good manners, or more poliſh'd grace.
Now as to the town, that 's ſo pretty and clean
(Though very well plac'd for attracting the rain),
The flag-way is pleaſant to ſaunter and idle,
To ſee all the feats of the whip and the bridle.
But, 'faith, while on foot we 're purſuing our rambles,
Your ſight and your noſe take diſguſt at the ſhambles.
It 's very indecent ſuch ſlaughter to meet,
And joſtle dead bodies hung up in the ſtreet:
And oft when your eyes after beauty are led,
You may chance to fall foul of a calf or ſheep's head!
But now it 's full time, as it 's growing ſo late,
To dream of what 's paſt, when my ſupper I eat;
To-morrow my muſe will be up with the lark,
For it can't, like the nightingale, ſing in the dark;
I mean Mrs. Forty ſhould ſee me quite early,
As I hear that ſhe deals with her patients all fairly;
For ſhe 's too impartial her favours to ſlur;
Firſt come and firſt ſerv'd, is the maxim with her;
So I hope I'll be able my matins to ſing,
And give you a pleaſant account of the ſpring.

EPISTLE II.

This morning I roſe up as ſoon as I could,
To walk to the fountain and do myſelf good;

Indeed,

Indeed, as I ſaunter'd, I thought it quite hard,
That the way to the well ſhould be through the church-yard;
For what merry mortal his time would conſume,
To read *Hervey's Lectures* engrav'd on a tomb?
'T is a *ſombre memento* of death's final ſentence,
As we journey along to the ſtool of repentance;
And, 'faith, when by health and gay ſpirits I 'm led,
I 'd rather go ſport with the *quick* than the *dead!*
Such grave admonitions are here of no uſe,
For people ſo moral, ſure, cannot be *looſe*.
But ſee the fine proſpect yon avenue yields,
Sure I 've got to Elyſium, and theſe are its fields *;
And as for the landſcapes, no country abounds
With ſuch picturesque and ſuch beautiful grounds!
Indeed they are frequently wrapt in the clouds,
For the hope of the morning the noon often ſhrouds:
But when we 're encircled by ſuch lovely women,
No matter to me if the walks are all ſwimming.
If Anſtey † were here, he might ſport with the Muſes,
And laugh with Apollo the way that he chooſes;
But let me attend his poetical flight,
And ſoar like a wiſp to the tail of his kite!
See beauty and love in the pride of the morning,
With fair blooming health all their features adorning,
In parties aſſembled, whoſe names I might tell,
Coming here to be *better*, though looking *ſo well*.
But this I declare, 'twixt their giggling and laughing,
They drank off their bumpers like topers a-quaffing;
And all were ſo eager their quantum to ſwallow,
They left you to gueſs what muſt afterwards follow.
In ſhort, Mrs. Forty, that excellent creature,
The goddeſs of health, and the prieſteſs of nature;
Who honours ſo much her aquatical ſtation,
Who pumps as much water as ſerves a whole nation,
To waſh away ſin by a ſtate of purgation,

* The town is environed by the Glouceſter hills.
† Author of the Bath Guide.

When

Was ready with ſad diſappointment to cry,
When ſhe found they exhauſted her ſucker quite dry.
Poor woman! ſhe told me they gorg'd ſuch an ocean,
She thought *all the world would ſoon be in motion*;
But, what her humanity greatly exalts,
She mix'd me a doſe of hot water and ſalts;
Declar'd the preſcription was all from the pump,
Quite fit for a man that look'd florid and plump;
And ſaid, if that way in ſome minutes I 'd paſs,
She 'd ſomehow contrive for to ſqueeze out a glaſs;
So I left many men, cautious dames, and their daughters,
With anxious impatience a-watching her waters.
Now, as for my ladies, I cannot account,
They never will go hobber-nob at the fount!
They 're grown ſo capricious, ſo ſqueamiſh and ſtrange,
They vow they will never their ſtomachs derange;
And, 'faith, I found out the fair ſex of my party
Came here to kill time, and to eat very hearty;
Inſtead of the *waters*, like taking the *air*,
And leave Mrs. Forty of them to deſpair.

Let envy and ſpleen ſay this well is a bubble,
Replete with fix'd air, relaxation, and trouble;
Let peeviſh folks grumble as much as they pleaſe,
I don't know a ſpot where you 're more *at your eaſe*;
It puts ev'ry one in a ſtate of probation,
And cures both your body and mental repletion.
If life, as they ſay, is "*a paſſage at beſt*,"
This place muſt be ſurely in conſtant requeſt.
If people will come to be always complaining,
It 's either *too hot*, *or too cold*, *or it 's raining*,
I think them a parcel of poor croaking elves,
That never can find a *reſource* in themſelves;
Grown dull by the ſample, I leave them together,
To change their diſcourſe with the change of the weather.

But why ſhould they trouble their heads with ſuch ſtuff,
For here 's recreation and ſubject enough:
What *dancing*, what *carding*, what *riding* and *walking*;
What *flaunting*, what *ſcandal*; what *feaſting* and *talking*!
And then, ev'ry day, ſure, there comes by the poſt,
A bundle of news from each part of the coaſt;

 And

And there 's people enough who have ready invention,
To tell you much more than the papers can mention.
But if you 're a person of classical breeding,
There 's a charming collection at Harwood's * for reading;
And if you 've the fidgets, are changeful and fickle,
You 'll find things enough all your whimsies to tickle.
Then, there 's Mr. Watson, dramatic and loyal,
Will give you good plays at his Theatre Royal.
And if for new pastime your fancy takes wing,
Repair to his garden, and sport in his swing †;
While all the spectators shall giggle and stare,
To see you, like turtles, make love in the air.
His aviary ‡ too must your notice engage;
For he 'll show you the method to breed in a cage.
In fine, had I no other object in view,
And nothing to think of, or nothing to do;
If I found I was sick, and I wish'd to be well,
Or what I should do with myself could not tell,
Dear *Cheltenham*, I 'd give you some more of my time,
But now bid adieu both to you and my rhyme.

PARODY OF GRAY's ODE

ON A CAT DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

'TWAS on the pavement of a lane,
Where a hard show'r of soaking rain
Had made a pretty mess,
A buck advanc'd with careful strut,
For fear a sprinkle from the rut
Should soil his lily dress.

---

* The bookseller and librarian.
† A swing on Merlin's principle.
‡ Where he breeds golden pheasants and other birds.

Hi

His powder'd head, his ſilken hoſe,
The daſhing buckles on his toes,
Seem'd ſuited for a court;
The muſlin round a pudding roll'd,
In which he kept his chin from cold,
Was of the fineſt ſort:

He trod on ſlow; but 'midſt the tide
A brewer's dray was ſeen to glide—
Unmindful of the mud;
Before which ſtalk'd, with ſteps quite bold,
Two high-fed ſteeds of beauteous mould—
The pride of Whitbread's ſtud.

The ſplaſhing made on every ſide
The lane, which was not over-wide,
Quite terrified the elf:
He ſaw the careleſs ſteeds come on,
But dar'd not ſtand, nor dar'd to run—
Leſt he ſhould ſplaſh himſelf.

At length, poor youth! he made a ſtop,
And would have got into a ſhop—
But, ah! the door was ſhut!
When, lo! th' advanc'd proceſſion greets
The hapleſs beau with all the ſweets
Collected in the rut!

He ſwore, and call'd the drayman wight
Untaught, unlearn'd, and unpolite,
And ſaid he 'd thraſh the blade;
But he did not—good reaſon why;
Alas, no Hercules was nigh,
To give Narciſſus aid!

Then, all ye bucks who walk the ſtreet,
So ſpruce, ſo buxom, and ſo neat,
Learn, this ſad tale by reading,
To keep at home on rainy days,
Leſt you ſhould meet with any drays—
For draymen have no breeding!

G. L.

THE FRANTIC LOVER.

*By the late George Steevens, Esq.**

———Æstuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, mistoque insania luctu,
Et Furiis agitatus Amor.

AND shall then another embrace thee, my fair?
Must envy still add to the pangs of despair?
Shall I live to behold the reciprocal bliss?—
Death, death is a refuge—Elysium to this!

The star of the evening now bids thee retire:—
Accurs'd be its orb, and extinguish'd its fire;
For it shows me my rival prepar'd to invade
Those charms which at once I admir'd and obey'd!

Far off each forbidding incumbrance is thrown,
And, Sally, thy beauties no more are thy own;
Thy coyness, too, flies, as love brings to thy view
A trance more ecstatic than saint ever knew!

And yet I behold thee, though longing to die,
Approach the new heav'n with a tear and a sigh;
For, oh, the fond sigh 'midst enjoyment will stray—
And a tear is the tribute which *rapture* must pay!

Still, still, dost thou tremble that pleasure to seek
Which pants on thy bosom and glows on thy cheek:
Confusion and shame thy soft wishes destroy—
And *terror* cuts off the weak blossom of joy!

Ah, had I been blest with thy beauty, my fair,
With fondest attention, with delicate care,
My heart would have tried all thy fears to remove,
And pluck'd ev'ry thorn from the roses of love!

* These verses, we believe, are the only specimen of his poetical talent that has ever been published. [The last verse is attributed to Mr. Hayley.

My insolent rival, more proud of his right,
Contemns the sweet office—that soul of delight!
Less tender he seizes thy lips as his prey—
And all thy dear limbs the rough summons obey!

E'en now more licentious!——Rash mortal, forbear——
Restrain him, O Venus!—let him, too, despair!
Freeze, freeze, the swift streams which now hurry to join—
And curse him with *passions unsated* like mine!

How weak is thy rage his fierce joy to control!—
A kiss from thy body shoots life to his soul!
Thy frost, too, dissolv'd, in one current is run—
And all thy keen *feelings* are blended *in one!*

Thy limbs from his limbs a new warmth shall acquire,
His passions from thine shall redouble their fire;
Till wreck'd and o'erwhelm'd in the storm of delight,
Thine ears lose their hearing—thine eyes lose their sight!

Here conquest must pause (though it ne'er can be cloy'd),
To view the rich plunder of *beauty enjoy'd!*—
The tresses dishevell'd, the bosom display'd—
And the wishes of years in a moment repaid!

A thousand soft thoughts in thy fancy combine;
A thousand wild horrors assemble in mine!
Relieve me, kind Death; shut the scene from my view—
And save me, O save me, ere madness ensue!

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE LOVERS OF MODERN POETRY.

[From the Morning Herald.]

BEAR me, ye Zephyrs, where no sleety showers,
On misty wing no angry whirlwind lowers,
No horrid ice its bulk enormous rears,
Unshaw'd through beamless suns and waste of years;
No desert's black uncultur'd ruin ies,
Spreads its vast plain, and mingles with the skies;

Wild-ſcreaming Famine ſweeps along the ſhore,
In concert dread with the wide ocean's roar :—
But, ripe with life, all forms their incenſe bring,
Stretch the young limb, and clap the quiv'ring wing,
Reſplendent ſylphs in orient ether ſtray,
And glance their glittering ſides, and hymn the blaze of day!
Dart their ſwift light with undulation fine,
Wheel their bright ranks, indent the varying line,
Mount on the clouds, direct the ſpringing rain,
And float triumphant o'er the laughing plain ;
Rocks, hills, and woods, in gay confuſion riſe,
Impearl'd with dewdrops, gliſten to the ſkies ;
The glorious ſun harmonious rolls along,
Gaze of the ſage, and idol of the throng,
The lord of life and light, and patron of the ſong.
Where gentle love, in conſentaneous minds,
An off'ring pure, an honeſt altar finds,
My Delia where, recluſe in dim retreat,
Relenting comes, her lover's vows to meet—
In that ſweet hour, when fairy twilight's reign
Sweeps the long ſhadows o'er the glimm'ring plain,
Through the fine frame when panting tremors move,
And melts the ſoul in ecſtacies of love.
Each ſwelling grace and undulated charm,
The boſom's pant, the roſy-winding arm,
The thrilling languiſh of the liquid eye,
Which coyly grants the love it ſeems to fly!
All theſe my Delia owns—nor theſe alone
Beam the blue eye, or heave the virgin zone ;
The generous tranſports of a feeling mind,
Slave to no precept, by no rule confin'd ;
No bigot prejudice, with rude control,
Chill'd the young ardour of her buoyant ſoul ;
But rapturous hope, and eager fond ſurpriſe,
Lives in her mien and ſparkles in her eyes!
Each look is love, and every action grace,
Nature each word, all intellect her face!
I feel her thrilling touch, her glance of fire,
Each reeling ſenſe in ecſtacy expire,
Throbs every nerve, while rapture whelms my breaſt—
Come then, expreſſive ſilence, muſe the reſt.

SONNET,

IN THE MANNER OF SOME MODERN POETS*.

[From the True Briton.]

AH *Puddle*, doom'd to wander through the ſtreet,
And force thy way o'er many a rugged ſtone,
The Muſe, tear-tributing, thy ſtream ſhall greet,
And ſympathize with thee in gurgling groan.

Pure was thy ſource as morn's ethereal dew.
Though now, mud-mingling, muſt thy current flow,
Ordain'd to creep the broken pavement through,
And ſputter-ſplaſh the ſtockings of the *beau*.

Pure too was man, when in his infant ſtate,
Ere vice ſprang forth, that *puddle of the ſoul*;
And man in thee may trace his kindred fate,
As both along Time's mazy kennel roll.

For man, ſin-ſoil'd, at ſcouring penance aims,
As thou to clean thyſelf in ſilver Thames.

T.

AN AIR FROM THE BUBBLEANDSQUEAKINI OF KITCHENER.

(Cookilina pokes & perſpires.)

THE pot doth boil, the fire doth roar,
The damſel ſtirs it ſtill the more;
The dumplings they tumble up and up,
She ladles them out, and takes a ſup—
Her boſom is panting with heat.

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* As the works of theſe gentlemen are "of ſpecial merit, but of little note," it may be proper to obſerve, that the chief characteriſtics of their poetry are, a familiar ſubject—the more familiar, indeed, the better; plenty of compound epithets, to inveſt it with ſuitable dignity; a pathetic humility, to ſoften the feelings; and, above all things, a levelling moral.

The

The pot it is empty, the bottom is dry,
There 's nothing taſtes worſe now beneath the ſky;
Good maſter, do order the dinner I pray,
I 've cook'd and pok'd enough for the day—
Make ready, for ready 's your meat.

PROBABLY AN IMITATION OF THE FOLLOWING:

" FROM THE PICCOLOMINI OF SCHILLER.

" *Thekla.—(Plays and ſings.)*

" THE cloud doth gather, the green woods roar,
The damſel paces along the ſhore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might—
And ſhe flings out her voice to the darkſome night:
Her boſom is ſwelling with ſorrow.

" The world is empty, the heart will die,
There 's nothing to wiſh for beneath the ſky;
Thou holy one, call thy child away!
I 've lov'd and liv'd, and that was to-day—
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow."

THE LOVES OF SAPPHO AND OBERON.

[From the Oracle.]

The Poem opens with Sappho's hearing the diſtant ſound of her Oberon's notes.—She then expatiates on the bliſſful life they lead, and, in a lively manner, pourtrays the wreath with which ſhe 'll twine his head—Then follows a beautiful deſcription of her lightly tripping towards him, the garland ſhe there wove, and the poſture in which ſhe gracefully reclined, concluding with the fanciful method ſhe adopted to awake her entranced Oberon.

WHAT ſounds melliſluent greet my liſt'ning ear!
What ſcent my noſe aſſails! The fumes of beer
Borne on ſoft gauzy zephyr wing—
'T is Oberon, the ſwain whom I adore,
He ſleeps in yonder grove, I know his ſnore;
Thus he is wont by night to ſing.

Swift

Swift will I trace the mazes of the grove,
Till by the silky stream I find my love;
For there he rests on violet's bed:
His woollen-cap which these fair hands did twine,
I 'll deck with rosebuds sweet, and eglantine;
Then on his breech I'll lay my head.

There free from care, and turgid tyrants' sway,
In bliss we lazy lounge the livelong day:
But when dews damp of eve assail,
Then blithe we rove to yonder friendly inn;
The beer is good, more excellent the gin,
And with a toast right rich their ale.

Thus spoke the nymph, then breath'd a sounding song
That sweetly swell'd the verdant vale along;
"Young *Joey*'s Christ'ning" was her strain:
Then bounding briskly o'er the grassy green,
She might have vied with any *Norwood* queen,
Ragged her robes, and black her mien.

Awhile the dew-begemmed turf she trod,
Her Oberon she spies stretch'd on the sod,
Asleep as sound he son'rous snor'd:
Awhile she gaz'd, then tiptoe onward sped,
And drew the nightcap from his drowsy head,
Then sigh'd, "Thou art my love ador'd!"

Of flaunting flow'rs she twin'd a crest full sweet,
With which she bound the woollen-cap so neat,
Then crown'd her lovely dreaming drone:
Awhile sweet Sappho strove, but could not doze;
With speargrass then she tickled her love's nose;
The playful thought was all her own.

DELLA CRUSCA.

TO

TO FRESHCODINA.

A HAPPY IMITATION.

[From the True Briton.]

IN vain the ſun with gracious bounty pours
His warm irradiations on my toil;
Ripens my various vegetable ſtores,
And in a *jiffy* makes them fit to boil:

In vain my cuſtomers beſtow their praiſe,
Becauſe my cabbages ſo nicely harden;
In vain my Lady Tipperary ſays,
My *tatoes* are the beſt in Covent Garden.

In vain I thrive, in vain my coffers fill,
Whilſt thou, fair Freſhcodina, art unkind;
And wilt thou then deſpiſe my paſſion ſtill;
Nor yield a hope to ſooth my troubled mind?

Full well thou know'ſt when laſt my vows I urg'd,
Unuſual fury gliſtening in thine eye,
From out a neighbouring tub foul ſprats emerg'd,
And at my head quick flew the putrid fry.

Then from your lovely lips thoſe accents fell—
(Melodious accents! though in wrath you ſpoke)
"Get out, ye dirty ſcoundrel! go to hell—
Or by my ſoul your *napper* ſhall be broke."

Deep in my boſom ſunk the fatal ſounds,
Each word a ſtinging-nettle to my heart;
That e'er muſt feel the agonizing wounds,
Till thy forgiveneſs ſhall a balm impart.

Preſumptuous hope!—I 'll cheriſh it no more—
No more to peerleſs charms like thine aſpire;
But the relieving hand of death implore,
Within my breaſt to quench the raging fire.

To ſome lone corner of my grounds I 'll go,
Where many an onion lifts its pointed head;
There, Freſhcodina, ſhall ſome friendly hoe
Mingle Cabbagio with the ſilent dead.

Hereafter,

Hereafter, haply, as you thoughtleſs ſtray,
What time gay recreation's joys invite,
You 'll paſs the fatal ſpot, and ſighing ſay,
"Poor ſoul! I did not mean to kill you quite."

CARROTUS CABBAGIO.

STREPHON'S COMPLAINT.

A BURLESQUE SONNET.

STILL, ſtill my hearty tears, and plaintive lay,
With ſilent ſorrow ſhake the echoing lawn;
And I, with mournful ſteps unwearied ſtray,
From dewy eve until the dappled morn,
In hopes, when Phaeton mounts his glorious car,
And warms this world with petrifying rays,
He 'll melt the icy pangs of Celia's heart,
And ope her ear unto her Strephon's praiſe.
I 'd tread with joy cold Zembla's frozen ſnows,
And o'er its burning ſands with pleaſure rove,
To where the vertic ſun for ever glows,
Could I but gain my heav'nly Celia's love,
Whoſe cheek dares emulate the vernal roſe,
Who breathes more fragrant than the ſpicy grove.

STREPHON.

TO CASTALIO, LAURA MARIA, ROSA MARIA, &c. &c. &c.

[From the True Briton.]

O YE whoſe voices, doloroufly mild,
Whine your ſoft loves in ſoporific ſtrains;
Or ſcreaming, unintelligibly wild,
Too publicly atteſt your want of brains!

Oh! bright Caſtalio, Laura, Roſa—Oh!
Fond pupils of the Delia Cruſcan ſchool!
Alas! to common ſenſe why each a foe?
Alas! in poeſy, why each a fool?

Seek

Seek you Fame's temple by these simple lays,
  Wasteful of ink that moon-struck frenzy yields!
O rather seek, of men to win the praise,
  That temple in the purlieus of Moorfields!

There each, immur'd in fit Parnassian cell,
  May rave or droop as folly strikes the lyre;
There each may woo the other passing well,
  By prudes unheeded, what the Loves inspire.

There each fond Pyramus, each Thisbe there,
  Some grateful cranny in the wall may find;
A sweet conveyance of the sigh of care,
  Or of the verse, if Phœbus prompts the mind.

There, swan-like, each may musically die,
  With passions unobstrusive and unmock'd;
To court in public!—Fie, ye minstrels, fie!
  Your love from vulgar notice should be *lock'd!*

PROSY.

FROM THREE WORKING TAYLORS TO THEIR MASTERS

RESPECTING AN ADVANCE OF WAGES.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

WE begs leave to say as how that your letter of *half a yard* long won't do. Your proposal is out of all *measure*. We are half starved, having nothing but *shreds* and *patches* from butchers' stalls and cooks' shops to maintain ourselves and little *minikin* babes. We should deserve a strait *waistcoat*, if we was to agree to what you have *rut out* for us. You may put yourself in a *pucker*, and make as great a *piece of work* as you please, but it won't *mend* matters, for we are resolved to remain stiff as *buckram* to our cause, even though not a *remnant* of us should be saved. We know you to be as sharp as a *needle*, and that you have not the heart to give

give us the value of a *skein* to eat, not a *thimble*-full to drink, though we *pin* our *shirts* to your shopboard at least fourteen hours in the day. Once indeed, you did give poor old Cuddy a drop of beer, when his fingers were bit by the *goose*, but it was so sour that it gave the poor fellow a *stitch* in his side, and such a *twist* in his guts, that he has been ever since as thin as a *bodkin*. The doctor thinks it has bred a *tape* worm in him; but you laugh in your *sleeve* at his sufferings.

You say that there *seams* to be a conspiracy among us: we have nothing to do with any such *seams*, but are determined not to live in such *sheer* distress as we have done, and you shall find you may chance to *prick your fingers* if you think it *fitting* to attack our *pockets* any further. Our *collar* is raised, and we would rather come to *cuffs* than give up a *needle*-full of what we have asked. If it *suits* you to give enough to *line* our bellies properly, well and good; if not, we shan't care a *button* for your threats, though you tell us our existence hangs on a *thread*, and that you will have us *gathered* in a prison.

So, Sir, being *all of a cloth*, we find ourselves your humble servants,

PETER CREEPER,
CUTHBERT CABBAGE,
NEMO NINTH.

POLITICAL RULES AND MAXIMS.

[From the True Briton.]

THE enemies of your country are no longer so, when enemies to the men who you think have prevented you from place and power.

To be qualified for the Exchequer, it is previously necessary you should be *experimentally* acquainted with *ways and means*.

The education of a *faro table* is no disqualification for the *council table*.

Qualification oaths for a Parliament man are like *lovers' vows*—Jove laughs at both.

A party should *hang* together for general purposes, no matter what! though many of them might deserve *individual suspension*.

If you can't go through your political or civil engagements, kick up a dust to prevent being seen.

Never calculate on the public memory for above a *month*; this will enable you to *promise all things*, *assert all things*, and *perform nothing*.

The pillars of the constitution may be pulled down at any time; provided you pull down Administration along with them.

Always keep railing at *good men*, in order to bring them on a *level with yourselves*; otherwise comparisons may be dangerous.

A man's private character has nothing to say to his public character, and so *vice versa*.

Out of place, be as *democratic* as possible; in place, as *despotic*. They are the same sides of the same character.

Have *virtue*, *honour*, *patriotism*, &c. constantly in your mouths; their highest price is but an *annual eight and sixpenny ticket*, for which you may gain character for yourselves, and proselytes to your cause.

Owe as much as you can; 't is at least *creditable*.

Society should be every now and then shook together like a bottle of muddy wine, to give an opportunity for the *bottom* to mingle with the *top*.

Finally, discharge all qualms of conscience: they occasionally take people off their guard, and are a great hindrance to business.—*Probatum est*.

A LEGAL

A LEGAL PHENOMENON!

AN EXTRAORDINARY ADVERTISEMENT OF AN AMERICAN LAWYER.

[From a Philadelphia Federal Gazette.]

"FIAT JUSTITIA."

HAVING adopted the above motto as early as I had the honour of admiſſion to the bar, I have covenanted with myſelf that I will never knowingly depart from it; and on this foundation I have built a few maxims, which afford my reflections an unſpeakable ſatisfaction.

I. I will practiſe law, becauſe it offers me opportunities of being a more uſeful member to ſociety.

II. I will turn a deaf ear to no man, becauſe his purſe is empty.

III. I will adviſe no man beyond my comprehenſion of his cauſe.

IV. I will bring none into law who my conſcience tells me ſhould be kept out.

V. I will never be unmindful of the cauſe of humanity; and this comprehends the fatherleſs, widows, and thoſe in bondage.

VI. I will be faithful to my client; but never ſo unfaithful to myſelf, as to become a party in his crime.

VII. In criminal caſes, I will not under-rate my own abilities; for if my client proves a raſcal, his money is better in my hands; if not, I hold the option.

VIII. I will never acknowledge the omnipotence of legiſlation; or conſider their acts to be law beyond the ſpirit of the conſtitution.

IX. No man's greatneſs ſhall elevate him above the juſtice due to my client.

X. I will not conſent to a compromiſe where I conceive a verdict eſſential to my client's future reputation

or protection; for of this he cannot be a complete judge.

XI. I will advise the turbulent with candour; and if they will go to law against my advice, they must pardon me for volunteering it against them.

XII. I will acknowledge every man's right to manage his own cause if he pleases.

The above are my rules of practice: and though I will not (at any critical juncture) promise to finish my business in person, if the public interest should require my removal from hence, I will do every thing in my power for those who like them, and endeavour to leave it in proper hands if I should be absent.

WILLIAM TATNAM.

Knoxvill.

CITY FEASTING.

[From the True Briton.]

SIR,

WHEN I read his Majesty's gracious and benignant address to his people*, to assist him, and his government, in the wise and patriotic measure, adopted by himself, to make such retrenchments in their tables and domestic economy, as would tend to lessen the distress occasioned by the present dearth, I was curious to observe, how the royal recommendation would operate on my fellow-citizens of London, who are generally supposed, and not without reason, to place so much of their happiness in eating and drinking.

---

* Proclamation recommending economy in the consumption of bread, &c.

This

This charge is certainly founded in truth, and, I may add, in the nature of things. For a citizen of London, from the nature of his education, does not possess a mind prepared for intellectual pleasure. His more advanced life is occupied by his shop, his warehouse, or his manufactory, and his head is continually employed on calculations of profit and loss—so that, when the time of recreation arrives, he has no other taste to indulge, but that which is gratified by culinary productions. Nay, the progress of a feast is dwelt upon and recapitulated with as much delight by him, as a collection of the finest works of art, or the most profound labours of science, by connoisseurs and scholars.

Indeed, to say the truth, eating and drinking are the main-springs of all the public business of the city of London: and whereas, in the concerns of state, and the government of the nation, recourse must be had to the head—in the management of city affairs, application must be made to the stomach. The history of the city body corporate and its transactions will prove this assertion.

The Lord Mayor has an allowance of six or seven thousand pounds; and it is generally expected, if he wishes to avoid the character of a niggard, that he will add as much more to support what is called Mansion-house hospitality. The two sheriffs must also each of them allot from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds, for the maintenance of what is called their dignity: and four fifths of these large sums are expended in entertainments. If to these are added the dinners given by the aldermen to their common council, and the perennial feastings of the numerous livery companies, it must be acknowledged, that the character which the citizens have obtained for guttling and gormandizing, is richly deserved.

Indeed it appears to me, that certain respectable families in the city have acquired their names from circumstances of a banqueting nature; for I myself remember an Alderman *Kite*, an Alderman *Gosling*, an Alderman *Alsop*, an Alderman *Bull*, an Alderman *Ironside*, an Alderman *Gill*, and an Alderman *Kitchen*.—There has also been, within these three or four years, a sheriff of London, of the name of *Liptrap*; Mr. Sheriff *Liptrap*. It may, I think, be very reasonably concluded, that these appropriate names could not have been a work of chance-medley, but must have arisen from some eating or drinking peculiarity, or pre-eminence in the remote ancestors of these very worthy magistrates.

Many of the streets, &c. in the city, seem to have derived their denominations from similar causes—such as *Pudding Lane*, *Pye Corner*, *Honey Lane*, *Milk Street*, *Green Lettuce Lane*, *The Poultry*, *Bread Street*, *Barbican* (which I take to be a corruption of *Barbecue*), *Bull and Mouth Street*, *Philpot Lane*, *Patty-pan Court*, *Frying-pan Alley*, *Portsoken Ward*, *&c. &c.*—Many of the signs might, I should think, be traced to the same origin; as the *Goose and Gridiron*, the *Shoulder of Mutton*, the *Cock and Bottle*, the *Sugar-loaf*, *Chocolate-pot*, &c. &c.

I shall now proceed to mention a few particular examples, and which I state from the most indubitable authority, of the manly and patriotic stand which has been made by some very distinguished as well as inferior citizens, against certain innovations, which have been attempted in the original hospitality of city feasts.

An alderman, within these few years, being at a customary dinner with his brethren, at the Mansion-house, in the early part of the spring, ordered the servant to get him some gooseberry-tart; but no such dish being on the table, the mortified magistrate made

an instant complaint to the Lord Mayor of such a gross violation of the long-established bill of fare. He observed on the occasion, with a very becoming spirit, that he had been many years a member of the court of aldermen, and had served the great city offices—but he did not recollect a single instance when a dinner in the Mansion-house, at that season of the year, had been deficient in gooseberry-tarts. He at the same time suggested, that the cook should receive a severe reprimand for such a degrading omission.

On another occasion, a Lord Mayor, a very worthy and conscientious man, wishing to save the corporation the great expense of the dinners which are provided at the courts of conservancy for the river Thames, thought proper to order a cold collation; but this cold dinner got his Lordship into hot water, and he was told by some of his brethren, that if he did not wish to dine alone at the next court-day, or if he expected any business would be done on it, his Lordship must restore the long-established accompaniments of turtle and venison.

In the same mayoralty, the sword-bearer and the city officers, who have an occasional table provided for them at the Mansion-house, at the expense of the Mayor, made a formal complaint in one of the winter months, that apple-pies had been foisted into their dinners, instead of the long-accustomed regale of damson-pies; and the cook being called to answer to this heavy charge, saved himself from the menaced jobation, by declaring the impossibility of procuring preserves of the last-mentioned fruit, from a total failure of it in the preceding summer. The apple-pies were, therefore, ordered to be covered with custard, and the commutation received a very respectful consent for that particular period. I could mention many similar examples, but these will be sufficient.

Besides,

Besides, it cannot but have been noticed, that in the public thanks of the corporation to their Lord Mayors, at the close of their office, the circumstance of eating and drinking is generally mentioned. In the formal thanks given by the court of common council, to the late Lord Mayor, he was highly applauded for what was denominated his splendid hospitality; for which, it was added, and other popular qualities, he deserved to be enrolled in the annals of history. In fact, the mayoralty of a representative for the city in parliament, must be a kind of twelvemonth's canvass, not by waiting on the citizens at their houses, but by inviting them to his. In short, during all that period, the venison must be roasting, the turtle stewing, the taps running, and the corks drawing, or his popularity, whatever it may be, will soon be at an end.

THE COBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE.

POLITICO-DRAMATICAL CORRESPONDENCE,

(Exclusively, and by Express.)

[From the Morning Post.]

LUNEVILLE, October 20.—Great preparations are making to open our theatre, for which actors are expected from all parts of Europe. The Manager has made overtures to the chief performers in every country; but he proposes terms so hard, in respect to their individual benefits, that they complain with as much justice as the Covent Garden corps did last winter. The best heroes, for instance, whom he could find, are the British tars: he has made overtures to them to play upon a dormant patent; but they have rejected his terms for want of reciprocity. The other parts

parts in tragedy promise, however, to be filled up.—Such characters as *Stukely*, in *The Gamester*, and *Glenalvon*, in *Douglas*, will be undertaken by Mr. Lazzaroni, from Naples. The Tyrants will be acted by Citizen Jacobin, from France; the Disconsolate Fathers, by Mr. Italicus. A vast number of candidates have appeared for the latter cast of parts, from France, Germany, and Ireland. The heroines are to be represented by Madame Helvetia.

These are to be our chief performers in tragedy.—In the common walk, our principal actor will be Paul Pugowitz, a performer something in the line of Woodward, Lee Lewes, and even Lewis. Like the two former, he will act the Harlequins and the Fops, and he far excels the latter in twistings and windings about the stage, in jumping and dancing over tables and chairs. His leaps as Harlequin have astonished all Europe, and his caprice and coquetry in the Fops, form an admirable contrast to the other characters.—The Irishmen will be given to the English military Directors, who have the happiest knack at blunders; the sentimental parts will be undertaken by Denmark and Sweden; and the Walking Gentlemen by Spain and Portugal. The Hypocrites will be allotted to Austria, the admirable representative of the Double Dealer; and the Old Dotard to Signior Ottomano, who daily displays new qualifications for this walk.—The low comedy will be given to Mynheer Batavia and Signior Cisalpinia, both of whom have excited great risibility in the farce of "*Independence*." The English Cabinet will play the Intriguing Chambermaids; Miss Polandia, the Distressed Daughter; Madame Bavaria, the Old Maid, afraid of being ravished by her next-door neighbours; and Madame Prussia, the fine lady, courted by every one, but won by none.—The vocal parts are not yet all filled up—but Mr. Pope is engaged as the first singing man; Messrs. Wilberforce

force and Dobbs as chief women; and the German Princes as chorus-ſingers. The dancers will be French Emigrants; the Treaſurer, Baron Hamburgh; Property-man, Mr. Columbio; Call-boy, Lord F————; Prompter, Mr. Pitt; and Manager, Sig. Bonaparte.

Such is a rough ſketch of the principal performers expected at the Luneville Theatre; but conſiderable difficulties yet exiſt, reſpecting the terms on which they will engage. John Bull, a warm patron of the ſcheme, has offered moſt of them liberal ſalaries, which, in ſome inſtances, have been accepted; in others, the actors inſiſt upon playing on ſhares.—The great performers, who feel the moſt confidence in their talents, inſiſt upon ſharing the profits, while thoſe of leſſer note are willing to receive a ſtipulated ſum. One actor, Mr. Windham, has offered his ſervices for the candle-ends.

The whole of the ſcenes have not yet arrived; but the moſt ſtriking are, a diſtant view of Paris, with a coronation proceſſion, by Mr. Jenkinſon; views in the Mediterranean, ſent from Ruſſia; views in Italy, by Mr. Francis; and a paper-mill, turned by a ſtream of words, painted by Mr. Pitt. The ſtage is full of trap-doors, and it is ſuppoſed it will be lighted by new patent lamps, made by Thomas Paine. The price of admiſſion to the ſtage boxes will be a crown; but, in the other parts of the houſe, the multitude will pay no more than the expenſe of a dinner.

The firſt performance is expected ſoon to take place.

MORE

MORE ABOUT IT.

[From the Morning Post.]

THE Tempest has been got up with great industry in the North, and is now performing with much *eclat* in the Petersburgh Theatre. The following passages receive uncommon applause:

Caliban.—" The *island*'s * mine, by Sycorax, my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me.

[To *Stephano*, performed by the First Consul.

Hast thou not dropt from heav'n ?"

Stephano.---" Out of the moon, I do assure thee. I was the man
In the moon when time was."

Cal.---" A plague upon the —— that I serve,
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.
As I told thee before, I am subject to a ——,
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the *island*."

ALARMING STATE OF ENGLAND.

[From the Morning Post.]

THE embargo laid by Russia on the English shipping is a much more serious evil than we at first imagined. From a list of the vessels it appears the

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* This may remind some readers, perhaps, of *Ursa Major*, and Malta.

Emperor

Emperor has by it provided himself with *Admiral Nelson*, *Lord Rodney*, *Earl Howe*, and several other of our best admirals. Thus supported, no wonder that he has taken from us our *Commerce*, our *Prosperity*, our *Perseverance*, *Industry*, and *Resolution*, leaving us without *Fortune*, *Friendship*, *Union*, *Concord*, *Peace*, *Amity*, or *Hope*. He has parcelled out all *Albion*, and possessed himself of *Manchester*, *Bedford*, &c. deprived us of the *Prince of Wales*, *Lord Carrington*, and a long train of fashionable *Nymphs*, *Betseys*, *Annes*, *Fannys*, and *Marys*. Even the winds of heaven are not suffered to visit us, as he has seized upon *Zephyr*, *Boreas*, &c. In this situation we are left, without *Consolation*, *Expedition*, *Enterprise*, or *Chance*.

A NEW SONG.

TO THE TUNE OF "THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND."

THOUGH of Emp'rors and Kings, and all such fine things,
Historians and novelists bawl-o;
None e'er shone in story, with half so much glory
As the great Russian Emperor Paul-o.
Then oh! sing of Emperor Paul-o, magnanimous Emperor Paul-o.
No one ever was known so deserving the throne,
As the valorous Emperor Paul-o.

When a promise he made, that he France would invade,
And soon humble ev'ry proud Gaul-o,
Ev'ry one 'gan to raise his weak voice in the praise
Of our ally the great Emperor Paul-o.
What a friend was the Emperor Paul-o, quite a bulwark was Petersburgh Paul-o!
And 't was every one's sure hope, the saviour of Europe
Would be found in the Emperor Paul-o!

Just

Just when he was so hearty, up jumps Bonaparte,
For in truth, Sir, his hopes were quite small-o;
Yet by dint of intrigue, he soon broke up the league
Between us and the Emperor Paul-o—
Oh faithless Emperor Paul-o! changeable Emperor Paul-o!
It must raise our surprise to hear so many!——
From his Honour the Emperor Paul-o.

Then he fram'd a pretence, without reason or sense,
To make us give Malta up all-o!
For he thought that his might would put Britons in fright,
As he was the great master Paul-o;
No, no, my dear sweet master Paul-o, you 're quite in the wrong, Mr. Paul-o,
We are too much enlighten'd to be at all frighten'd
By the threats of the Emperor Paul-o!

Upon this he began to enlist every man,
And his troops all together to call-o,
And his messengers far go to lay an embargo,
By orders of Emperor Paul-o:
For, says he, I 'm the Emperor Paul-o; they shall suffer, says Emperor Paul-o;
And my standard unfurl'd shall astonish the world,
For there 's war between Britain and Paul-o!

So it 's in contemplation, to make proclamation
To our Admirals, both short, Sir, and tall-o,
To seize on his fleet, the moment they see 't,
And retaliate on Emperor Paul-o.
So take care, my dear Emperor Paul-o; you 'll repent of this, Emperor Paul-o;
For if we send Nelson, he surely will tell soon
Some news of the vessels of Paul-o.

G.F.S.

Oxfordshire, 15th Dec.

ODE

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT.

[From the Porcupine.]

I. 1.

WHILE Faction mourns her baffled aim,
Foil'd hopes and prospects clos'd in shame;
The Muses mark the miscreant well,
Nor cease to strike their warning shell:
They, too, the statesman's course approve—
Right onward slap'd through public love,
Inflexible to wrong:
They point the patriot gifted best
With powers to charm intestine feud to rest,
Or win the weak misled, or subjugate the strong.

I. 2.

Nor thou disdain a wreath to wear;
Nor deem the Muse beneath thy care,
If haply, Pitt! she pour a strain
Desponding Virtue to sustain;
For ours are days of trying ills,
When half the moral code instills
Fast verges to decay;
When License, with unholy claim,
Usurps immortal Freedom's injur'd name,
And traitor-hands would tear her fav'rite crown away.

I. 3.

Inconstant is the smile
Of Fortune on the fairest plans of state.
While Peace and Concord walk'd our happy isle,
Gaul shook her angry spear, and 'woke mistrust and hate,
Nor, when reproach and scorn and threats were hurl'd
At Britain, could her dauntless spirit stoop
To crouch beneath th' oppressors of the world.
Hence must awhile the peaceful olive droop,

While

While diſtant ſhocks of trouble ſtir the land;
Yet thy firm hand,
True to the helm,
Though faction roar, and treaſon would o'erwhelm,
Shall guide the veſſel of the ſtate to port,
And mock the idle fury of the ſtorm:
Nor thou, though crooked ſlander would diſtort
Thee to her own deprav'd and loathſome form,
Shall e'er the fev'riſh effort heed:
The juſt and good ſhall keep their vows,
And deathleſs palms entwine his brows,
Who beſt deſerves to wear the envied meed.

II. 1.

The blood our early ſtruggles coſt,
And lives, in civil conteſt loſt,
Have theſe, but prodigal in vain,
Yet fail'd to perfect Freedom's reign?
Or ſay, ye madly factious few,
Glows her pure ſpirit but for you?
Lives ſhe for you alone?
Vain thought! immortal, unimpair'd,
Through Britain's univerſal people ſhar'd,
She lives—but to *protect*, not *trample* on the throne.

II. 2.

She lives to guard the ſovereign chair,
While Kings, as now, ſit honour'd there;
She lives to ſeek where traitors hide,
Drag them to light, and daſh the pride
Of anarchy, that would entice
The needy to partake its vice,
And give a looſe to ſpoil;
Would cloud Britannia's happy days,
O'erturn her altars, and her temples raze,
And plant its *baneful tree* to taint her pureſt ſoil.

II. 3.

Yet theſe, e'en theſe, maintain
Love for their country and the public weal!
Recluſe obſervers, in apparel plain,
And laviſh only in a fretful fund of zeal!

But let their conduct speak them juntos dark;
Myſterious meetings, yet enough divin'd
To kindle juſt Suſpicion's wakeful ſpark:
Theſe are *the lights* that are to lead mankind!
True patriot virtue lurks not—honeſt views
May ne'er refuſe
To ſtand the teſt
Of open ſuffrage; and the coin, impreſt
By truth and reaſon, ſhall its value keep,
When ſyſtems counterfeit of both, decline:
And Hiſtory, though awhile ſhe pauſe, and weep,
To ſoil her page with the deſign
That ſtruck at Britain's kingly crown;
Shall ſoon through tears indignant ſmile,
And point with ridicule her ſtyle,
And hand to public ſcoff the zealot down.

III. 1.

Nor care we that a rival's hate
Inſidious as *inſatiate*,
By *ſecret* arts and *covert* pow'rs,
Would dream to ſap a ſtate like ours,
Upheld by *uſage* long approv'd;
Tried loyalty that ſtands unmov'd,
And *truſt in God* ſincere.
O fooliſh people! wildeſt plan!
To hope reception for "the Rights of Man,"
Fram'd in the *non-age* of your infant ſtruggles here.

III. 2.

Yet not by *maſk'd approach* alone
Would Gaul ſubvert the Britiſh throne;
With ſword and ſhield advancing, proud
In giant ſtrength, ſhe ſwears aloud,
Never to drop them idle more,
Till on our happy fertile ſhore
Her triple ſtreamers wave:
Her ports with toil mechanic ring,
Her navies imp afreſh the flagging wing,
Her braveſt legions pant to combat ours, as brave.

III. 3.

III. 3.

Albion the while serene,
Awaits the shock—her mild and equal laws
Shall prompt alike, the tenants of the green,
And lords of rich domains, to fight the sacred cause
Of freedom, and their country. See the host
That burns around the royal standard high!
See their dread falchions flame along the coast,
To turn the rash invader, and defy
The foot, that first on British earth would tread!
While black'ning dread
And tall, behind,
Britannia's squadrons with propitious wind
Advancing, fall on the distracted foe.
Dismay turns pale, and calls on coward flight—
In vain!—down countless fathoms, down they go,
Who dar'd provoke a nation's might
In danger's trial firmest shown:
Who dare presume upon their sword—
For laws and customs long ador'd,
Wide o'er these vanquish'd realms to plant their own.

IV. 1.

From moderated freedom flows
The happiest state existence knows;
But, unrestrain'd by wholesome rule
E'en freedom proves but faction's tool;
Nor would the Muse those times recall,
When right was common, licens'd all,
As inclination drew:
Then brutal fury sway'd the mind,
And rapine prey'd upon the gentler kind,
And he who grew in strength the most oppressive grew.

IV. 2.

But when the wanderers of the plain
Empower'd their shepherd king to reign,
And from his throne of turf dispense
Laws, sanction'd by the gen'ral sense;

Then first, in pastoral suit array'd,
Young Freedom, through the greenwood shade,
'Mid jocund groups were seen:
Till grown in strength, matur'd by time,
Wand'ring, as fancy led, from clime to clime,
She built an altar here, and Britain hail'd her Queen.

IV. 3.

O Pitt! to guard the shrine
From sprites unclean, and vows that but *pretend*
To purify—this arduous post be thine:
Still beam our star of hope, still rise our brighter friend,
As danger gathers: thy prevailing pow'rs
And heart still faithful to its country's love,
Need not the Muse, in her prophethic hours,
To paint the future, or the past approve.
Bear thou but fearless on. Reproach is cast
At faction last,
On statesmen first;
Yet one shall moulder unembalm'd to dust,
While incense from the patriot's grave shall rise,
And through the breath of time its sweets diffuse.
Bent age, and youth with animated eyes,
As o'er their fav'rite's urn they muse,
Shall let the tear of homage fall:
The nations, too, his firmness sav'd,
Shall clasp the featur'd bronze, engrav'd
"To HIM WHO RESCUED EUROPE from the *Gaul*."

ODE,

ODE, PINDARICO-SAPPHICO-MACARONICA,

IN CELEBERRIMI ET IMMACULATI VIRI,

GULIELMI PITTII,

CÆTERORUMQUE GEORGII TERTII, MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ, FRANCIÆ, ET HIBERNIÆ, NEC NON CORSICÆ REGIS, DIGNISSIMORUM MINISTRORUM LAUDEM.

AUCTORE JODOCO COACO,
MERLINI COACI PRONEPOTE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

EMMA! fer chartam, calamos, et inkum:
Musa Merlini Coaci, befriend me:
Per deos, volo lepidum ac sonorum
Condere carmen.

Volo Thebarum eximii Poëtæ
Grande, divinum, simulare songum;
Lesbiæ volo numeros puellæ
Jungere suaves.

Quem virum sumes, citharâ Judæâ,
Fistulâ aut Scotâ, celebrare, Diva
Sportica! ac qualem capiti coronam
Nectere vis tu?

Aqua, without doubt, very gooda thinga est;
Aurum et, inter divitias superbas
Glisterans, fulget, velut ignis ardens,
Nocte serenâ.

Sed, my dear heart (si libeat *ministres*
Dicere), ut nullum magis est coruscum
Sole sydus, cum vacuum per æther
Solus he shines forth:

Sic, cave credas alium micare,
Regios inter celebres alumnos,
Bilio nostro celebratiorem
Orbe globoso.

Quid

Quid priùs dicam ?—Pueri pudici
Castitatem num ? nive puriorem ?
Vah, Venus ! non tam glacialis, Hecla,
Friget ut ille.

Quodque plus rarum—abstinuisse nunquam
Pabulis lautis, poculisve plenis,
Fertur ; at Baccho Cererique vota
Daily resolvit.

An canam miram memoremque *mentem*,
Nulla quæ forgets, meminisse quorum
Interest ; quorum juvat oblivisci
Nulla remembrat !

Larga *verborum* potiùs canenda
Flumina ; istudque eloquium bewitchans,
Quo sacrosancti patulas senatûs
Fascinat aures !

Cerne tercentos homines, hiantes,
Hujus ad nutum subito moveri
Huc et illuc ; just veluti puparum
Agmina muta !

Ille with ease can facere alba, nigra ;
Rendere et lucem, piceas tenebras
Ille can ; rursum piceas tenebras,
Rendere lucem !

Quî queam magnam Juvenis sagacis
Bella plannandi celebrare skillem ?
Totius terræ tremuere gentes
Nomine Pitti !

Ille Russorum intrepidam tyrannam
Unico blasto tremefecit oris !
Unico gestu timidos Iberos
Terruit omnes !

Ille Gallorum impavidas catervas
Certiùs certo Zabulo dedisset,
Si bonas plannas bonus Imperator
Executasset.

Interim

Interim tremblate, homines ſceleſti!
Bella qui ſacris geritis monarchis:
Quis poteſt Pitti, ſimul et Deorum
Ferre furorem?

Billius, quàm ſit homo bellicoſus
Vidimus; jam nunc videamus, alſo,
Quomodo fiſcum managet Britannum,
Tempore pacis?

Ille——ſed præſtat, puto, temperare
Laudibus:—novit populus Britannus
Quàm leves taxas, tenue et tributum
Pendimus—heigh, hoh!

Jurium nec eſt magis imperitus:
Criminum obſcuras, minimas et umbras,
Ritè diſcernit:—melius vel ipſe
Non potuit Coke.

Ille ſævorum inſidias retexit
Civium Regi exitium minantûm!
Ille traytores draguit latentes
Auram in apertam!

Ille, too, puff-plot, oculis acutis,
Primus et unus valuit videre:
Ah! Geörgi! quàm vigilem miniſtrum
Sors tibi donat!

Non, tamen, laudes aliis negandæ
Optimi Regis meritæ miniſtris:
Stella plus ſtellâ rutilat, ſed omnis
Stella refulget.

Billio next is Boreale Sydus;
Scotiæ lumen, bonus Henericus;
Roſeus, poſt hunc, Βραδυς Boötes,
Scotus et ipſe.

Proximus illi ſapiens et audax
Dux ducum, Regis moderans tonitru:
Impio à Gallo nihil eſt timendum,
Soſpite Richmond.

Subeunt,

Subeunt, Regis moderans carinas,
Pervigil Chatham *, moderansque mentem
Regiam, Scotus, senior sophistes,
Nomine notus.

Hicce, 't is true, was inimicus ardens
Pittio et Pittî sociis, at one time;
Forsitan ardens iterum futurus
Pittî inimicus.

Transeat:—magnam video cohortem
Bravium heroüm Jacobina castra
Linquere, et nostris ducibus libenter
Dedere dextras.

Ecce! Portlandus, furiosus olim
Whiggus, Whiggorum caput ac verendum,
Billii blandis precibus Toræus
Flammeus est nunc!

Ecce! Mansfeldus, patiens laboris,
Syllabas longas, phraseasque grandes,
Viribus magnis, validâque dextrâ,
Torquet in hostem!

Ecce! Windhamus, λογοπωλεοῦλον
Primus—haud pridem populi patronus,
Sponte conversus, populi querelas
Cares not a f—— † for!

Cæteram turbam loyalem, atq. amantem
Regis, et Regis Pueri ministri,
Non opus multis celebrare verbis;
Nam—*numeri* sunt.

Musa Merlini, satis est: fileto!
Emma, chartam, inkum, calamos repone;
Fer, puer, vinum cyathumque magnum:—
Volo potare.

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* Scribebam Idib. Decemb. anni prioris.

† MS. hoc loco non potest legi; sed videtur auctor scripsisse, *a fig.*

To

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,

A LATIN Ode having, to the aſtoniſhment of many, appeared recently in your paper, in praiſe of the preſent miniſtry; and whereas the aunts, wives, and daughters of the Miniſter's friends, are fretting becauſe it is not to them intelligible, I ſend you a free Engliſh tranſlation of it. I have taken conſiderable pains to render ſentence for ſentence; but the brevity of the Latin has obliged me to dilate a good deal, ſo that my ſtanzas have in number greatly exceeded the original.—I have alſo made ſome ſmall variations in the order, and taken other liberties, which the author, I truſt, will pardon. Farewell.

EMMA, fetch ink, and pen, and paper;
And mend that fire, and light this taper:
Then ſhut the door I pray!
Muſe macaronic, deign to bring
Thy wonted aid!—I mean to ſing
A very pretty lay.

By Jove, I 'll emulate, in rhime,
The ſong ſonorous and ſublime
Of the great Theban bard:
I 'll try, moreover, to infuſe
The ſweetneſs of the Sapphic Muſe:
Which will be mighty hard!

For whom, O Goddeſs, ſhall we tune
The ſoft Jew's-harp, or rough baſſoon,
Or Iriſh bag-pipe ſhrill?
And of what flow'rs ſhall we compoſe
A wreath to deck our hero's brows?—
Goddeſs, I wait thy will.

Begin:—of liquids, 't is confeſs'd,
That water—water is the beſt!
At leaſt, ſo Pindar ſays;

And

And gliſt'ring gold unrivall'd ſhines,
'Midſt other metals in the mines—
Like a nocturnal blaze.

But, O dear heart! as, in the ſky,
No ſtar, however bright, can vie
With Sol's ſuperior rays:
So, never hope or wiſh to hit
On a King's miniſter like Pitt—
In theſe degen'rate days.

With what rare talent ſhall we ſtart?
His modeſt, pure, and virgin heart—
If virgin hearts there be!
Venus, avaunt!—not Hecla's ſnow,
Which fire itſelf can never thaw,
Is half ſo cold as HE!

Yet, ſtrange to tell! Dundas maintains
That Billy, monk-like, ne'er abſtains
From viands, or from wines:
But daily pays devotion due
To Ceres, and to Bacchus too,
At their reſpective ſhrines.

Say, ſhall we, Goddeſs, rather ſing
His *memory*—ſo rare a thing
In miniſters of ſtate?
He can remember what ne'er was,
And yet forget what came to paſs
Before him, in debate!

His flux of words, replete with ſenſe—
And that bewitching *eloquence*,
Which faſcinates our ſenate,
Claim next our macaronic lays,
Although they be above our praiſe;
For, ſure, there 's magic in it!

See fifteen ſcore of wiſe compeers,
With gaping mouths and prickt-up ears,
By his almighty nod,

Move

Move ev'ry way that he requires;
Squeak *aye* or *no*, as he desires—
As puppets do, by G—d!

He can, with ease, turn black to white,
Turn night to day, and day to night—
Make falsehood seem as truth:
Not Jonas' self, the famous Jew,
So many wondrous tricks could do—
As can our matchless YOUTH!

How shall the Muse her task fulfil,
When she attempts to sing his skill
In planning wars and battles?
Our foes themselves his praise proclaim;
And nations tremble at Pitt's name—
As wh——s at watchmen's rattles.

He, with a single blast of air,
Made Russia's tyrant stamp and stare—
Yet cede her high pretension!
With one small frowning of his face
He forc'd the proud Iberian race
To make a quick convention!

The French, a bold but atheist crew,
He, doubtless, would have vanquish'd too—
And to the Devil have sent 'em,
If the rare plans, that he had given,
To execute, propitious Heaven
Had better Gen'rals lent him.

But, tremble yet, ye godless race,
Who, void of sense, or shame, or grace,
An impious warfare wage
On sacred Kings, the sons of God—
Dread Billy Pitt's uplifted rod,
And Heav'n's avenging rage!

We 've seen, in war how great the BOY:
Next let us, Muse, our strains employ,
To tell in peace how great!—

During the peace, we all well know,
He made the royal cheſt o'erflow—
And paid the nation's debt!

And yet, how ſmall the tax we paid!
Which on the poor was chiefly laid—
That vile, ignoble body!
What loyal tongue will not agree
To ſay, with Horace, Burke, and me—
*Profanum vulgus odi**?

A Pitt in war, in peace a Sully,
Is, certainly, our Heav'n-born Billy—
That cannot be denied:
But that 's not all——hear greater wonders!
Our Billy is of law-expounders
The very pink and pride!

Of crimes the fainteſt ſhades he ſees,
In all their aſpects and degrees:
No guilt ſoever ſlim,
As to eſcape the ſcrutiny
Of his lyncæan, poring eye:
Coke was a mole to him!

Thoſe latent treaſons he detected,
With which the nation was infected,
Againſt our Sov'reign Lord:
By means of his informing crew,
He dragg'd the traitors forth to view—
And loyalty reſtor'd.

Nor ſhould it ever be forgot,
That ME deſcried the pop-gun plot—
(No plot was ever ſtranger!)
O G——! how kind has fortune been,
To give thee ſuch a MAN, to ſcreen
Thy r—l head from danger!

---

* That is, I hate the ſwiniſh multitude.]

Ye

Yet muſt not Pitt alone ingroſs
Our praiſe—as if the reſt were droſs,
Of all the royal minions:
One ſtar another may exceed
In light: yet ev'ry ſtar, indeed,
Is part of light's dominions.

Dundas, like Urſa Major, leads
The way—Boötes him ſucceeds—
The ſleek and ſlow-pac'd Roſe;
And, then, that ſly and *pawky loon*,
The ſenior Sophiſt of the *Goon*—
Whom ev'ry body knows.

'T is true he once abus'd his wit,
To counteract the deeds of Pitt—
And wiſh'd him in a halter;
And may Pitt's foe become again,
If luſt of power or luſt of gain
His ſupple ſoul ſhould alter.

Theſe Northern ſtreamers paſt, we look
For Southern ſtars—behold a Duke,
The glory of the nation!
While Richmond wields the nation's thunder,
'T would be, indeed, a mighty wonder,
To ſee a French invaſion.

The watchful Chatham next appears,
In wiſdom old, though young in years,
The pole-ſtar of the main:
While by his light our navies ſteer,
No wicked Frenchman dare come near,
Our commerce to reſtrain*.

What though in Leeds we loſt a ſtar,
We ſtill can carry on the war,
Without its ſcintillation:

* Written before the late change in Adminiſtration.

See greater names our phalanx join,
And leave the phalanx Jacobine,
With royal approbation!

See princely Portland, born and bred
A flaming Whig, of Whigs the head;
By Billy's pretty ſtory,
Of private plots, and public ſpeeches,
To force our peers to wear no breeches,
Become a flaming Tory!

See Mansfield, like a ſchool divine,
With *mickle* art and labour twine
A rope of yard-long words:
With which he 's ever on the watch,
To fetter—if he can but catch—
Our Democratic Lords!

See Windham, prince of thoſe who vend
Rare logomachies, without end,
Though erſt the people's friend;
Is now, converted to the ſteeple,
A brave deſpiſer of the people,
And their moſt fiery fiend!

Why need I, in a tedious lay,
The reſt of loyal names diſplay
Who ſerve their King and Pitt?
For, though they 're wiſe, and great, and good,
I wiſh to have it underſtood,
They *ciphers* are—God wit!

Merlinian Muſe, ſuſpend thy ſtrain;
Emma, take to their place again
This paper, pen, and ink.
Boy, bring, to cheer my drooping ſoul,
Of royal punch a ſpacious bowl—
For I muſt largely drink.

VERSES

VERSES ON HIS OWN BIRTH-DAY.

Written by the Hon. Charles James Fox.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

OF years I have now half a century paſt,
And none of the fifty ſo bleſs'd as the laſt.
How it happens my troubles thus daily ſhould ceaſe,
And my happineſs ſtill with my years ſhould increaſe—
This defiance of Nature's more general laws
You *alone* can explain, who *alone* are the cauſe.

VERSES

WRITTEN TO BE PLACED UNDER THE BUST OF THE HONOURABLE C. J. FOX.

HIS voice, while thankleſs Britain ſlights,
Through Europe ſpreads her patriot's fame—
The champion of thoſe ſacred rights
Her own degenerate ſons diſclaim!

A ſtraight, unvarying courſe he ſteer'd,
'Midſt faction's wildeſt ſtorms unmov'd;
By all who mark'd his mind rever'd—
By all who knew his heart belov'd.

TO THE SAME.

WHILST Albion's ſons the patriot's tribute pay,
The faithful Muſe, who loves thy name, ſhall lend,
Illuſtrious Fox! thy country's deareſt friend,
The feeble accents of her grateful lay!
Oh! from the baſe, the ſycophant diſguiſe
Of foul hypocriſy, whoſe myſtic light
Mocks and deludes the tranſitory ſight
Of unſuſpecting man,—ſhe turns her eyes!

She turns, O Fox, to thee! there pleas'd, the Muſe
Each hope that kindles patriotic zeal—
Affection, beating for the public weal—
The ſoul undaunted, independent views:
Views the true, generous flame, by thee poſſeſt,
Which fir'd the Grecian patriot, or the Roman breaſt.

ODE

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A CERTAIN MEMBER'S ELECTION FOR THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER, OCTOBER 10.

In Imitation of Gray.

[From the True Briton.]

LO! where, in blue and buff array,
Black Charley's bands appear,
Proclaim the mob-exulting day,
And waken loyal fear!
The Tavern Chairman ſtrains his throat,
Re-echoing ev'ry hackney'd note,
The modern politics of Gaul;
While venting miſchief as they fume,
Cropp'd Patriots through the wide club-room
Their treaſur'd tenets bawl.

Where'er the Whigs *, bold ruffians, join
A darker dirtier crew,
Where'er the ſenſeleſs rabble dine,
Mix'd with a better few,
Beſide ſome table, ſmear'd with drink,
With me the muſe ſhall try to think,
With noiſe perplex'd and rebel prate,
How vile the purpoſe of the crowd!
How mean, how abject are the proud!
How leſſen'd are the great!

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* It is obvious that this paſſage bears no relation to the Old Whigs, who were friends to the Britiſh conſtitution, but to the new order of patriots who aſſume that venerable title.

Huſh'd

Hush'd are the roarings of the host,
The leading men harangue—
And hark, how soon a factious toast
Delights the drunken gang.
The desp'rate herd are all on fire,
Intent dominion to acquire,
And rise amidst the nation's woe:
Some to the Treasury take their way,
In fancy on the state they prey,
And order's reign o'erthrow.

To firm Britannia's searching eye,
Such are the guests of F—;
And whether they are low, or high,
Their system reason shocks;
Alike the needy and the rich
Seem to have caught the Gallic itch,
To mad reform their doctrines tend:
Urg'd by the axe of Robespierre,
Or a bold Consul's high career,
In despotism they end.

Methinks I hear, in accent low *,
Some democratic knave—
"Dull satirist! and what art thou?
A constitution † slave!—
Thou tamely tread'st in custom's road,
Content with England's regal code,
Fearful of Jacobinic sway;
To prouder heights our efforts tower,
To Gallic plunder, Gallic power:
We therefore bless ‡ this day."

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* Our author has very properly retained this word in his original, and has given it a new sense, but not less appropriate.

† The British constitution is held by modern patriots in the utmost contempt; and all who admire it, are represented as bigotted slaves and idiots.

‡ We question whether this word is not quite unsuitable to the character of the supposed speaker; for it implies some notion of religion, whereas all patriots of the new school despise every thought of such a kind.

NEW

NEW MODE OF ROBBING.

A MAN entered a little public houſe near Kingſton, called for a pint of ale, drank it, and while the hoſt was away, put the pot in his pocket, and, without paying even for the beer, withdrew. The landlord returning, two other men, who were in the room, aſked him if he knew the perſon who had juſt left the houſe? "No," he replied. "Did he pay for his ale?" ſaid they. "No," anſwered the other. "Why d——n him," cried one of the gueſts, "he put the pot in his pocket."—"The devil he did!" exclaimed the hoſt, "I will ſoon be after him."

Saying this, he ran to the door, and the two men with him. "There, there, he's going round the corner now!" ſaid one pointing.—Upon which the landlord immediately ſet off, and cutting acroſs a field, quickly came up to him.—"Holloa! my friend," ſaid he, "you forgot to pay for your beer."—"Yes," replied the other, "I know that!"—"And perhaps you know, too," added the hoſt, "that you took away the pot? Come, come, I muſt have that back, at any rate." "Well, well," ſaid the man, and put his hand into his pocket, as if about to return the pot; but inſtead of that, he produced a piſtol, and robbed the alehouſe-keeper of his watch and money.

This might ſeem calamity enough for the poor man; but, to fill up his cup of misfortune to the brim, he found, on his reaching his home, that the two he had left behind had, during his abſence, plundered his till, ſtolen his ſilver ſpoons, and decamped.

COMPLAINT OF THE COUNTRY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

——Here dwells ſimple Truth, plain Innocence,
Unſullied Beauty; ſound, unbroken Youth,
Health ever blooming, unambitious Toil,
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Eaſe.

. . . . . .

This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt
And guilty cities never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When Angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with man!

THOMSON.

MR. EDITOR,

OF all your correſpondents, I will venture to ſay, that none has ever addreſſed you with a better claim to a patient and indulgent hearing than myſelf. You are, I know, ready upon every occaſion to bring before the tribunal of the public the complaints of the forlorn, and to contribute to redreſs the grievances of the injured. In a word, I beg leave to ſubmit to the world, through your aſſiſtance, the ill-merited contempt which has been lately ſhown to the Country.

Though ſo much neglected in the preſent degenerate times, I can aſſure you that I have had my admirers in every age "amongſt the firſt of note;" and if I were to meet with that attention which is juſtly my due from thoſe who now deſpiſe me, let me ſay it is no more than I have received from their betters. I have been celebrated by poets, courted by conquerors, and adored by philoſophers. I have been accuſtomed to the praiſes of the firſt of talents, and the firſt of rank; and I need not inform you, Mr. Editor, that the greateſt of mankind have ever been my decided friends, and my warmeſt votaries.

Theſe times ſeem now over with me; new rivals have ſprung up, and ſeduced almoſt all my lovers.

True

True it is, that I have been accuſtomed from time immemorial to ſuſtain the rival ſtrife of formidable competitors for public favour. The town and court have ever maintained a warm conteſt for ſuperiority over me. Frequently they ſucceeded but too well; yet, vanity apart, thoſe who forſook me for their ſeductive charms had generally cauſe to repent their choice. In the beſt of times I was juſtly preferred by the wiſe, and it boded no good to the public when I was neglected.

But I could have borne this with patience. I was willing that my friends ſhould taſte the pleaſures of the town, and the ſplendour of the court, for at leaſt part of the year, as they uſed to return to me with new ardour and increaſed devotion. The beauty that ſhone in the drawing-room would again long to be wooed in the ſhade; the gaiety of the Park would yield to the ſobriety of the fields, and the unbounded paſſion of giddy amuſemeut was ſoftened and corrected by the enjoyment of the pleaſures and the innocence of rural retreat.

But the days are paſt, Mr. Editor, when I have liſtened from opening ſpring till parting autumn to the ſong of the poet, to the raptures of the happy, or the complaints of rejected lovers. I am cheered, indeed, as before, by the labours of the ſwain, and ſoothed by the melody of the grove. But my ſcenes have loſt the animation of poliſhed ſociety, which the charms of ſpring and the luxuries of ſummer uſed to aſſemble around me. My votaries are every year dwindling away, and the Country is left to the ſimple ſhepherds and the unlettered clown; faſhion, and beauty, and wit, having fled to new ſcenes of amuſement, and formed a taſte for new pleaſures.

And what, Mr. Editor, has produced this change, which all the world muſt have remarked? You cannot be ignorant of the cauſe. Trace the ſteps of my former admirers; ſee where they go to ſpend the moments of which

which they have defrauded me! In a word, Sir, it is the watering-places, those fashionable places of resort, that have now taken away those who used to add new embellishments to the vale, to the lawn, and the grove. The bustle, the vice, and the folly of the town are transferred to Brighton, to Bognor, to Tunbridge, and to Margate. Eternal balls, assemblies, and masquerades are preferred to cool walks and shady groves. The rage of faro appears in the petty gambling of a raffle; the frivolity of the town is renewed without its elegance, and the passion of town-dissipation without even its gratification. The ancient hall of hospitality is deserted; the woods and the dells are forgotten; and the town receives back its multitudes at the end of the season, still more frivolous and still more corrupted.

I might argue, Mr. Editor, that it was better in former days, when the seclusion of the Country taught reflection to the old, and nature to the young; when calm pleasures succeeded for a while to the bustle of dissipation; when the mind of the youthful toast was permitted to feel that life was capable of higher enjoyments than even the possession of unrivalled admiration. How can the voice of love be heard amidst the intemperate clamour of unceasing amusements? How can wisdom teach her lessons amidst the whirl of trifling occupations; or modesty be secure amidst the riot of continual pleasure, and the seduction of unceasing flattery? Methinks we had more virtuous mothers, more innocent daughters, and more interesting beauties, when I was more a favourite.

Yet if I become so grave and moral, I fear I shall do little service to my cause. But, really, Mr. Editor, I flatter myself I can prove that the taste of the new fashion is as little to be approved as its morality. Do you think that the summer walk on the Steine is more fitted to give pleasure than the sequestered vale, the shaded wood, or the mountain prospect? Do you think the

the buſtle of the public rooms of Brighton or Tunbridge, or elſewhere, preferable to the retired pleaſure of a country ſeat, or the range of a delightful park? Truly, Mr. Editor, Thomſon and Shenſtone would not have thought ſo. But your people of faſhion doubtleſs are more diſcerning and refined. I queſtion even if your towns could boaſt the beauties that have preferred to live with me. But why ſhould I enumerate the names of all my panegyriſts? Have I not all antiquity on my ſide? Have I not the teſtimony of poets and philoſophers, the experience of ages? Have I not nymphs and goddeſſes to conſecrate every brook, and grove, and tree; and to prove that true wiſdom, taſte, beauty, and happineſs are to be found only in the Country?

I hope that this remonſtrance will excite ſome intereſt in my favour. Be aſſured, Mr. Editor (perhaps you yourſelf may ſigh for the Country), that my fields are as pleaſing as ever; that the woods furniſh as enchanting concerts; that the ſong of the linnet and the nightingale are ſtill as delightful as when they ſoothed the ears of thoſe whoſe panegyrics upon me are rewarded with immortality; that every beauty invites the mind of taſte and ſenſibility to the ſylvan ſhade and the rural ſport; that innocence and peace are yet to be found in the ſlighted

COUNTRY.

FASHIONS OF THE SEASON.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

AT no time, for theſe five years paſt, have we had ſo gay or ſo full a ſeaſon in the metropolis as the preſent. *Faſhion* has not only reſumed all its ſplendour, but it has, from the interval of reſt and economy, acquired

quired new taſte for the capricious and the expenſive. *Fancy* is now racked for novelties of decoration, and *dreſs* is daily flying from *Greek ſimplicity* into *Eaſtern magnificence.* The embroidery of muſlins has given a richneſs to the female robe, which is truly captivating; and what with the glittering effect of gold and ſilver, of high plumes, and of diamonds, the ball-room now preſents a blaze of *ornamental beauty*, from which the *ſober* and *chaſte* elegance of laſt winter muſt ſhrink in diſmay. No woman, truly *loyal* to the *divinity* of *faſhion*, can poſſibly appear now without feathers and flowers; and though the gentlemen have not yet been brought to the *ſtiff collar*, the ſword, and the embroidered ſuit, yet it is ſomewhat towards the renovation of becoming grandeur, in oppoſition to the republican Marſeilles waiſtcoat, and the treaſonable crop, that the cocked hat has enlarged its dimenſions, and ſports its gold taſſel, button, and loop.

This does not ariſe, I hope, Mr. Editor, from the mere natural verſatility of faſhion, but is the reſult of a wiſe and profound policy in the *adminiſtration of the mode.* It has been a ſubject of deep regret, that *plainneſs of dreſs* in public aſſemblies, not only countenances the malignant principle of equality, by confounding diſtinctions, but cheriſhes the ſentiment in the mind, reconciles the taſte to ſimplicity, and corrects all the notions of *dignity* and *diſtance*, which the *coſtume* of *courts* ſo properly inculcates.—Plainneſs begets familiarity. No noble lord can be a *great don* in a *pair of pantaloons*—even if to all his native high blood, he has had the advantage of acquiring *ſtate* and *ſtiffneſs* at Madrid. And how can a lady of the moſt illuſtrious deſcent, awe the humbled ſpectator into reverence, if a mere ſilken fillet binds her hair, and her muſlin is permitted to ſhow her ſhape, by floating in light draperies from the zone that encircles her waiſt? The thing is impoſſible, Sir; for, however lofty her brow, the heart will catch infection from a

glance, and *homage* to her rank will be ſoftened by an *emotion* which, without daring to be *love*, has ſome of its *ſympathies*. I know not but half the *gallantries* which have lately happened, may be aſcribed to the ſimple nature of the female dreſs. There was an *accommodating* eaſe in it which favoured the approaches of rudeneſs, and a plainneſs which could not be diſordered; while the encumbrances of finery are ſuccours to virtue in the moment of attack: they cannot be laid aſide without delay, nor touched without bearing witneſs. I ſhould not wonder, if, among the other miſchievous arts of the Directory, it ſhould be proved, in a *report* from the *committee of faſhion*, that they ſent forth the ſeduction of ſimplicity in dreſs, both to increaſe the temptations to ſin, and provide for its impunity.

But this is not the only argument for the change which has been recently introduced. What an illuſtration of the reſources of England is the ſuperb ſtyle of the preſent year! Our *fêtes*, our *balls*, our *aſſemblies*, are not only more numerous than ever, but our *dreſs* is more brilliant; and thus, if the ſtate demands ſacrifices from the people, the higher orders, with the magnificence which reconciles the heart to their diſtinction, liberally ſpread among the arts their wealth, and, like the ſun, reſtore to the maſs of ſociety the vivifying riches which they originally drew from their toil.

BEAU NASH.

THE DAY'S PLEASURE OF A COCKNEY.

[From the Oracle.]

Inſtructs the fiery ſteed, and trains him to his hand. ADDISON.

THOUGH the noble art of horſemanſhip was ſedulouſly cultivated among the ancients, I much doubt if it ever attained that perfection which it has

at

at present acquired. Alexander tamed the fierce *Bucephalus*; but I am inclined to think he could not have bestrode one of our Sunday hacks with half the ease and elegance of attitude exhibited by those gentlemen who have studied under the immortal Gambado.—Innumerable have been the feats performed on horses with *four* legs; but it was reserved for the present enlightened age to make those go, that possess but *three*; nay, so wonderful has been our improvement, that I have known a journey of seven miles accomplished in two hours! and that on a steed, which, in the jockey phrase, hadn't *a leg to stand on*. Oh the persuasive powers of whip and spur!—I was induced to these reflections by a walk which I took last Sunday on the Highgate road, where, whilst admiring equestrian exertion in its highest excellence, I picked up the following paper, which, after the correction of a few orthographical errors, is now submitted to the perusal of my readers:

"Rose at seven—Spent an hour in balling doeskins, colouring boot-tops, &c. &c.—Stupid boy had lost one of my spur-leathers—obliged to use packthread—Got to the stable by nine—Spurs wrong put on—Gave ostler a pint of beer to alter 'em—Mounted on the off side in such an hurry, that, losing my balance, pitched over, head foremost, into the horse-trough—Got out half suffocated; wig so wet, was forced to take it off and dry it—Stable-boys laughed, dogs barked, I swore, but at length being mounted by the help of a step, set off and reached Tottenham Court Road without any material accident, except that a hackney-coach splashed me all over—*N. B.* Took his number—Whilst paying the turnpike, dropped my glove—Afraid to get off for fear of not being able to mount again, so rode on, putting my naked hand in my pocket—*Mem.* It's genteel to sit easy—Just by Mother Redcap's, horse made a trip—pulled at him with all my might, but breaking

the rein, fell backwards, and came to the ground with my foot in the ſtirrup—Luckily horſe was no runaway—Mended the rein with my garter, and led my horſe till I came to a mile-ſtone, where with ſome difficulty I remounted—Finding I ſhould be too late for the ordinary, ſquared my elbows, turned out my toes, flouriſhed my whip, ſtuck in the ſpurs, and away I trotted—By the time I had gone a mile, found myſelf very ſore, though I roſe in the ſtirrups at leaſt a foot every ſecond—However perſevered, and by two o'clock reached Highgate Hill, at the bottom of which, as the devil would have it, the ſaddle turned round, and down I came once more—To complete my miſfortune, the girth (for there was but one) broke; ſo with the ſaddle on my back, and leading my horſe, I fagged up the hill, and at length reached the inn, followed by all the rabble of the place—After dinner diſcovered I had loſt all my money by my fall—obliged to leave my watch for the reckoning—Girth being mended, I mounted about eight in the evening, but being dreadfully galled, borrowed a crown of the landlord, and giving it a man to take my horſe home, returned to Cheapſide in the ſtage, delighted with my ride, and the pleaſures of the country!

"*Sunday night.* TIM TAPE."

MUSIC AND CHARITY.

[From the ſame.]

NOTHING, Mr. Editor, amuſes me more in this very amuſing metropolis, than the various uſes which are made of the vocal and inſtrumental powers with which Heaven has bleſſed all the men and women

men in existence. And when I recollect what the Poet says,

> "Music has charms too sooth the savage breast,
> To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak,"

I have my doubts (besides the hardness of our rocks and oaks) whether we are not a nation of savages, whom nothing will mollify, except the powers of

> "Voice, fiddle, and flute."

Certainly no *charity* can subsist without this aid, from a grand concerto at half-a-guinea, down to "Hymn to be sung by the charity children;" nay, lower still, down to a halfpenny song, most melodiously sung in St. Paul's Church-yard.

Yes, Mr. Editor, the fact is undeniable; we must be *savages* not to be touched with appeals, not to reason, not to our judgment, but to our ears and our nerves. How very uncharitable a man must he be that is deaf! I am sure no man can be deaf to charity, without losing his hearing. Let him walk but half a mile along the streets, and listen to *Rule Britannia* soliciting a remedy for a wooden leg; or *Old Towler* painting the distresses of a mother and three fatherless babes.—The *calls* of charity are numerous; and I am happy to add, to the praise and glory of my country, always answered with munificent generosity. But I can make no such allowance to the *bawls* of charity, especially if a something, which is called *singing*, be the vehicle. Nor is it only the discordant voices which trouble a quiet, domestic man, like me, and prevent my reading with composure: I have a further complaint to make, which respects the *subject* of the songs which these peripatetic musicians employ to "sooth the savage breast." When blind *Molly*, in our street, sings

> "From morn till night I *takes* my glass,"

ſhe ſpeaks quite in character; but when a ſqualid figure of miſery, like Otway's Old Woman, endeavours to open our purſes, with

"Come live with me and be my love,"

I confeſs I am tempted to take to my heels. The oddeſt inſtance of this want of *character* in ſongs, occurred to me a few nights ago in St. Paul's Churchyard. I met a ſtrange figure (I believe that of a woman, but I can't be certain), whoſe appearance "beſpoke variety of wretchedneſs." She, or he, was lame, nearly blind, and palſied. With theſe accompaniments, and in a voice ſo feeble and tremulous as ſcarcely to be heard, this perſon was ſinging,

"Begone dull care,
"I pr'ythee begone from me."

Thoſe who recollect the remaining verſes of that air, will agree with me, that a more ſtriking contraſt could not be preſented, than between the miſeries of the object, and the gay levity of the bacchanalian ſong.

I underſtand, that our *barrel-organs* are regularly tuned and altered by an eminent profeſſor. I wiſh the ſame gentleman, whom I have not the honour of knowing, would extend his ſervices to the *vocal tribe*, and accommodate them with airs ſuited to their reſpective capacities, of which he might very ſoon be a good judge. Our homes would then be infinitely more quiet and ſecluded, and our charity would have leſs the appearance of money given, merely to get rid of a diſagreeable object.

I am, Sir, &c.

MUSICUS.

REPORT

REPORT OF THE SOCIETY FOR BETTERING THE CONDITION AND INCREASING THE COMFORTS OF THE RICH.

[From Dr. Anderſon's Recreations in Agriculture, &c.

SIR,

AT the cloſe of the eighteenth century, at ſuch a brilliant period of philanthropy (*blazing* throughout Europe), I am very much ſurpriſed that one claſs of unhappy ſufferers have eſcaped the notice of the children of humanity. There are many charitable inſtitutions for the relief of the *poor*; but it is aſtoniſhing that there are none for the relief of the *rich*.—Conſidering, therefore, the deplorable condition of many of this claſs, and their total want of aſſiſtance, ſome charitably diſpoſed perſons, among whom I am proud to rank myſelf, have entered into an aſſociation to be called "The Society for bettering the Condition, and increaſing the Comforts of the Rich." They have done me the honour to appoint me their ſecretary; and in diſcharge of this important truſt, I think it my duty to ſubmit their laudable plan to the public, that, by the aſſiſtance of the humane, we may be enabled to extend our relief to all the pitiable objects of our charity. This, I think, is moſt effectually to be done through the reſpectable and popular medium of your publication, which, by reflecting its own character on our inſtitution, will give it conſequence, and procure it encouragement.

I am afraid the world in general, Sir, are not aware of the ſufferings of the rich—that they think their ſituation more to be envied than pitied; it will therefore be proper in the firſt place to give an account of their calamitous ſituation; an account which I am ſure will excite the compaſſion of my readers. But leſt my ardent humanity ſhould be miſtaken for hypocriſy, and

and I ſhould be ſuppoſed to be ſoliciting in my own cauſe, I take this opportunity of declaring upon my honour, that I cannot urge the ſmalleſt claim upon the beneficence of this ſociety; I am a poor man, and by that circumſtance alone am freed from thoſe numerous diſtreſſes under which the objects for whoſe relief this ſociety was inſtituted ſo heavily labour; and I hope, Sir, that you and the world will believe me when I ſay, that I have not a ſingle foot of land on the face of the earth, nor ten pounds of ſtock, nor a ſhare in any trade, nor any poſſeſſion, nor any other leſs oſtenſible ſource of riches, ſuch as a handſome wife, or good luck at hazard—a wealthy *chere-amie*, or a bad conſcience—horſes at Newmarket, or informations in the King's Bench; a ſeat in parliament, or a call to preach in a hypocritical meeting-houſe, &c. &c. I have not even a ſtock of modeſt aſſurance: my whole eſtate may be encloſed not only like Queen Dido's in an ox's hide, but in a cotton night-cap; and if you, Sir, or the public, knew me, you would allow that it was but a poor one.

To return, however, to my ſubject. Upon diligent inquiry, our committee have found that one of the greateſt of the diſtreſſes of the rich is—*the want of money*. I am aware that this will at firſt appear extraordinary, perhaps to ſome incredible. But, Sir, the days of prejudice are paſt; and for the truth of this obſervation, I need only appeal to daily experience. In company, who do we hear complain moſt of the high price of proviſions? Why, the ſober old gentlewoman of fortune, who, accuſtomed to the comforts of an ancient carriage with fat coach-horſes, a good table, and a rubber of whiſt, dreads ruin becauſe ſhe cannot lay by ſo much as formerly for a ſpendthrift heir. Who are they that bawl moſt againſt taxes, and cry the nation is ruined? Why, ſome certain members

bers of the Houſe of Commons, and certain lords of the land, poſſeſſed of thouſands a year, who, from the increaſe of taxes, &c. find they cannot conveniently riſk ſo much as formerly at the faro-table, cannot keep their chere-amies in ſo high a ſtyle, or cannot run ſo many horſes at Newmarket. Who are they that, to oblige their creditors, or, to ſpeak plainly, *for want of money* to ſpare from pleaſure, and from debts of honour to pay debts of honeſty, take lodgings in the King's Bench? Why, the rich, if we may judge from the *neceſſary comforts* they enjoy, even in confinement, from their wines carefully iced, their fine lodgings within the rules, their curricles and their hunters, both for themſelves and their attendant ſtate of a bailiff, diſguiſed in a magnificent livery, or not diſguiſed with a plain frock and cropt head, like a groom or a man of faſhion, and their other appurtenances. Who are they that in the city cry, "Money is ſcarce, Bonaparte has cut the Emperor's throat, and he will ſoon be here to rob us of the little caſh we have?" Why, the rich Jew, or the rich Jew-Chriſtian, who wants to buy two hundred thouſand pounds *light-horſe*, and only regrets in the diſtreſſes of his country that he has *not got more money* to make a bolder puſh before the ſtocks get up again. Who is it that borrows of this rich Jew at exorbitant intereſt? The wealthy man of pleaſure, who, born to affluence, has always been in want, and who, to ſupport for the preſent hour his horſes, carriages, and houſes, his girl, his ſon's girls, and his wife's faro-table; in ſhort, *juſt to get on* in the eaſy ſtyle required by his condition, ruins his fortune as faſt as his ſon ruins his health, and his wife her honour. In ſhort, was not the wealthy Elwes always in want of money? And Daniel Dancer, though poſſeſſed of enough to keep a German prince almoſt as well as an Engliſh citizen, did he not, from

from *prudential* motives, and the want of money, live with no better an eſtabliſhment than the pooreſt inhabitant of St. Giles's, and die from want and inanition?

Of this I need not, I think, urge any more inſtances; I ſhall therefore proceed to another of the diſtreſſes of the rich of the moſt pitiable nature. This is a certain diſeaſe, which, however baneful in its effects, and frequently obſcure in its origin, has been, to the great misfortune of this ſet of patients, hitherto entirely neglected by phyſicians. The firſt ſymptoms of this diſtemper are unuſual gravity, a certain ſtiffneſs in the joints, particularly in the vertebræ of the back bone, and abſence of mind. By degrees the unhappy patient becomes moroſe and ill-tempered, except to a few perſons, perhaps ſtill more infected than himſelf with the ſame diſeaſe. If a man, he is afflicted with a continual ſtiff neck; if a woman, with a certain volatile action of the ſpirits in the brain, that keeps the head and neck continually toſſing. In *both* ſexes the face becomes diſtorted, the noſtrils and upper lip drawn up, the lower thrown out, and the eyebrows knit. (What a misfortune, this, for the pretty mouth and arched eyebrow of a female patient, more detrimental to her beauty than the ſeams of the worſt ſpecies of ſmall-pox!) The memory alſo, as in many other diſeaſes which like this affect the brain, is ſoon impaired; ſo much ſo, that in many inſtances perſons labouring under this malady (particularly thoſe who from *newly* acquired wealth are more ſubject to the infection), have been known utterly to forget their oldeſt friends, &c.; their eyes become ſo ſhort-ſighted, that they frequently do not ſee their neareſt relations when they meet them, particularly in public places (which, I ſuppoſe, with all deference to the faculty, is owing to their eyes being dazzled with the unuſual *brilliancy*

liancy of their ſituation), and eſpecially if thoſe relations, not being rich, are themſelves uninfected. This diſeaſe with ſome has gained ſuch a height, that they are obliged to have recourſe to glaſſes to aſſiſt their injured eyes; though frequently I have obſerved that ſuch perſons derive no benefit whatever from the uſe of them; for I have often remarked that when they looked at a perſon, even through their glaſs, though he was an old friend and intimate companion in the days of their ſanity, they have been utterly unable to diſtinguiſh his features ſufficiently to recogniſe him.—This laſt alarming caſe has ſo often occurred of late, that an eminent oculiſt of my acquaintance thinks it may ultimately produce *ophthalmia*. The ſight is not only weakened, but it alſo becomes ſtrangely erroneous; by reaſon of which, thoſe afflicted with this diſtemper, are apt to think others ſhorter and leſs conſequential than they really are, and themſelves much taller. Indeed I have known ſome, though themſelves as diminutive in ſtature as a Jew, be ſo utterly deceived by this defect in their optics, as to ſtrain their poor necks, and make great efforts, ſtanding on tiptoe, in order to overlook others really much greater than they were, and even fancy that they ſucceeded; or, if imprudently undeceived by ſome plain-ſpeaking perſon, they would be extremely angry, and affirm that the tall man behaved very ill, ſtood on a ſtool or a chair, or got on ſome *great man's back*. The vulgar call this inſtance of the diſeaſe in queſtion, *holding the head high*.

What particularly makes me earneſt to alleviate the ravages of this diſeaſe is, that many beautiful and otherwiſe amiable young ladies have loſt the beſt matches, and have died in the melancholy ſituation of what are called old maids, ſolely from being afflicted with this loathſome diſtemper. While others, who have been notwithſtanding fortunate enough to marry,

marry, have deſtroyed their connubial happineſs with abſurdly diſputing with their huſbands which was the talleſt.

From theſe laſt ſymptoms of the diſeaſe, Sir, I ſuſpect that it muſt be ſeated in the brain, or, to ſpeak plainly, be a ſpecies of inſanity: a melancholy opinion, but I fear too well founded. Now, Sir, let me appeal to the humanity of your readers, whether the victims of this melancholy affliction on human nature, which deprives the unhappy patient of all the charms of converſation by rendering him abſent and moroſe; which impairs the memory of the brighteſt underſtandings, which ſo frequently ſpoils the fineſt features of the moſt beautiful women, and which entirely vitiates the ſight of the moſt brilliant eye, be not greater objects of charitable relief than the ſufferers under the gout, rheumatiſm, jail diſtemper, or other leſs virulent and leſs diſguſting diſeaſes! What greatly adds to the calamity is, that it does not appear to ſhorten life in the ſmalleſt degree; nor have I ever known an inſtance of a radical cure having been effected, ſo that thoſe infected with this diſeaſe, are often doomed to drag out a long life of miſery, a melancholy ſpectacle to all who behold them, while they themſelves are ſo little conſcious of the pitiable appearance that they make in the eyes of others, that they embrace every opportunity of ſhowing themſelves in public in the moſt gaudy carriages that can be found, dreſt out in the fineſt attire, which, like the principal character in many of the ſcenes of Holbein's famous Dance of Death, when a part of the dreſs only is ſeen, may convey the idea of a goddeſs; but when the grim viſage is directed unexpectedly upon us, "grinning horribly a ghaſtly ſmile," like the Gorgon ſhield it petrifies the ſoul with horror, ſo as to deprive it for a time of every other ſenſation.

This

This malady is ſo general among the rich, and even in ſome conſtitutions among the poor, more eſpecially if they are related or wiſh to be allied to the rich, ſo malignant in its nature, and frequently ſo unaccountable in its cauſe, that it calls for every exertion to eradicate it; and I hope, Sir, that the faculty, from the ſuggeſtions and imperfect hints thrown out in this letter, will take it into their moſt ſerious conſideration, and endeavour to find ſome remedy adequate to the evil. Perhaps extract of *rue* might prove of ſome avail, if any meaſures could be adopted for inducing the patient to ſwallow it, towards which, however, I have been told, they diſcover an extreme averſion.

But that I may no longer treſpaſs upon your indulgence, and that of your readers, I will for the preſent conclude, reſerving the further account of the ſufferings of the rich, and of our plan of relief, for future communications, ſhould this be honoured by your approbation and inſertion. I am, Sir, your obedient humble ſervant,

CLEMENT BIRCH, Sec.

P. S. Communications to be addreſſed to the office of the ſociety, oppoſite the Bank of England.

SECOND LETTER OF THE SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY FOR BETTERING THE CONDITION AND INCREASING THE COMFORTS OF THE RICH.

[From the ſame.]

SIR,

ENCOURAGED by the inſertion of my former communications, and prompted by the feelings of philanthropy, I reſume the melancholy (but I hope

not uſeleſs) taſk of laying before the world a true picture of the unexampled ſufferings of the rich.

Among the many misfortunes to which this unhappy and unpitied claſs of the community are liable, few are greater than thoſe which ariſe from exceſs of *diffidence*. The pitiable caſe of this ſet of ſufferers has been ſo generally overlooked by the world, that I ſhall not be ſurpriſed if the truth of this poſition ſhould, to many, appear to be of a diſputable nature; yet I hope to be able to bring ſatisfactory proofs that the rich, Sir, are in the higheſt degree *diffident*, both of their taſte and underſtanding; ſo much ſo, indeed, that they ſeldom dare venture to conſult either the one or the other, but yield themſelves, with more than Catholic reſignation, to the guidance of *faſhion*. Lavater ſays, that a man's dreſs is the table of contents of his mind and character; and his opinion is completely juſtified by the inſtance before us; for as imitation without the guidance of *taſte* is the firſt principle of their dreſs, ſo is imitation without the guidance of *reaſon* the firſt principle of their characters.

Now, Sir, as nobody can be a greater admirer of humility than myſelf, I have a fellow-feeling in this caſe, as for a favourite failing of my own; and I believe it is my only fault. But really it is a pitiable caſe to think that men of ſenſe even (merely from the accidental circumſtances in which they are placed) ſhould be obliged to ſubmit ſo entirely to the opinion of the world. It is, Sir, a humility *more than evangelical*, and an exceſs of meekneſs, that, originating in the firſt of virtues, has degenerated into a diſeaſe. Inſtances of the pernicious, nay dreadful conſequences that it has produced are ſo numerous, that they ſcarcely need be mentioned. Nor are its depredations confined always to the wealthy. The diſeaſe is certainly contagious, and is frequently communicated, like other contagions, by

by contact, even to the poor, who are otherwise as little diseased in their minds as in their bodies. A distressing instance of this kind is just now before me: the daughter of a country clergyman, an amiable girl, in the bloom of health, and in the full possession of all her faculties of body and of mind, came up to London last spring on a visit, at the pressing invitation of a distant and noble female relation; but she had not been in that society above a fortnight before she caught the infection, the first indications of which were exhibited by a fiery redness in her cheek; not that delicate hectic glow which gives such a melting softness to the features in the first stage of a consumption of the lungs, but a fierce burning-like red that was better calculated to frighten away an admirer than to invite him. At this first symptom I began to tremble for her fate; and every time I saw her I could not help perceiving the advances of the disease. When her faculties were in full exertion, her reason told her, that health, innocence, and clean linen, were the most attractive graces that could adorn youth; but by imperceptible degrees, *finery*, though ever so tawdry, appeared elegant. A hoyden gait and unmeaning stare were deemed indispensable ornaments; and so far at length was her reason subdued by this fashionable *diffidence*, that she was constrained by it, within the course of one month, to order new clothes, *as they were worn*, to the full amount of one year's income of her father's living.

Nor is this mania confined to dress: it extends to manners, accomplishments, amusements, opinions, &c. &c. Hence men of fortune emulate grooms in their dress and sailors in their gait. Hence every young lady must learn to sing before she can speak; thump for hours together on a grand piano forte, when nature has denied her both ears and taste. Hence school-girls,

like Salluſt's Sempronia, dance *too well**. Hence ſo many, to whom muſic is as fatiguing as Italian is unintelligible, ſubmit to be tortured twice a week at an opera; and with a reſignation truly philoſophical, conceal the torment that they ſuffer, and even pretend to be delighted. Hence, alſo, too many of our ladies, amiable enthuſiaſts in this miſtaken humility, though poſſeſſed of complexions at once expreſſive of health and delicacy, ſubmit to diſfigure their faces with paint, and to make what ſurpaſſed the colouring of Rubens, reſemble only the picture of an Eve daubed on a ſign-poſt. Hence ſo many bad ſhapes, which might have been concealed, have been expoſed through muſlin drapery; and ſo many lovely ſhapes have been deformed with pads: and all this they bear without complaining, with a reſignation almoſt oſtentatious. I have ſomewhere read of a convent of holy nuns, who, to avoid the brutal violence of a victorious army, with veſtal fortitude disfigured their faces and perſons with knives and ſciſſars, chooſing rather to be objects of diſguſt than of deſire. I at firſt was near believing that this was the intention of many of our ladies of wealth and faſhion, they have ſo completely produced the effect; but I ſoon obſerved, that the *reſt* of their deportment was not *quite* conſiſtent with ſuch pure intentions. I have, therefore, attributed it to their modeſt deference to cuſtom and miſtruſt of their own better judgments; for I cannot do ſuch injuſtice to their underſtandings as to ſuppoſe that they do this in hope of beautifying themſelves.

But, Sir, the effects of this miſtaken diffidence among the rich, are not confined to the ſofter ſex, nor to dreſs and amuſements. Policy, religion even, and philoſophy, have all bowed the head to the ſame throne.

* Saltare elegantius quàm neceſſe eſt probæ. Sall. p. 21 Delph. ed.

This

This inveterate diſeaſe is the cauſe of nine tenths of the infidelity in the kingdom, though it paſſes on many occaſions unobſerved. Thoſe who would have believed *any thing*, and been *cruſaders*, in the tenth century, are *philoſophers*, and believe *nothing*, in the *eighteenth*: and this merely becauſe the faſhion is changed. Moſt of the *free-thinkers* (as thoſe who think not at all affect to be called) that we meet with, are of this ſtamp. They have heard the profound doctrines of modern philoſophy pronounced with oracular aſſurance; they have not renounced, but endeavour to ſuppreſs, their own belief; and, to comply with *cuſtom*, have modeſtly allowed that what they had hitherto thought *conviction* was only *prejudice*. Theſe ſwell the numbers of the modern illuminati, and, like ciphers in notation, though, from their inſignificance, of no value in themſelves, yet add conſiderably to that of their leaders. And hence the honeſt zeal of our divines will, I fear, have no more ſucceſs in ſuppreſſing infidelity at preſent, than the miſtaken bigotry of King Stephen's clergy in extirpating long-toed ſhoes and chains to the knees: both are *mere faſhions*, both are *equally rational*; and the one will paſs by in its turn, as the other did before it.

But to return to my ſubject, the melancholy catalogue of the ſufferings of the rich. Another of their misfortunes is a diſeaſe ſo dreadful and incurable, that even the advertiſing phyſicians have not yet promiſed to remove it. This, Sir, is a diſorder much reſembling the palſy, but wholly confined to the wealthy, and is generally proportioned to the riches of the ſufferer. One who is bed-ridden is not more helpleſs than a patient under this complaint. He cannot walk, but muſt ride in a curricle to viſit at next door. He cannot write even a billet-doux, but muſt have recourſe to his valet de chambre. He cannot uſe his own judgment (even where faſhion does not dictate), but refers

every thing, however important, *even his private pleasures*, to a favourite domestic. A female patient is as immoveable, without the assistance of a pair of horses, as the coach she rides in. Her dress is not her own work, but her woman's, and her perfumer's; and rouge, the present substitute for the cestus of Venus, is administered by her waiting-woman. In this distressful condition she is obliged to be dragged through life, without the power to assist herself in any way, unless it be by improving her understanding with novels, sweetening her temper with scandal, and mending her fortune and purifying her morals at the faro-table. Of any thing else the limbs and senses of these delicate patients are utterly incapable, and their attendants supply the melancholy defects in a very imperfect manner. Hence the number of servants in great houses, instead of being mere instruments of luxury, are generally as necessary as a nurse to one struck with the palsy. Hence, too, the power of these substituted tyrants over their helpless superiors, is as absolute as that of a Turk over his slave; so that, in all great families, they are indeed the masters.

This disease likewise produces consequences of the most melancholy nature, particularly in those two great concerns of fashionable life, gallantry and politics. A patriot member cannot discover the necessity of his abandoning those wise measures which he had hitherto applauded, without his servants publishing to the world the exact amount of ministerial gratitude; nor can an *arrangement* be made with a woman of fashion without the knowledge of her waiting-woman, who, like a manifold echo, loudly repeats to the world all that passes, and more than that.

But, Sir, the effects of this disease manifest themselves under an infinite diversity of forms; one of the most common, and which in some degree affects the whole, is a kind of continual lassitude, and at the same *time* restlessness of mind, which they call want of amusement.

amusement. Some superficial observers will, perhaps, doubt this fact, and allege that the wealthy have the best means of entertainment; and, in fact, that they swarm in every public place. But, Sir, public places, though fashion obliges them to go there, give as little satisfaction to these persons as a city feast to an invalid who has lost his appetite. Only observe what vacant faces meet your eye whichever way you turn yourself in places of amusement. See these men of pleasure (as they call themselves) gape at a concert, loll at a ball, pick their teeth at a conversatione, and drown the few ideas they have at a feast. They do not go there through choice, but are carried thither by the internal preponderance of that disease, just as the swine in the parable were driven into the lake by the devils that had entered into them, in spite of themselves. Can any body suppose them amused? No, Sir; and the consequence of this wretched *ennui* is, that some of these pitiable objects, with magnanimity like Cato's, seek comfort for the misfortunes under which they suffer, in stoicism; and, considering that happiness consists only in apathy, wisely seek it at the bottom of the bottle, by drowning all their senses in intoxication: for I cannot think, with some superficial observers, that these persons, if they sought the pleasures of sense, would do it by closing up the avenues of every sense by which those pleasures were to enter.

Others there are who seek relief in endless activity, and, to avoid the horrors of *tedium*, undergo the most violent exertions, and lead lives more laborious than that of a Welsh curate's Sunday, or than the worn-out post-horse that drags them; travelling post through Italy in search of *vertu*, hunting foxes and steeples, and riding their own matches at Newmarket; never easy in one place while there is another to go to; like Cæsar, *nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum*. The penetration of these unhappy sufferers is as much

to

to be admired as their misfortune is to be pitied; for it is plain, from these symptoms, that they have discovered the source of their complaint to be in themselves; to consist in the emptiness of their own minds, which, like green spectacles, give the same colouring to every object, however different in itself, and thus precludes all variety. But they have attempted to apply a remedy which cannot succeed alone, and, by endeavouring to run away from themselves, have only proved that Horace's observation is as true with respect to folly, as to conscience: *cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*

But others again, Sir, having, as it would seem, discovered that the original source of this misfortune is the possession of wealth, magnanimously, as it might be supposed, take the most effectual mode of relief, by removing the cause at the gaming-table with philosophic fortitude. Some persons, I am sensible, will be apt to deny this, saying that fortitude is quite out of the question, and that gamesters have recourse to the faro-table, &c. for the sake of pleasure. But I will prove the fallacy of this doctrine in a moment. In the first place, it is a *prejudice:* a proof of which, according to the logic of modern philosophy, would alone suffice. However, for the sake of your reasoners of the last age, who require conviction, I will refer them for that to the gaming-table itself. Let them look at the thin, agitated countenances of the players, torn by every gust of passion; even female beauty distorted into deformity. A great man, Sir, who honours me with his friendship, and who holds the office of footman (gentleman I should say) in a great house, once introduced me to see the family and their friends, with pious zeal, exerting every nerve to extricate themselves from the distresses of wealth, by the use of that sovereign alternative the dice-box and cards. I was, I assure you, highly edified at the sight, though I much regretted the dire necessity

of

of ſo violent a remedy. The company was rather of a *mixed* ſort, and their purſuit was obviouſly not pleaſure, as even ſucceſs produced only malicious triumph and additional anxiety. At the ſight of one card, I ſaw a French valet in diſguiſe, two colonels, an attorney and a dutcheſs laugh—but it was in Shylock's tone;—while, on the other hand, an atheiſt, in his anguiſh, forgot philoſophy, and called on God; and a Quaker, a Yorkſhire baronet, and a beauty of eighteen, fell to blaſpheming. This ſcene, I naturally concluded, was not the purſuit of pleaſure, but a philoſophic ſubmiſſion to torment, for the ſake of the ultimate advantages that it would produce, by eaſing the ſufferers of their wealth. Would it not ſeem that this diſeaſe was ſomewhat of the nature of *poſſeſſion* by an infernal inmate, which continually goaded the unhappy patients on to acts of repeated deſperation? What heart can be ſo obdurate as not to ſympathize with theſe miſerable ſufferers?

Now, Sir, let me aſk you and your readers, what muſt be the horrors of liſtleſſneſs incident to riches, for which ſuch torture is the remedy! What objects of pity and charitable relief the ſufferers! How delicious to the children of humanity the taſk of relieving them!

I ought not, however, to omit the objections urged againſt a plan of relieving the wealthy ſufferers under this misfortune, that was ſuggeſted at our laſt meeting at the office of the ſociety in Threadneedle Street, by a very reſpectable member. He ſaid, that the rich were ſo ſenſible of the miſeries attending their ſituation, that, without aſſiſtance from the charitable, they ſeemed very well able to relieve themſelves by ſquandering their money in a thouſand other ways as well as at the farotable; and that, very fortunately, at the preſent time our rulers ſeemed to have taken their caſe into conſideration,

deration, and were so benevolently disposed towards them, that they had humanely resolved powerfully to assist them, by way of taxation, in attaining the same end.

Most of the society were struck with the justness of the observation, and one member passed, on this account, a high eulogium on the present Premier; but, on the suggestion of another, it was unanimously agreed, that most ministers were equally benevolent, and we, therefore, voted the Premier for the time being perpetual patron of the society. But, had it not been from the fear of being taken up as a club of Jacobins, I am convinced, that Bonaparte would have obtained precedence even over him; for, from what I have learnt of the sentiments of the members when consulted individually, I think a great majority would have voted for him, as the most efficacious physician in modern times for eradicating this disease: but let this be *entre nous*; for, you know, it is dangerous at present to say any thing in praise of the First Cónsul of France. However, fortunately for the justice of the case, Mr. Theophilus Farthing, an eminent pauper then presiding at our debate, left the chair, and observed that the rich, according to their present method of proceeding, though they took the best measures to extricate *themselves* from the incumbrance of wealth, yet did not remedy the *general* evil; for that they only transferred it into other hands; and that, while the present generation of the wealthy were growing poor, their hair-dressers, cooks, grooms, milliners, inn-keepers, &c. &c. were growing rich, and would, probably, in one generation more, supply the nation with senators and bucks, dutchesses and demireps; that, like the plague, though the infection left one part, yet it spread more rapidly in another; and, therefore, that some more adequate remedy must be discovered. It is true, there were some who hinted that Mr. Theophilus Farthing was one of the leading men in the begging line, consequently a very rich man, and that he was very anxious to preserve his riches; but the majority,

majority, Sir, treated this as ſlander, and perfectly coincided in the ſentiments that had fallen from the chair.

But I fear, Sir, I have too long intruded on your patience; I will therefore conclude, hoping that the generous public will take the caſe of theſe unhappy ſufferers into their conſideration, and afford them that relief of which they ſtand ſo much in need.

I have the honour to be, &c.

CLEMENT BIRCH, Sec.

NEW CARES OF THE WEDDED STATE.

[From the ſame.]

SIR,

AS you ſeem diſpoſed to combine with more ſcientific objects ſuch of the paſſing events of the day as regard the ſtate of public morals and manners, it may not be thought preſumptuous to addreſs you on a ſubject which of late has more than ever preſſed itſelf on the attention of the public; I mean what is generally known by the polite abbreviations, *crim. con.* We cannot look into a newſpaper (and you know, Sir, it is impoſſible to exiſt in the metropolis without looking into a newſpaper), I ſay we can ſcarcely take up any paper without the words *Weſtminſter Hall, Trial for Crim. Con.* ſtaring us in the face. So frequent have theſe been, that not only the judges but the counſel, with all their ſurplus eloquence, are at a loſs how to advance any thing new upon the ſubject, or vary their old mode of reaſoning.

It is not my deſign, however, to make many moral reflections on this ſubject, nor even to ſay how much the age is diſgraced by theſe repeated inſtances of profligacy in the higher orders of the ſex. All this is too obvious

obvious not to occur to the moſt inconſiderate mind. I purpoſe only to take notice of a mode of *alleviation* which has lately been adopted by ſome ingenious counſellors for the *defendant*, and which, I humbly preſume, ought to create ſome alarm in the minds of huſbands. It has been the practice to bring witneſſes to prove that the huſband neglected his wife, permitted her to go into company without him, and was frequently abſent for months during the hunting and ſhooting ſeaſons. Now, although, in the caſes I allude to, theſe arguments happened not to amount to a complete juſtification of the frail fair; yet let me aſk whether they do not amount to the eſtabliſhment of two poſitions: firſt, that it is the duty of a huſband to guard and watch his wife; and ſecondly, that a wife requires a great deal of guarding and watching? And if theſe propoſitions *are* eſtabliſhed, what a vaſt addition is here made to the cares of the wedded ſtate?

In what manner, Sir, is a huſband to take all theſe precautions? Suppoſing, what it is very proper to ſuppoſe, that *crim. con.* is a ſpecies of domeſtic rebellion, and that elopement is an overt act of high treaſon againſt the majeſty of the huſband, in what manner ſhall we prevent thoſe crimes?

Having given this matter ſome conſideration, I ſhall venture to ſuggeſt a few hints, although without profeſſing to offer any thing like a perfect remedy, unleſs the legiſlature will pleaſe to aſſiſt me. I have compared *crim. con.* to rebellion; and there will appear a pretty ſtrong reſemblance, if we conſider what are moſt generally the cauſes of rebellion both national and domeſtic. It cannot, I flatter myſelf, be denied that the influence of French principles has had a very powerful operation; for the vices of the upper claſſes may be very eaſily traced to an imitation of French manners, which has long been the pride as well as the diſgrace of thoſe who enjoyed what is called a polite education. It will

will be neceſſary; therefore, in the firſt place to remove this cauſe, by a ſevere prohibition of thoſe *inflammatory* publications, which as certainly excite mutiny and diſaffection in a family, as others of a different tendency do in a ſtate. Among theſe may be reckoned a very conſiderable number of *novels*.

A ſecond cauſe for rebellion is the becoming members of certain ſocieties, which meet for the expreſs purpoſe of overturning the laws and regulations of the family, of creating a revolution in the heavenly bodies, by which day is either quite aboliſhed, or turned into night, and where ſecret conſpiracies are hatched againſt the peace, honour, and ſafety of their ſovereign lords and huſbands, contrary to many exiſting ſtatutes in the code of morals, and expreſsly contrary to the letter as well as the ſpirit of common decency. If the *books* of thoſe ſocieties (which are commonly called the *devil's books)* be inſpected, it will be ſeen what a tendency they have to bring on poverty and its never-failing conſequences in weak minds.

Theſe ſocieties are very numerous, and, as none are admitted without tickets or cards, it may be eaſily conceived that they can for a long time evade the eye of the law; but, as various events have lately developed their *conſtitutions*, they cannot be much longer concealed; and, indeed, no one can plead ignorance of them, if he will but attend to the *ſecret reports* which are often publiſhed, and apparently by perſons appointed for the purpoſe.

Now, Sir, in order to remove this cauſe, let us borrow another hint from the wiſdom of the ſtate, and extend to them the laws enacted againſt ſeditious meetings. Were they once reſtricted to ſo ſmall a number as fifty, I am perſuaded it would tend to the entire abolition of them; for their full force and efficacy are never excited in any number under five hundred, as we may read in the reports I have alluded to. Indeed, ſo

bold have they lately been, as to denominate their meetings *routs*, a name originally given by those who dislike them, and hereby imitating the French, who, when nick-named *sans-culottes*, adopted that as an honourable title, and invented a word to express their breechless principles, *sans-culottism!* I see great resemblance here, and should not wonder if *routism* were used to express the principles and practices of those who frequent such societies, and who turn all domestic duties topsy turvy.

A third precaution, very necessary in the present case, and drawn likewise from political analogy, would be an *alien bill*, prohibiting all intercourse or trade with the enemy, especially in pecuniary matters, which is much promoted by the *books* above mentioned; prohibiting also all leaving of home to go into foreign countries, such as Brighton, Margate, &c. Indeed, such actions are not only of a rebellious tendency, but most frequently end in high treason and open defiance of all domestic law. Nor can the parties offending against this statute plead the usual quibble of not having sworn allegiance, because we know that in all cases of matrimonial naturalization the parties begin with a very solemn oath, the efficacy of which is, by mutual consent, to last till *death* do them part. Mark, Sir, *death!* not a colonel of dragoons, or any other common wall of partition.

These, I presume, are the chief points of defence which a husband can set up, if he is expected to guard and watch against the intrusions and invasions of foreign gallantry. But now, Sir, must it not appear that this is converting, I should say perverting, matrimony from a state of comfort and peace, to a state of alarm and warfare? With humble submission to the barrister "learned in the law," who have, rather than myself, suggested these preventives, a wife must now appear in the unpleasing light of a most dangerous enemy

again

againſt whom we are ever to be on the watch, day and night, ſummer and winter; dreading at one time a junction with the enemy's troops in St. James's Street, and at another kept on the fret by ſkirmiſhing parties at camps and watering-places; now turning pale at the ſight of a card of invitation, then quaking on the entrance of a captain of the militia; apprehenſive of imminent danger if ſhe goes into a crowd, and trembling for worſe evils if ſhe be left alone.

And are theſe the comforts of matrimony? Are theſe an equivalent for the ſafety and ſecurity of celibacy? Verily, Mr. Editor, while the adviſers of this ſyſtem pay the worſt poſſible compliment to one ſex, they inflict the heavieſt puniſhment on the other. Have we no compariſon more feminine, more lovely, more tender, to employ towards a wife? Is there nothing more ſafe, more comfortable, leſs dangerous, whereunto ſhe may be likened, than a barrel of gunpowder?

And laſtly, Sir, for I do not wiſh to engroſs the room that may be better filled, how long has it been ſince the fair ſex acquired ſuch inflammability of diſpoſition as to be ready to *go off* at the very ſight of a *ſpark?* I hope, Sir, numerous as the inſtances are of ſuch combuſtible machines (manufactured, I verily believe, like ſquibs and crackers, to make a bounce and divert the circles of faſhion), I ſay, Sir, I hope that no one will take his character of the ſex from ſuch inſtances. I know as much of natural hiſtory as informs me that, when we wiſh to characterize a ſpecies, it is from the beſt of that ſpecies that we form our judgment, and not from the *luſus naturæ*; and I truſt that, notwithſtanding the ingenuity diſplayed in *defending* crim. con. the greater part of the world are averſe to mingling virtue and vice, and palliating one bad action by another. I truſt that the majority of the ſex are not yet ſo ſenſeleſs, as to think their huſbands' crimes an

apology for their own, or that the family which has been neglected by a debauchee, ought to be disgraced by a prostitute.

I am, Sir, yours,

PHILOGYNES.

SORENESS OF REPUTATION.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

TO what are we to ascribe this new disorder*, which threatens to become epidemic, this soreness of reputation and tenderness of character, which will not bear the gentlest touch either of good or ill nature, and is equally affected by the good humour of wit, and the poison of defamation? To be sure, *ministers of state* have a right to feel rather quickly upon the subject of character, because it is absolutely necessary that the world should believe them endued with all perfection, and that they should believe so against the evidence of their senses. All this, in our days, is fair, and, for the sake of *mystery*, may be put up with; but that men of all ranks and classes should carry about them a reputation so *excoriated*, that even the air cannot be admitted without injury; sodiseased, that an accidental touch brings on a *mortification*; so loose and relaxed, as not to bear the least *exercise* of wit, is, I confess, a paradox which I cannot explain otherwise than appears to have been done by a learned counsel; namely, that there is a conspiracy on foot to destroy every vestige of the liberty of the press, and leave us nothing but *shrugs*, *nods*, and

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* About this time an *Architect* brought an action against a *Poet* for some criticisms on the buildings at the Bank.

winks,

winks, which, I have no doubt, our ſkilful legiſlators may ſome day or other turn into *overt acts* of *mockery*.

To what, I aſk, Mr. Editor, are we to aſcribe this crazineſs of character, which the leaſt jumbling puts out of order? Is our morality, or are our abilities as hiſtorians, poets, painters and *architects*, become *nervous*, that we cannot bear the leaſt noiſe; and are we liable to be thrown into hyſterics by the motions of a gooſequill, or paralyzed by the jingle of rhyme? Are we ſuch valetudinarians in fame, that we cannot bear the plain food of criticiſm, nor a moderate doſe of ſatire, but muſt be fed upon calves-feet flattery and blockhead broths, mixed up with complimentary ingredients by the nurſing hand of ignorance? Verily this ſeems to be the caſe; and it is now no more ſafe to touch the pillars of an architect, than to tread on the toes of a gouty patient; for a modern builder ſeems to know no difference between *arch remarks*, and remarks upon *arches*.

Pray, Sir, be ſo good as to tell thoſe gentlemen who are the *noli me tangeres* of arts and ſciences, to imitate the reſt of their *nervous* fellow-ſubjects, and *wear flannel next their reputations*.

Yours, &c.

One who reſpects Cupolas and Characters.

ELEEN A'MOOR: AN IRISH BALLAD.

[Original.]

> Seldom ſhall you hear a tale
> So ſad, ſo tender, yet ſo true. SHENSTONE.

YE ſoldiers of Britain! your barbarous doing
Long, long will the children of Erin deplore:
How ſad is my heart, when I view the black ruin
That once was the cabin of Eleen a' Moor!
Her father, poor Dermot, his country lov'd dearly,
Its wrongs, its oppreſſions he felt moſt ſeverely,
And with all friends of freedom united ſincerely:—
Such was the fond father of Eleen a' Moor.

One dark winter night honeſt Dermot ſat muſing;
Loud curſes alarm'd him, and craſh went his door;
The fierce ſoldiers enter'd, of treaſon accuſing
The mild, but brave father of Eleen a' Moor:
Their ſcoffs he return'd not, with blows they aſſail'd him,
His ſoul rous'd indignant, his prudence now fail'd him,
Their blows he repaid, and his country bewail'd him,
For ſtabb'd was the father of Eleen a' Moor.

The children's ſhrill ſcreams and the mother's diſtraction,
The parent, the huſband fall'n, welt'ring in gore;
Ah! who this can hear, and not curſe the foul faction
That murder'd the father of Eleen a' Moor?
Oh my father! my father! ſhe cries, wildly throwing
Her arms round his neck, as his heart-ſtreams were flowing,
She kiſs'd his pale lips, until, ſtill fainter growing,
He groan'd, and an orphan left Eleen a'Moor.

Unfated with blood, this infernal banditti,
Reſolv'd on deſtruction, dire vengeance ſtill ſwore;
Thoſe friends of the Caſtle, but ſtrangers to pity,
Set fire to the cottage of Eleen a' Moor:
The mother and children, half naked and ſhrieking,
Eſcap'd from the flames with their hearts almoſt breaking;
But while theſe poor wretches ſome ſhelter were ſeeking,
Oh! mark what befell hapleſs Eleen a' Moor.

From her father's lov'd corſe, which her lap had ſupported,
To an outhouſe the ruffians this innocent bore,
With her tears, her entreaties, and ſorrows they ſported,
And ruin'd for ever ſweet Eleen a' Moor;
Who, now a poor maniac, roves o'er the bleak common;
Againſt Britiſh ſoldiers ſhe warns every woman,
And ſings of her father in ſtrains more than human,
While heart-rending ſighs burſt from Eleen a' Moor.

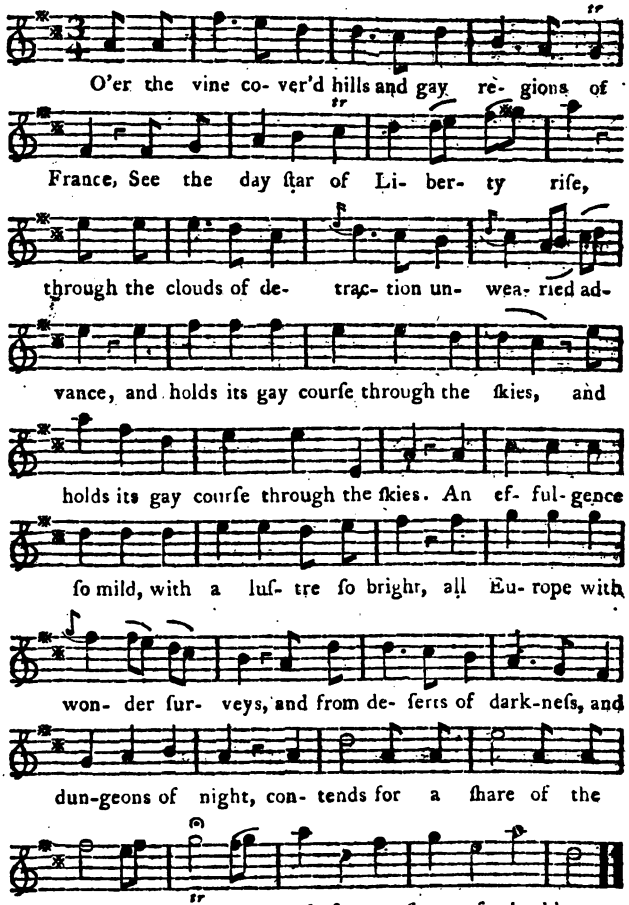
Ye daughters of Erin! retain this narration,
While Ocean's rude billows break round your green ſhore,
Remember the wrongs of your poor hapleſs nation,
Remember the woes of ſweet Eleen a' Moor:
To your brothers, your lovers recall this aggreſſion,
Nor ceaſe till the ſtory make ſuch deep impreſſion,
That from ſuch examples of lawleſs oppreſſion
Reliev'd is the country of Eleen a' Moor.

O'ER

O'ER THE VINE-COVER'D HILLS:

A FAVOURITE SONG COMPOSED BY MR. ROOUKIN,

The Words by Mr. Roſcoe.



Let

II.

Let Burke like a bat from its ſplendour retire,
A ſplendour too ſtrong for his eyes,
Let pedants and fools his effuſions admire,
Entrapt in his cobwebs like flies;
Shall Frenzy and Sophiſtry hope to prevail
When Reaſon oppoſes its weight?
When the welfare of millions is hung in the ſcale,
And the balance yet trembles with fate?

III.

Ah! who 'midſt the horrors of night would abide,
That can taſte the pure breezes of morn?
Or who that has drank of the cryſtalline tide
To the feculent flood would return?
When the boſom of beauty the throbbing heart meets,
Ah! who can its tranſports decline?
Then who, that has taſted of Liberty's ſweets,
The prize but with life would reſign?

IV.

But 't is over; high Heaven the deciſion approves,
Oppreſſion has ſtruggled in vain,
To the hell ſhe has form'd, Superſtition removes,
And Tyranny gnaws his own chain;
In the records of Time a new æra unfolds,
All nature exults in its birth,
The Creator benign his creation beholds,
And gives a new charter to earth.

V.

O catch its high import ye winds as ye blow,
O bear it ye waves as ye roll,
From regions that feel the ſun's vertical glow,
To the fartheſt extremes of the pole:
Equal laws, equal rights, to the nations around,
Peace and Friendſhip their precepts impart;
And wherever the footſteps of Man ſhall be found,
May he bind the decree on his heart!

THE

THE PASSAGE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF SAINT GOTHARD.

By Georgiana, Dutchess of Devonshire.

TO MY CHILDREN.

[Now first published complete, and under sanction.]

* YE plains, where threefold harvests press the ground,
Ye climes, where genial gales incessant swell,
Where art and nature shed profusely round
Their rival wonders—*Italy*, farewell.

Still may thy year in fullest splendour shine!
Its icy darts in vain may winter throw!
† To thee, a parent, sister, I consign,
And wing'd with health, I woo thy gales to blow.

‡ Yet pleas'd *Helvetia's* rugged brows I see,
And through their craggy steeps delighted roam;
Pleas'd with a people, honest, brave, and free,
Whilst ev'ry step conducts me nearer home.

§ I wander where *Tesino* madly flows,
From cliff to cliff in foaming eddies tost;
On the rude mountain's barren breast he rose,
In *Po's* broad wave now hurries to be lost.

His

* We quitted Italy in August 1793, and passed into Switzerland over the mountain of St. Gothard.—The third crop of corn was already standing in Lombardy.

† We left Lady Spencer and Lady Bessborough at the Baths of Lucca, intending to pass the winter at Naples.

‡ The contrast between Switzerland and the Milanese appeared very striking. The Milanese was infested with a band of robbers, that caused us some alarm, and obliged us to use some precautions; but from the moment we entered the mountains of Switzerland, we travelled without any fear, and felt perfectly secure. Death is the punishment of robbery; this punishment, however, very rarely occurs; at Lausanne there had been but one execution in fifteen years.

§ On the 9th we embarked upon the Lago Maggiore, at the little town of Sesto, situated where the Tesino runs out of the Lake. In the course of two days navigation we particularly admired the striking and colossal statue of St. Charles Boromeo (with its pedestal 100 feet from the ground); the beautiful Boromean islands, and the shores of the lake, interspersed with towns and woods, and crowned by the distant view of the Alps.

On

His ſhores, neat huts and verdant paſtures fill,
And hills, where woods of pine the ſtorm defy;
While, ſcorning vegetation, higher ſtill,
Riſe the bare rocks coëval with the ſky.

Upon his banks a favour'd ſpot I found,
Where ſhade and beauty tempted to repoſe;
Within a grove, by mountains circled round,
By rocks o'erhung, my ruſtic ſeat I choſe.

Advancing thence, by gentle pace and ſlow,
Unconſcious of the way my footſteps preſt,
Sudden, ſupported by the hills below,
* St. Gothard's ſummits roſe above the reſt.

'Midſt tow'ring cliffs, and tracts of endleſs cold,
Th' induſtrious path pervades the rugged ſtone,
And ſeems—*Helvetia*, let thy toils be told—
† A granite girdle o'er the mountain thrown.

On the evening of the 10th, we landed at Magadino, one of the three Ciſalpine Balliages belonging to Switzerland; and as the air was too noxious for us to venture to ſleep there, we ſent for horſes to conduct us to Belinzona, a pretty town in the midſt of high mountains, under the juriſdiction of three of the Swiſs cantons, Switz, Underwald, and Uri. From hence, after having prepared horſes, chairs, and guides, and having our carriages taken to pieces, we ſet out on the evening of the 12th to enter the mountain, and aſcended gradually by a road which nearly followed the courſe of the Teſino.

The Teſino takes its riſe not far from the ſummit of St. Gothard, and joins the Po near Pavia.

* St. Gothard itſelf ariſes from the top of ſeveral other high mountains. Some have given it 17,600 feet of perpendicular height from the level of the ſea; but Gen. Ptyffer, who completed the celebrated model of that part of Switzerland ſurrounding Lucerne, makes it only 9075 feet above the Mediterranean. It is the centre of that collection of mountains which the ancients called by the name of Adula, and which ſeparated the Rhætian from the Pœnian Alps. To us it appeared, owing to its gradual aſcent, leſs high than the mountain of the great St. Bernard.

† Mr. Coxe's editor (Mr. Raymond) calls it a granite riband thrown over the mountain. This wonderful work is a road of nearly 15 feet in breadth, paved with granite, and executed even through the moſt difficult part of the mountain; ſometimes ſuſpended on the edge of a precipice; ſometimes pierced through rocks, where no other paſſage offered; ſometimes forming bold and light bridges, from rock to rock.

No

No haunt of man the weary trav'ller greets,
  No vegetation ſmiles upon the moor,
* Save where the flowret breathes uncultur'd ſweets,
  † Save where the patient monk receives the poor.

Yet let not theſe rude paths be coldly trac'd,
  Let not theſe wilds with liſtleſs ſteps be trod,
Here Fragrance ſcorns not to perfume the waſte,
  Here Charity uplifts the mind to God.

His humble board the holy man prepares,
  And ſimple food and wholeſome lore beſtows,
Extols the treaſures that his mountain bears,
  And paints the perils of impending ſnows.

For whilſt bleak Winter numbs with chilling hand—
  ‡ Where frequent croſſes mark the trav'ller's fate—
§ In ſlow proceſſion moves the merchant band,
  And ſilent bends, where tott'ring ruins wait.

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* Soon after leaving Ayrollo and paſſing the laſt wood of firs, all vegetation ceaſes, except the ſcanty graſs and heath which creeps among the rocks; but there appear to be ſome wild flowers, and in particular a very ſweet one which I gathered, and which I think is called *Achillea milleſolium*, but by the guides, *Mutterino*; and alſo a floſſy flower, of which I could not learn the name.

† There is a ſmall convent at the top of the mountain, where two monks reſide; and who are obliged to receive and entertain the poor travellers that paſs this way. Padre Lorenzo had lived there for 20 years, and ſeemed a ſenſible and benevolent man. They have a large dairy, and make excellent cheeſe; five ſmall lakes, which are at the top of the mountain, ſupply them with fiſh. The monks are Capuchins, and belong to a convent at Milan.

‡ When any lives have been loſt from the falls of ſnow, a ſmall croſs is erected.

§ The whole trade from Switzerland to Italy paſſes over this mountain; and they often travel in bands of forty laden mules. The deſtruction occaſioned by the avalanches, which alſo bring rocks along with them, is ſo much dreaded, that they are obliged to keep the ſtricteſt ſilence, leſt the vibration of the air ſhould bring down the ſnow. The excellence of the road over the mountain of St. Gothard is owing to its being kept up for this yearly commerce.

Yet

Yet 'midſt thoſe ridges, 'midſt that drifted ſnow,
Can Nature deign her wonders to diſplay;
* Here Adularia ſhines with vivid glow,
And gems of cryſtal ſparkle to the day.

Here, too, the hoary mountain's brow to grace,
Five ſilver lakes in tranquil ſtate are ſeen;
† While from their waters many a ſtream we trace,
That, 'ſcap'd from bondage, rolls the rocks between.

‡ Hence flows the *Reuſs* to ſeek her wedded love,
And, with the *Rhine*, *Germanic* climes explore;
Her ſtream I mark'd, and ſaw her wildly move
Down the bleak mountain, through her craggy ſhore.

My weary footſteps hop'd for reſt in vain,
For ſteep on ſteep, in rude confuſion roſe;
At length I paus'd above a fertile plain §
That promis'd ſhelter and foretold repoſe.

Fair runs the ſtreamlet o'er the paſture green,
Its margin gay, with flocks and cattle ſpread;
Embow'ring trees the peaceful village ſcreen,
And guard from ſnow each dwelling's jutting ſhed.

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* No mountain is more rich in its mineral productions, at leaſt with regard to beauty. The treaſures it poſſeſſes were brought into their preſent repute by Padre Pini, the chief of the cabinet at Milan. The Adularia is a beautiful variety of the Feldt Spar, and is thus called after the ancient name of the mountain. The cryſtals of St. Gothard are much celebrated; in it is alſo found the blue Shoerl or Sappar, as it has been named by young Mr. De Sauſſure; and alſo a marble which has the ſingular quality of bending and being phoſphoric; it is called Dolomite, from the name of its diſcoverer, Dolomieu.

† The Rhine, the Rhone, the Aar, the Teſino, and the Reuſs, all riſe in the mountain of St. Gothard.

‡ The Reuſs unites with the Aar, beyond the Lake of Lucerne, and with him falls into the Rhine.

§ The valley of Urſera is celebrated for its fertility and verdure, and the placid manner in which the Reuſs runs through it. It feeds a great number of cattle, and has two ſmall towns. It was formerly woody, but the peaſants believe that their foreſts were deſtroyed by a magician. They have only one wood above the town, which protects it from the avalanches; and conſidering this wood as their palladium, it is ſaid, they forbid cutting down a tree on pain of death. The green paſtures and placid appearance of the valley form a beautiful contraſt with the rocks and precipices which ſurround it.

Sweet

Sweet vale, whose bosom wastes and cliffs surround,
  Let me awhile thy friendly shelter share!
Emblem of life; where some bright hours are found
  Amidst the darkest, dreariest years of care.

* Delv'd through the rock, the secret passage bends;
  And beauteous horror strikes the dazzled sight;
Beneath the pendent bridge the stream descends
  Calm—till it tumbles o'er the frowning height.

We view the fearful pass—we wind along
  The path that marks the terrors of our way—
'Midst beetling rocks, and hanging woods among,
  The torrent pours, and breathes its glittering spray.

Weary, at length serener scenes we hail—
  More cultur'd groves o'ershade the grassy meads;
The neat, though wooden hamlets, deck the vale,
  † And *Altorf*'s spires recall heroic deeds.

But though no more amidst those scenes I roam,
  My fancy long each image shall retain—
‡ The flock returning to its welcome home—
  And the wild carol of the cowherd's strain.

Lucernia's

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* The two outlets to this beautiful little valley, are the rugged descent from St. Gothard, and a passage, of some yards in length, cut through the rock, on the Switzerland side. The traveller, immediately upon passing this aperture, finds himself on the celebrated Devil's Bridge, and beholds the Reuss dashing in a torrent under it. The Devil's Bridge is one of the five bridges that distinguish this road. It was so named from the people thinking it impossible to be the work of man; several other bridges in Switzerland have the same name given to them. The whole of this extraordinary road was supposed to have been performed by the Swiss soldiers after the revolution in 1313, which secured liberty to Switzerland; it is imagined the government thus employed them in order to keep them quiet.

† The revolution, known by the name of the Swiss League, began in its smallest canton, Switz; but the chief events happened at Altorf, capital of the canton of Uri. The original name of Switzerland was Helvetia; when united to the Empire under Conrad the Salique, it was La Haute Allemagne; and after the revolution of 1313, it took the name of Switzerland, from the canton of Switz having been the cradle of its liberty.

‡ The circumstance alluded to pleased me very much, though I saw it not in St. Gothard, but in the mountains of Bern. At evening a flock of goats returned to the market-place of the little town of Interlacken; immediately

* *Lucernia*'s lake its glassy surface shows,
Whilst nature's varied beauties deck its side;
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves enclose,
And there its spreading bosom opens wide.

† And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
Where *Tell* directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm, that first preserv'd his child,
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

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diately each goat went to its peculiar cottage, the children of which came out to welcome and caress their little comrade. The *Rans des Vaches*, sung by the Swiss cowherds, is a simple melody, intermixed with the cry which they use to call their cows together.

* The Lake of Lucerne is also called the Lake of the four Cantons, and is as diversified and beautiful as any in Switzerland. Embarking below Altorf, the first part of the navigation is narrow but romantic, bounded by the rocky shores of Uri and Underwald; after passing through the narrowest part, a large expanse presents itself, bounded to the right by Switz, to the left by Underwald, and having Lucerne and distant mountains in front.

† The Emperor Albert, having the ambitious design of conquering Switzerland in order to make a patrimony of it for one of his younger sons, had by degrees succeeded in subduing the greater part; and, under false pretences, had sent arbitrary baillies or governors, who exercised much cruelty and oppression upon the people. The worst of these was Geissler, a rapacious and ferocious man, whose castle in Uri was a continued scene of barbarity and plunder. Discontents had already taken place, and the people not only murmured, but had meetings on every fresh insult; when in the year 1307, Geissler, to prove his power and indulge his vanity, erected his hat on a pole in the market-place of Altorf, and insisted on the people bowing to it as they passed. William Tell refused. The tyrant, to revenge himself, ordered Tell's youngest son to be brought to the market-place, and, tying him to a stake, placed an apple upon his head, and desired the father to shoot at it with his cross-bow. William Tell succeeded in hitting the apple; but when the tyrant asked him the reason of his having another arrow concealed in his dress, he replied, *To have killed you, had I killed my son.* The offended governor had Tell seized and bound, and placed in the same boat with himself, resolving to carry him across the lake to his own castle. A frightful storm (to which the Swiss lakes are liable) suddenly arose, and they were obliged to unchain the prisoner, who was celebrated for his skill as a mariner. He conducted them near a ridge of rocks, and vaulting from the boat, with his cross-bow in his hand, killed the tyrant! To this, Tell and Switzerland owed their deliverance. The chapel is built on the very spot, surrounded with picturesque wood; and the simple story of Tell, in the appropriate dresses, is painted within the chapel.

Across

* Acrofs the lake, and deep embower'd in wood,
Behold another hallow'd chapel ftand,
Were three Swifs heroes lawlefs force withftood,
And ftamp'd the freedom of their native land.

Their liberty requir'd no rites uncouth,
No blood demanded, and no flaves enchain'd;
Her rule was gentle, and her voice was truth,
By focial order form'd, by laws reftrain'd.

We quit the lake—and cultivation's toil,
With Nature's charms combin'd, adorns the way;
And well-earn'd wealth improves the ready foil,
† And fimple manners ftill maintain their fway.

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* Oppofite to Tell's chapel, in the woody and high fhore of the oppofite part of Uri, another little chapel juft peeps from the furrounding grove. It was here, to avoid difcovery, that the friends of liberty met, before the adventure of Tell and the death of Geiffler facilitated their endeavours. The chiefs of them were three: Henry de Melchtal, whofe father, an old peafant of Underwald, when ploughing his field, was infulted by the emiffaries of Geiffler, who told him, that a wretch like him ought not to ufe oxen, but to be yoked himfelf.—The fon defended his father and the oxen, and was obliged to fly to fecure his own life.—They feized the helplefs old man, and, as he refufed to difcover the retreat of his fon, put out his eyes. Young Henry fled to Uri, to the houfe of a gentleman of the name of Walter Furft. Vernier de Staubach, a gentleman of the canton of Switz, joined in their meetings at the chapel; he alfo had been infulted by the tyrant.—By the fteady and uniform exertions of thefe men, and the three cantons, they at length took prifoners all the Emperor's officers, but with this remarkable inftance of humanity, that they banifhed them, without any injury to their perfons or poffeffions. The famous victory of Mongarten in 1315, where a fmall number of Swifs, from the advantage of their mountains, defeated the Imperial army under Leopold, fon to Albert, eftablifhed their liberty. The three cantons formed excellent laws, and promifed friendfhip and affiftance to each other; and by degrees, though at different periods, the thirteen cantons joined in *Ligue Suiffe*.

† The domeftic fociety and fimple gaiety of moft parts of Switzerland exift in fpite of the inroads of ftrangers; indeed it feems impoffible not to feek rather to join in their happy amufements, than to wifh to introduce the diffipation of other countries amongft them.

Farewell, *Helvetia!* from whose lofty breast
Proud *Alps* arise, and copious rivers flow;
* Where, source of streams, eternal glaciers rest,
† And peaceful science gilds the plains below.

Oft on thy rocks the wond'ring eye shall gaze,
Thy vallies oft the raptur'd bosom seek—
There, Nature's hand her boldest work displays,
Here, bliss domestic beams on ev'ry cheek.

Hope of my life! dear *children* of my heart!
That anxious heart, to each fond feeling true,
To you still pants each pleasure to impart,
And more—oh transport!—reach its home and you.

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* The glaciers are formed probably by such an accumulation of ice, that the summer's sun only melts what is sufficient to supply the rivers, without diminishing the original stores which are there congealed. This, however, varies their forms, which are sometimes very beautiful, in waves, arches, pinnacles, &c. and the light of the sun gives them prismatic colours. I saw the glacier of Grindelwald in August, and I might have touched the ice with one hand, and with the other gathered strawberries that grew at its foot.

† The interesting literary characters in Switzerland are very numerous. At Geneva, Mr. De Saussure, the first who boldly reached and examined the summit of Mont Blanc; his daughter, Madame de Germany, whose writings are said to be as lively and fanciful as Ariosto's, and who is celebrated as a botanist; Mr. Hubert, the blind observer of nature; Mr. Sennebier, &c. &c. At Lausanne, Mr. Constant, the author of Laure; Madame de Montolieu, the author of Caroline de Lichfield; and when I was there, the amiable Dr. Tissot, who delighted by the charms of his conversation, as much as he was revered for his skill and humanity. At Zurich, Lavater, who adds to his genius and eccentricity, an enthusiastic pursuit of every benevolent virtue. At Neufchatel, Mad. Chariere, the interesting author of *Calisse ou Lettres de Lausanne*—not to omit Necker, Du Tremblay, De Luc, Bonnet, and so many others who have been lately celebrated in Switzerland.

The

The following Lines were written by the Lady of the late Mr. Sheridan, and are as yet very little known to the Public. We therefore communicate them with pleasure.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

UNAW'D by threats, unmov'd by force,
My steady soul pursues her course,
Collected, calm, resign'd;
Say, ye who search with curious eyes
The source whence human actions rise,
Say whence this turn of mind?

'T is Patience—Lenient goddess, hail!
Oh! let thy votary's vows prevail,
Thy threaten'd flight to stay;
Long hast thou been a welcome guest,
Long reign'd an inmate in this breast,
And rul'd with gentle sway.

Through all the various turns of fate
Ordain'd me in each several state
My wayward lot has known;
What taught me silently to bear,
To curb the sigh, to check the tear,
When sorrow weigh'd me down?

'T was Patience!—heaven-descended maid!
Implor'd, flew swiftly to my aid,
And lent her fostering breast;
Watch'd my sad hours with parent care,
Repell'd th' approaches of despair,
And sooth'd my soul to rest.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

[From the Journal des Defenseurs, a Paris Paper.]

THE convention signed by the four powers of the North, and the recent changes on the Continent, having much retarded the sale of British goods, the following articles will be sold on very low terms, viz.

A magnificent *Atlas* of Marine Charts, suited to the navigation of the Baltic, the Sound, and the Northern Seas. This will be sold very *cheap*, as being no longer of any *use!*

A History of the last English Embassy to Copenhagen.—This may be regarded as a scarce work, as it is not thought that there will ever be a *second edition.*

A System of Invasion, or a Treatise on the Theory of Usurpations; with Historical Notes. This, which was originally a very *dear* work, has had a great run in *India*, but it never met with any success in *Europe!*

Of the Use of *Gold*, and its Effects in Diplomatic Negotiations; a National, Elementary, and Classic Treatise; the fifty-seventh edition, printed at the *expense* of the British Government, with *practical* notes and reflections by the Baron de Thugut.

Rules for the Game of *Scarcity*, or Physical and Mathematical Recreations.—Inscribed to Members of Parliament.

Plans of *Descents*, an highly *comic* work, with Ballads adapted to well-known Airs, such as "The Follies of *Spain*"—"The Dragoons are coming"—"Let's haste to the Marriage," &c.

A Dialogue between Mr. Pitt and the Astronomer Herschel, on the *Use* of *Spectacles.*

Of the Value of *Money* compared to that of human Blood. A moral and interesting work.

A Collection of very *amusing* Letters from Milord Grenville, relative to the Rights of, and the Respect which is due to, other Nations, &c. &c.

THE VIRTUES OF AURUM PALPABILE.

AURUM Palpabile, or Tangible Gold. Though this is only a refinement of the ore, yet it may justly be called a panpharmacon, or an universal medicine. There

There are few political diſorders in which it is not happily adminiſtered, as it generally performs a cure. The rabies patriotica (or patriotic fury) has often yielded to this remedy; and there have been inſtances where patients have been ſo far gone in this diſtemper, that they have bellowed, foamed at the mouth, ſtamped on the ground, and clenched their fiſts, and by a proper doſe of aurum palpabile, have not only had their paroxyſms abated, but have been rendered as meek as lambs. Their mouths have been effectually ſtopped, their rage quieted, and their ſtamping ſo far abated, that they have had no uſe of their feet, but inſtinctively to follow the adminiſtrator out or in, to the right or to the left. As this medicine hath very often ſhut the moſt vociferous mouth, ſo it hath opened ſome that were quite dumb before. It hath made lawyers plead, divines preach, and members of parliament ſpeak. Nay, it hath had ſuch effect on the limbs, that ſoldiers' arms, ſeamen's feet, and treaſurers' fingers, have been put in motion by the wonderful operations of this ſovereign drug.—Nay, there is ſcarce any thing but it can do in the hands of an able diſpenſer of it.

Sal Satyricum, or Satirical Salt, very uſeful for ſeaſoning ſpeeches in parliament, and affords poignancy in reply. By means of this ſalt many arguments that could not be anſwered, have been turned into ridicule, and ſome ſpeakers have been browbeaten, who could not have been confuted.

Oleum Sycophantium, or Oil of Flattery. This is a moſt powerful medicine, it cures all contractions in the back, neck, or ſinews of the hams, if properly applied. It has made many perſons extremely ſupple, who were before very ſtiff; and has occaſioned more people to bow than all the dancing-maſters in the kingdom. It is uſually adminiſtered at the ears, and generally has effect, unleſs it is poured too faſt, and in an injudicious manner.

This

This oil flows naturally from ſeveral ſprings which communicate with moſt courts, palaces, and ſeats of government.

Balſamum Soporificum, or Quieting Balſam. This balſam is ſovereign for blunting the ſtings of conſcience, the thorns of remorſe, and pangs of recollection.

Aqua Lethalis, or Deadly Water, ſo called, becauſe it kills all remembrance of paſt times, that any man would chooſe to forget. It ariſes from a cold ſpring, in the centre of the Treaſury Office, and has made many perſons forget what they were, what they have promiſed, and from whom they ſprung. By the uſe of this water a man has forgot his friends, his principles, and himſelf.

A COMIC PARODY ON THE CELEBRATED ODE OF SAPPHO,

Beginning—" *Bleſt as th' immortal Gods is he,*" &c.

By Thomas Dermody.

DRUNK as a fiſhmonger is he,
The youth who toping ſits by thee,
And hears, and ſees thee all the while,
Deeply drink, and ſweetly ſmile.
'T was wine that made my ſoul depreſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumult in my breaſt;
For while I quaff'd, in claret toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt,
My tongue was mute, the purple ſtream
Ran quick through all my reeling frame,
O'er my dim eyes the landlord hung,
My ears with hollow dittos rung,
With frequent pints my heart was ſwill'd,
My blood at unpaid reckonings thrill'd,
My feeble purſe forgot to pay,
I curs'd, I bilk'd, and ſtole away.

MORAN'S

MORAN'S RING.

IN the reign of *Feardachno-fion-feachnaught*, the one hundred and ſecond monarch of Ireland, as ancient annals relate, lived the famous and upright judge Moran, in whoſe poſſeſſion was a ring of ſuch wonderful virtue, that if put about the neck of any judge or witneſs pending a trial, or pronouncing ſentence, if either the one ſwerved from truth, or the other from juſtice, it immediately contracted itſelf in ſuch a manner, that, to avoid death by ſtrangulation, they were obliged openly to retract their falſe evidence or corrupt deciſion. It was not only in caſes like theſe that this wonderful ring was employed; it was made the inſtrument, under the wiſe and mighty monarch who then reigned, of correcting many abuſes, and the crimes of individuals, who, without ſuch a detection, might have continued with impunity. By this means the ſtifled will was often brought to light; the unfeeling guardian who robbed the fatherleſs, the orphan, or the widow, was forced to diſgorge his plunder; the hard-eyed uſurer to reſtore the ſequeſtered pawn and his unconſcionable intereſt; and the hypocrite to confeſs his lewdneſs.

Reading this account lately, a ſhort time before my uſual hour of reſt, it left an impreſſion that continued in my ſleep.

I conceived myſelf in a large and lofty hall, crowded (ſuch is the inconſiſtency of dreams) with a confuſed aſſemblage of ancient and modern characters. There I ſaw the old Kern, in his plaid and philibeg; the modern blood, with cropped hair and long breeches; the haughty purveyor, and the ſupple attorney; the ſteel-clad baron, and the jeſſamy fopling; the ſtately dowager with her enormous train, and the flippant counteſs without any; beſides theſe, a countleſs herd of lawyers, phyſicians, knights, ſoldiers, grooms, peers, biſhops, proctors, governors, jailors, pawnbrokers,

prime

prime miniſters, lottery-men, projectors, contractors, and many others I cannot now remember.

At the end of this great hall, which I think had alſo the appearance of a court of juſtice, I perceived, ſitting on a ſtone bench, with a plain railing before him, an old man in the act of adminiſtering juſtice, whom I ſoon underſtood to be the venerable Moran, whoſe wonderful hiſtory I had been reading. One of his knees ſupported a book, which his left hand kept open, while in his right he held a golden hoop, or ring, the ſight of which ſeemed variouſly to affect the ſurrounding crowd, ſeveral of whom appeared to doubt its taliſmanic virtues, while ſome, not indeed ſo great in number, expreſſed in their countenances a deſire that it might be tried, and a faith in its operations, while a great majority of the perſons preſent viewed it with an anxiety not unmixed with horror.

The venerable ſage now ordered one of the company to be brought forward; he was an ancient purveyor, who, under the pretence of providing for the neceſſities of his ſovereign, had deſolated an entire province by his extortions. The judge aſked him how it came to paſs, that he, whoſe father was but a poor peaſant, could rival in ſplendour and expenſe the moſt ancient and opulent families?—The culprit was mute, when, the ring being applied to his throat, his pride inſtantly forſook him, and in the faltering accents of detected villany, he confeſſed a thouſand acts of unfeeling rapacity.—"Let his ill-gotten wealth," ſaid the judge, "endow an hoſpital, and let him be turned to beg his bread in the province he has ravaged."

The next was a flaunting widow, who being aſked why the ſon of her late wealthy huſband, by a former wife, languiſhed in priſon for a debt contracted for his ſubſiſtence? endeavoured at firſt to play off her arts and blandiſhments; but finding they had no effect on her inflexible judge, and that the tremendous ring was going

going to be applied, in accents weak, and with a tone as mean as her former arrogance was insupportable, confessed, that after, with dissembled tears and supplications, endeavouring, in vain, to make her husband disinherit his son, she had, with the assistance of a pettifogging practitioner of the law, substituted instead of the real, a forged will, for the purpose of consigning her husband's child to want and beggary; and added, with sobs, that her accomplice, whom she had since privately married, having secured her property to himself, was gone off to another kingdom with her waiting-maid. "Let the property," said the judge, "be possessed by its lawful owner; as for you, Madam, let poverty and your own reflections be your punishment."

After a great number of similar trials, a tall meagre figure was brought to the bar; his dusky sallow countenance hung upon his care-worn brow, while a cankered smile betrayed the corrosions of an offended conscience: he was the younger son of a noble house, from whom he inherited nothing but immeasurable ideas of wealth and grandeur, which he had determined to realize by a voyage to the East Indies, where one of his uncles held an employment. Here for a number of years he practised every art, severity, deceit, and rapacity, that could accomplish his end. At last, after having long lingered on these golden shores, he returned to his native country, enriched indeed with the spoil of millions, but a bankrupt in health and character, and followed by the curses of plundered thousands. The judge asked him, was all his enormous wealth the reward of assiduous toil and honourable merchandise; the fruits of a laudable economy from the just profits of a distinguished station or lucrative post?

Unaccustomed to such questions, and a stranger to control, he darted a furious look at the judge, defied his power, and refused to answer. The fatal test was instantly applied; it was applied in vain, for it only produced

produced blaſphemous execrations; the collapſing circle at laſt ſtopped utterance and life, while guilt and horror remained even after death on his diſtorted viſage.

The dreadful ſcene ſo agitated my nerves, that I awoke, pleaſed to find the whole a dream.

THE NATURAL ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD APPETITE *.

I HAVE the pleaſure, or the misfortune (call it which you pleaſe), of having a moſt voracious appetite. Many have boaſted of their extraordinary performances in the ſcience of eating, but I have never yet heard of a man who could come within a pound or two of my mark. Much has been ſaid of the divine Handel, ſo much celebrated all over Europe for muſical compoſitions, and his great talents at the table; but he was a mere piddler compared to me.

I have heard a ſtory related with extravagant encomiums on that gentleman's digeſtive abilities, for only ſwallowing a very moderate portion of fiſh and fleſh: the particulars are handed down to us: It was Mr. Handel's uſual cuſtom, when engaged to dine out with any nobleman or gentleman, to take a little of ſomething by way of refreſhment, and to operate as a damper, that he might not diſplay his vaſt powers as a gormandizer among people of puny appetites. For one of theſe previous dinners, or dampers, he ordered at the Crown and Anchor tavern a dozen large mackarel, a duck, and two roaſted chickens. One of the waiters, judging from the quantity of victuals ordered, what number of people would probably be expected to dine, laid the cloth, and furniſhed the table with eight

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* See page 142.

plate,

plates, &c. Mr. Handel arrived punctually at the hour he had named for the appearance of his repaſt, and was informed that none of the company were come, but himſelf; the landlord therefore humbly ſuggeſted to him that the dinner might be kept back, till ſome more of the company dropped in. "Company!" exclaimed the dealer in harmony, "what company?—I expect no company! I ordered theſe few articles by way of reliſh for myſelf, and muſt beg to be excuſed from the intruſion of any company whatſoever!"

The twelve mackarel were firſt introduced, and Mr. Handel paid his devoirs to each of them. He ſwallowed every one of them with the expedition of a real artiſt, and ſeemed almoſt equal to the taſk of ſwallowing the twelve judges. The ſkeletons of the fiſh being removed, in came the duck and the two chickens: the bones of all theſe were picked with great dexterity. The bill was called, and diſcharged, and after that the poor gentleman faſted for almoſt an hour and a quarter, when he repaired to the houſe of Lord H——n, to complete the dinner which he had begun at the Crown and Anchor.

This ſtory is mentioned, Sir, as a *chef d'œuvre* of that great man, as one of his moſt wonderful exploits: but I ſee nothing in it that can excite aſtoniſhment or ſurpriſe. I have the vanity to think, that Handel, were he now living, would not be able to cope with me in the exerciſe of eating. Thomſon, the author of the Seaſons, has ſome celebrity as an eater. He ſwallowed at Dolly's Beef-ſteak-houſe, for a conſiderable wager, three ſolid pounds of beef, after having eaten a very hearty dinner. This anecdote I gathered from Guthrie, the hiſtorian, who aſſured me he was preſent when the deed was done. But this is moderate eating, compared to what I have done: I know a city printer who could accompliſh a greater taſk than that.

 I flatter

I flatter myſelf that few, very few, can vie with me in the voracious line. I am well known in all the ordinaries in and about London, Weſtminſter, and their environs, but am no longer admitted into them as a gueſt. Moſt of the keepers of theſe periodical hotels have bought me off, knowing they could not otherwiſe refuſe me admittance; for, at an ordinary, no exceptions can be taken to particular perſons, the invitation over the door being always general.

Many a landlord has beheld me, with tears in his eyes, making intolerable havoc on a ham and a fillet of veal; others have ſeen me cut up a quarter of lamb, and ſerve myſelf with the ſhoulder, beſides helping myſelf with a proportionable ſhare of all the other joints, geeſe, pies, tarts, and puddings. No man could lay out his money in eatables with more economy than I did; I have often had, to my own ſhare, what could not have been purchaſed for leſs than fifteen ſhillings, for one ſhilling and ſixpence. Sometimes, indeed, I felt ſome compunctions of conſcience, and contented myſelf with half a meal, which perhaps was not intrinſically worth more than half a guinea.

At length, propoſals of accommodation were made to me from all quarters, and I now receive from one hundred and fifty landlords, the ſum of two guineas each per annum, on condition that I never open my mouth again in any of their dining-rooms. Excluſive of theſe emoluments, I frequently diſcover new ordinaries, and embrace the firſt opportunity of introducing myſelf. My abilities as a devourer are ſoon diſcovered and lamented; overtures are made to me, my uſual terms agreed on, and I add another annuitant to my liſt. M.

THE

THE FASHIONABLE AMBITION OF LIVING IN STYLE IN DIFFERENT CHARACTERS.

THIS phrase, though in common use among all ranks of people, is not generally understood; as the various situations of the *stylish*, make them differ materially in their various ways of obtaining local pre-eminence over their neighbours.

The countess thinks that *living in style* consists in breakfasting at three o'clock in the afternoon, dining at eight, playing at faro till four in the morning, supping at five, and going to her dormitory at six!—to have a *bidet* in warm weather, and green peas in January:—in making half a curtsey at the Creed, and a whole curtsey to a scoundrel—in wearing a six months pad, tacitly reflective on her lord's powers, and emptying a show-glass to dazzle rural gentility!—in giving fifty pounds to an exotic capon, for a pit ticket, and treating the claims of a native actor with scorn—to seem ignorant of the Mosaic law, and lisp to accomplish singularity—to laugh when she should weep, and weep when she should be merry—to leave her cards of compliment with her intimates, yet wish half of them extinguished in the same instant—to name the community with disrespect, and think the sacrament a *bore*.

The peer imagines he *does things in style*, by paying all debts of honour, and a few honourable debts—by being liberal in a public subscription to a person he never saw, and harsh and uncomplying to a private supplicant—by leaving his *vis-à-vis* near the door of a courtezan, that he may have the credit of an intrigue with a meretricious biped—in using an optical glass for personal inspection, though he could ascertain the horizon without any—in counteracting nature and virtue in all his prejudices—in calculating the lives in the Red Book, and watching the importation of *figurantes* from

the continent—in afferting that a man of fafhion is an animal privileged above retribution, and amenable only to himfelf now and for evermore—in making *ethics* and *phyfics* deftroy each other—in confpicuoufly entering the theatre when the performance is nearly concluded—in walking arm in arm with a fneering jockey—in doubting if the Magi were conjurers, and burning long letters without reading their contents.

The gay peerling, who is barely entitled to the honours and immunities of manhood, thinks that *doing things in ftyle* is raifing immenfe fums on *poft obit* bonds, at the moderate premium of forty per cent.—in queering the parfon at his father's table, and thumbing his maiden aunt's prayer-book at the article of Matrimony: in being infolent and noify as a *lobby lout* at the playhoufe, when he has fome roaring bullies at his elbow, but meek and daftardly when alone!—in extending the dominion of impudence, which was previoufly immenfe—in buying a phaeton as high as Pompey's pillar, and a dozen bays. To thefe he adds the fociety of a *tonifh impure*, who publicly exhaufts his treafure, and privately laughs at his follies—thus accoutred and accompanied, he dafhes away through the ftreets of the metropolis, amidft the contumelies of the coxcomical, and the fighs of the worthy.

The dapper and fmirking mercer (whofe father had amaffed a competence by the rigid obfervance of the laws of economy, and who tranfmitted his property, though not his prudence, to his fon) thinks it incumbent on him, as a lad of fpirit, to buy a *bit of blood*, keep his *gig*, his girl, and his country lodging; and as keeping his gig and his girl would afford him but a reftricted pleafure, unlefs all the world faw them, he makes it a uniform practice to take Bet, as he familiarly calls her, to all boxing-matches, camps, hunts, and races; and though all this racing *muft* eventually lead him to an unenviable place in the Gazette, he blindly rejoices in

in the progreſs and acceleration of his ruin, and, clapping his arms a-kimbo, the miſerable inſect laughs, ſings, ſwears, and vociferates—*Is n't this doing it in ſtyle, hey, damme?*

The green-grocer in an obſcure part of the city, who derived his important being from the auſpicious efforts of a fiſh-woman and a link-boy, cannot think of deſcending to the grave, without participating the *helegant* amuſements of the age—but as it has been ſettled by our foreſathers that there is no quarrelling about *taſte*, perhaps we ſhould not affect ſurpriſe when different individuals vary in their ideas upon the theme.

The alderman's lady thinks, that *living in ſtyle* conſiſts in teaſing her huſband to take a houſe in Groſvenor Square, and bidding adieu to Broad Street for ever—in *cutting* her old acquaintance, except at the city gala—in being invited to the *rout* of a counteſs, where ſhe is exhibited as a *quiz*, or *broad-but*, to the gigglers—in being pilfered of hundreds in an evening by ſome beggarly thieves of quality, and even thinking herſelf honoured by the depredation!—in always being endured, but never enjoyed—in burſting from the *effluvia* of train-oil, ſalt-cod, and oroonoko, to a modern cabinet, decorated with the amours of Adonis, and perfumed with the beſt odours—from the filthy floor of a dark counting-houſe, to the preſſure of a ſuperb carpet, woven in the looms of Turkey—in buying Olympian dew to remove freckles—in going to the opera without either ears or underſtanding—in talking loud at the play-houſe—and eating ice in July!

The *gaudy* Paphian believes, that *doing things in ſtyle* is evinced by her being bedizened like a French doll, and beplumed like a bird of paradiſe—in thinking all labour derogatory, though newly allured by vice from a milliner's compter—in taking her coffee at the theatre in public, in a ſedulous imitation of *Fanny Hill*, and pampering ſome low raſcal in a corner, with the wages of

her iniquity—in parading the metropolis in white ſatin ſlippers after a ſhower, and riding when the atmoſphere is ſerene and exhilarating.—Hapleſs inconſtant! thus is ſhe deluded, and thus ingulfed, till the bright ſcene changes, and the ſkies lour—the dies of fortune are eventually unpropitious; ſhe throws again and again without a main—the horrid connexion is formed between her animal ſpirits and her empty purſe—ſhe is detected with her illicit paramour; diſcarded by her witleſs keeper, and caſt into a dungeon by her clamorous mercer—there ſhe becomes wretched, ragged, and diſeaſed—is belched from its foul confines by an act of inſolvency—turns erratic prowler for the appetites of the beſtial, and finally periſhes with a ſentiment of blaſphemy, in an inclement night, beneath a bulk, unpitied and unknown.

The haberdaſher's lady thinks, that *living in ſtyle* is evident in going once a year to a maſquerade at *Ranelagh*—in having her daughters taught French and filagree—in dancing a *minivet* at a ball—in having a good *ſitevation* in the green boxes—in going out on a Sunday in a glaſs coach—in engaging card parties in Lent, and drinking gunpowder tea.

The butcher's lady thinks, that *living in ſtyle* is manifeſted in putting on her beſt bib and tucker on holydays—in making her conjugal Strephon wear a *queue* inſtead of a *jaſy*—in turning up her noſe at a notable houſewife—in giving coniac and raſpberries to her intimates—and eating ſweetbreads every *killing-day*.

> "Thus the world wags, and every new-born year
> Produces ſights more monſtrous than the laſt."

ON

ON AN ACTOR SNORING.

LIKE Roſcius' ſelf, who follow'd cloſe on nature,
——gives to ev'ry part its ſtamp and feature—
Now grave, now fierce, now mad, he mourns, rants, roars,
And, when he 's acting ſleep——he *ſnores!*

NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING obſerved in ſome of the newſpapers an account of certain curioſities which the workmen employed in St. Stephen's chapel are ſaid to have diſcovered, I was determined to be ſatisfied in that matter by ocular demonſtration, and accordingly paid a viſit to that ancient edifice a few days ago.—By the way I muſt remark, that when I heard that Mr. Wyatt had received orders to *mend* the *Houſe of Commons* and make a *new Houſe of Lords*, I was very much ſtruck with the magnitude of the undertaking, and was ſurpriſed that, in times like theſe, any man could be found bold enough to plan, much more to execute, ſuch a buſineſs. A little conſideration, however, of the tranſcendent abilities of the Atlas of the State, convinced me that there are few things beyond his power. Still I thought the *architect* a bold man, and would have been exceedingly concerned for a man whoſe genius places him in the very firſt rank of his profeſſion, had I not been told that, *per* contract, he is expreſsly confined to the *walls* only of the new Houſe, and has no manner of concern with the *furniture* to be placed in them.

During my viſit I entered into converſation with ſeveral of the workmen; and, although I found them rather

rather peery and ſhy at firſt (for the orders of their maſter were, *never to give a direct anſwer)*, yet, by means of a pot or two of porter (a bribe irreſiſtible in the late weather), I obtained not only ſome oral information, but even got a peep at a paper of directions to Mr. Wyatt, which I devoured with great eagerneſs. *Short-hand* not being permitted in that place, *even now* you cannot expect a *verbatim* copy of this *Bill for the Reform of Parliament*; but as I contrived, in the abſence of the workmen, who are remarkably punctual to their dinner-hour, to take a few minutes from it, I ſhall now tranſcribe them for the information of your readers. They are not in regular order, as I was every moment interrupted by viſitors, and was afraid of detection. I turned the leaves over, therefore, with a careleſs air, and tranſcribed a line or two here and there as ſecretly as I could.

The title, I think, was in theſe words, or nearly ſo—

DIRECTIONS FOR MR. WYATT, TOWARDS MENDING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"In general, the Gothic architecture is to be preſerved, as it deviates moſt from the proportions and characters of the genuine *antique:* it is frequently very ſolid, heavy, and maſſive, and ſometimes, on the contrary, extremely light, delicate, and rich. Care is to be taken to preſerve that abundance of little, whimſical, wild, and chimerical ornaments which are its moſt uſual characters.—On this ſubject Mr. Wyatt is referred to the Honourable Secretary at War, particularly with reſpect to the introduction of *bulls' heads* and the preſervation of the *candelabra*. In the introduction of *Greek* ornaments (of which, however, the architect is deſired to be ſparing, as they are not eaſily underſtood) the Lord Viſcount Belgrave may be conſulted with advantage.

"It

"It is ordered that there be ſufficient room for the members to *ſit* or *lie*, and *eaſy acceſs* to the *ſeats*.—That likewiſe there be *openings left*, whereby the members may paſs from one ſide to the other. Plans of theſe paſſages may be ſeen at the Treaſury Chambers.

"In particular, room is to be left for the members to *take freſh ground*, or that ſuch as are ſo diſpoſed may have no difficulty in *meeting an idea*.

"Harmony in proportions would be agreeable; but, in order to this, the parts muſt be equally rich, which is impoſſible in a place of this kind. Some muſt, no doubt, be contrived merely for *ſhow*, and others muſt be placed ſo as to produce an effect merely by their *numbers*. It is not eaſy to point out the relation which the ſeveral members of a column, or other part of a building, have to the whole of that column, or part:—theſe are matters with which Mr. Wyatt is acquainted. If at a loſs, Mr. Roſe will explain any difficulty that may ariſe. One thing is invariably to be obſerved, that none of the parts *project* too far; and, in general, attention is to be paid to *diſpoſition*, or the juſt placing of the ſeveral parts of the edifice according to their proper nature and office—matters which the Honourable Secretary perfectly underſtands.

"With regard to *ſize*, enlargement is abſolutely neceſſary, and indeed the principal object in the preſent alteration.—Calculations of the *ſuperficial contents* are expected every day from Ireland.

"Particular care is to be taken that the whole be well *enlightened*, but ſtill in the former manner of a chapel. The "*dim religious light*" has lately been found moſt ſerviceable, as not affecting the eyes, and enabling Gentlemen to *blink the queſtion* without any injury to themſelves.

"The external parts of the building being ſurrounded by the *Courts of Law*, &c. the advantages of the new improvements are conſequently confined entirely to the *inſide*,

inſide; the whole of which is to be *varniſhed,* that it may appear new.

"In what is called *hollow turning,* Mr. Wyatt muſt be aware of the common practice. It is recommended, however, not to uſe the common *lathe,* but one which is thus deſcribed by architects—'It is compoſed, like the other, of *two cheeks,* and has alſo *two heads* fitted to ſlide between them; but has no *pole,* being turned by means of a wheel and pulley. The pulley is faſtened in a kind of *ſpindle* called a *mandrel,* one end of which is pointed, and received into the centre of the back ſcrew, which goes through one of the heads; and near the other end, called the *verge,* it moves in a piece called the *collar.*' A model of this *lathe* for *hollow turning* may be ſeen in Downing Street.

"The retiring rooms, *privies,* &c. to be on the beſt conſtruction, on the plan brought from Edinburgh by the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, they being a ſtanding article in that city.

"The two ſides of the chapel to be divided by *railing*"——

I had written thus far, Mr. Editor, when the workmen returned from dinner; and one of them, who ſeemed to be a ſort of deputy or foreman, ſnatched away the original paper, in order to give directions, but luckily miſſed my copy. I am happy, however, in being able to convey theſe minutes to you, as I obſerve that the papers are deplorably deficient in information concerning this great work. Indeed, I don't know how it is, but when a work of this kind is ſet about, it is conducted as if the public had nothing to do with it.—If I ſhould be ſo fortunate as to get to the Upper Houſe, you may expect to hear from that quarter. Mean time,

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

VITRUVIUS JUNIOR.

P. S. I forgot to mention that, when finiſhed, the whole is to be *inſured* at the *Hand-in-Hand.*

THE

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

SIGNIOR *Pittini* begs leave to inform the nobility and gentry, that his Academy will open on the 22d of January next, with an addition of above an hundred new ſcholars *. As this great increaſe will neceſſarily require a conſiderable change in the preſent eſtabliſhment, he thinks himſelf bound, in duty to himſelf, and gratitude to the public in general, and his friends in particular, under whoſe patronage the inſtitution has ſo long flouriſhed, to ſubmit his new plan for their approbation. In the firſt place, then, he muſt obſerve, that this increaſe of ſcholars is in conſequence of the breaking up of a large ſchool in Ireland, upon a ſimilar foundation; and, as he is not aware of any other from which, in caſe of a ſimilar event, he could expect a further ſupply, his number of pupils ſhall remain ever after *limited* and *ſelect*; as at the enſuing opening. The old ſchool-room not being capacious enough to accommodate ſo great a number, he has ordered it to be enlarged, but to ſuch an exact ſize, that it ſhall not hold one more than is neceſſary. For this purpoſe he has ordered the dimenſions of the ſubdorſal baſis of each of the new ſcholars to be taken with all poſſible accuracy, due allowance being made for the capability of compreſſion or expanſion of the material. The nobility and gentry, he hopes, will recogniſe, in this ſolicitude to avoid even an inch of waſte room, the ſame ſaving principle of economy which has uniformly characterized his conduct ever ſince he had the honour to be at the head of an Academy, depending for ſupport ſolely on their ſubſcription.

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* Perhaps an alluſion to the one hundred Irish Members added to the Parliament.

The

The internal economy will be much the ſame as in the old ſchool. The moſt tractable and cleverest boys will ſit, as at preſent, on the front bench, with the maſter, on his right and left along with the uſhers; the boys of the next claſs on benches immediately behind them; and the dunces and idlers cloſe to the wall. No *ad eundems*, however, will be granted to the new boys. Whatever proficiency they may have made in their own ſchool, and to whatever claſs or degree they may have riſen, they muſt all begin again *de novo*, in the loweſt form, and look for preferment to their own diligence, and the favour of the maſter. The languages for common uſe will be Engliſh, Iriſh, and Scotch, in all which the Signior has very able aſſiſtants, natives of theſe ſeveral countries. On very particular occaſions, a little Latin or Welſh, and ſometimes even a little Greek, will be introduced, but very ſparingly, and rather by the way of giving a finiſh to the education of the place, than for any real or ſolid uſe. With French, he will have nothing to do; it is the vehicle of jacobiniſm and falſe philoſophy. The very name is aſſociated with miſchievouſneſs, refractorineſs, and *barrings out*.

The Signior, not confining himſelf to the mere ſuperintendence of the Academy, and the procurement of the ways and means, like the common race of maſters, will alſo, as heretofore, take a very active part in the practical inſtruction of the pupils. He will deliver many important lectures on *human nature*; in which, upon the authority of *Hobbes*, he will ſhow that war is the natural ſtate of man. He will alſo throw a new light upon ſeveral commercial ſubjects, by ſhowing that the more we ingroſs the luxuries of life abroad, the dearer they ought to be ſold at home; for inſtance, that the poſſeſſion of all the ſpice iſlands muſt neceſſarily produce an increaſe in the price of theſe articles; that the more ſugar, rum, coffee, &c. we have, the *dearer* they ſhould be; that the whole tea-trade from China

China should enhance the value of the article at home, and a good crop produce a ſcarcity. He will alſo give a few lectures on geography and the uſe of the globes. Having ſeen a ſort of maps in which the different diſtricts and diviſions of a country form diſtinct parts, which may be put together, or ſeparated, like puzzling ſticks, he has ventured an improvement upon that plan. Such maps being made of *wood*, an idea ſtruck him that ſhips might be made to anſwer the purpoſe. With their aſſiſtance, then, he will undertake to impart a completer knowledge of geography in a month than could be obtained by a year's ſtudy in any other way. He will ſet out from Torbay with a fleet to Havre, proceed along the French coaſt by Breſt, Quiberon, Rochelle, and ſo ſouthwards to Spain by Ferrol, Vigo, Cadiz, thence to Gibraltar, and ſo on up the Mediterranean by Malta to the Mouths of the Nile. A leſſon of this kind is, to be ſure, ſomewhat troubleſome, but it is aſtoniſhing what a deep impreſſion it leaves after it.

At the head of the logical department a Gentleman will preſide, compared with whoſe razor-edged mind, the intellects of Zeno, of Socrates, and of Ariſtotle, were as blunt as an oyſter-knife. In ſhort, his mind ſeems to have been conceived by a *ſophiſm*, impregnated by a *ſyllogiſm* of the firſt figure. He will demonſtrate by *induction*, that 20,000*l.* a year is only *cheeſe-parings*, and prove by a *ſorites*, that ten million of *candle-ends* would no more make a candle than a thouſand black rabbits would made a black horſe. By an *argumentum ad hominem*, he will ſhow a *Crim. Con.* Bill is a good thing, and in the next minute, by an *argumentum ad verecundiam*, or appeal to modeſty, that it is a very bad thing; and, laſtly, on the ſubject of bull-baiting, he will catch his opponent on the horns of a *dilemma*, prove that it is an amuſement which conſtitutes the *differentia eſſentialis* between a brave man and a coward,

 and

and conſequently that all our admirals and tars muſt be poltroons.

Of the Gentleman who has been ſo long at the head of the department of *ethics*, it is unneceſſary to ſay many words. His lectures, to ſhow the harmony between ruthleſs war and *vital Chriſtianity*, have been long admired for the pious ſpirit which they breathe, their candour and ingenuouſneſs.—His readings alſo on the Bible, from which he proves that ſlavery is bad abroad, but good at home, conſtitute a new diſcovery in the ſyſtem of morality, the principles of which have been hitherto fooliſhly conſidered univerſal and immutable, applicable alike to all times and to all nations.

It would be equally ſuperfluous to ſay any thing in praiſe of the *dancing-maſter*, who has ſo long given ſo much ſatisfaction to the *majority* of the ſcholars. His mode of teaching the pupils to *dance attendance* on the maſter, to change ſides, and croſs over to the tune of "*Money in both your pockets*," merely by taking them by the hand, and a few ſcrapes of the Treaſury muſic, with ſometimes a daſh of the long-bow acroſs the ſtrings of the penſion-fiddle, is far ſuperior to any ever imported from France or Italy.

The Signior begs leave to mention further, that there will be *premiums* for the beſt ſpeakers, and ſo down to thoſe who can only ſay *Aye* or *No*. He alſo thinks it neceſſary to apprize his new ſcholars, that a little intrigue, flirtation, handicap, &c. will be allowed between ſchool-hours; but no ſuch amuſements as whipping and flogging, at leaſt for the preſent.

Dec. 1809.

DEATH

DEATH OF THE CENTURY.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

LAST night died ſuddenly, at twelve o'clock, that celebrated character Mr. *Eighteenth Century*, at the great age of one hundred years. If ever being was entitled to the appellation of "Citizen of the World," it was he. There was not a cotemporary nation or creature upon earth that did not more or leſs enjoy his preſence; but with very different degrees of advantage. Realms and ſtates which had ſcarcely at his birth a being or a name, have, under his auſpices, riſen into opulence and ſplendour, while others, then at the height of glory, have periſhed, or are now mouldering in decay. The changes and viciſſitudes which he wrought among mankind are ſtill more numerous and diverſified. Looking back to the quick ſucceſſion of generations, the rapid growth and decline of man, he ſeems to have given health, ſtrength, wealth, and beauty, merely to take them away. Of the myriads who were the companions, the playmates of his infant years, few, very few, ſurvive him, and of that few, not one poſſeſſed of ſenſibility enough to lament his loſs. In the caſe of a perſonage who filled ſuch an enormous ſpace, whoſe time was courted by ſome, loathed by others, and intereſting to all, it can no more be expected that all ſhould agree in one uniform character, than that the oppoſition bench ſhould join the miniſterial in praiſe of the Premier. Various, therefore, will be the epitaphs which local prejudices, paſſions, and intereſts, will engrave on his tomb. In Ruſſia it will be ſaid, that, under his influence, the ſavage was organized into ſociety, barbariſm made way for the arts and ſciences, and the dull, benumbed bear of the frozen zone rouſed into ſtrength, energy, and courage, to dare the thundering war of the Britiſh lion. The hiſtorian of Poland, looking in vain

for his native country on the map, will ſigh and ſay—Here was one of the oldeſt and moſt legitimate monarchies of Europe, now annihilated and buried under the cruel viſitation of the Eighteenth Century. In France, his republican eulogiſt will exclaim with enthuſiaſm—For ages had we been the ſlaves of *lettres de cachet*, of baſtiles, and deſpots;—when at length the Eighteenth Century came, ripened our wrongs, and, in his laſt moments, matured them into liberty. By Italy, on the other hand, it will be ſaid, I was the guardian of the arts, the fountain of religion, the abode of luxurious and poliſhed life. The Eighteenth Century has been a cruel robber and deſpoiler. He has overthrown my altars, broken my ſceptres, plundered my people, and left me a prey to diſorder, want, and aſſaſſination. The pencil of America will draw a very different picture. It will repreſent a Hercules in his cradle, breaking the inſidious ſerpent chains from around him, and burſting, without the ſlow progreſs of youth, from infancy into manhood. Pruſſia too, reared under the foſtering arm of the Eighteenth Century, from a petty dukedom of Brandenburg, into the arbitreſs of Europe, will drop a tear upon the corpſe of her benefactor; while Holland, Myſore, Venice, and Switzerland, will ſpring like furies, to tear the laurels from his grave. All theſe countries, while they give this decided character of the Eighteenth Century, will acknowledge, at the ſame time, that he did much good in the general cauſe; that he produced and improved ſeveral arts and ſciences; introduced the firſt appearance of the northern lights in 1718; a great fiery meteor the year after; a voyage round the world, by Anſon, in 1744; a general peace in 1748; diſcovered Otaheite in 1765; the longitude the year after; and the Georgium Sidus in 1781. But if there be any kingdom on earth, from which he is likely to receive a ſort of mixed or mongrel character, it is England. There his enemies will ſay, that

that in his cradle* he made her wage war against France, and that on his death-bed he left her at war with almost all the world. On the other hand, his friends will assert, that he increased her commerce, and raised her navy to an unexampled height of glory. Then his admirers will say, that he has extended her dominions, added the realms of Tippoo, the colonies of France, of Spain and Holland, Gibraltar and Malta, to the British crown, and consolidated her empire with the union of Ierne. Others will say he stripped her of her American colonies, mocked her with St. Domingo and Corsica, disgraced her with expeditions to Holland, Dunkirk, Quiberon, Ferrol, and Cadiz, not to be done away by all the glory of Dettingen, Blenheim, Ramilies, Porto Bello, and Culloden; and oppressed her with a debt, enormous beyond any in the history of the world. His admirers will say, that he gave her a Fox, a Sheridan, a Howe, a Nelson, a St. Vincent, a Siddons, a Jordan. His enemies, that he took from her a Chatham, a Newton, a Locke, a Wolfe, a Marlborough, a Pope, a Garrick. His friends, that he took from her a Walpole; his enemies, that he more than counterbalanced the kindness by giving her a Pitt. The one, that he gave her independent judges, septennial parliaments, &c. The other, that he abridged the liberty of the press, and extended the prerogatives of the crown, suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, attacked the trial by jury, and covered the country with barracks, prisons, placemen, pensioners, and spies. The one, that he crushed two rebellions in Scotland; the other, that he fomented one more horrible than them both in Ireland. Much farther might we detail the probable contest between the ad-

* 1702, Queen Anne declared war against France.

mirers and oppofers of the deceafed in England, the refult of which would leave it a moot point whether it would have been good or bad for this country that it had never known the Eighteenth Century.

To the laft moment of his exiftence, Mr. Eighteenth Century enjoyed the moft perfect ftate of health, and the ufe of all his faculties undiminifhed. In the prime of life he was attacked by a fort of catching of the breath for about ten or eleven days (called Old and New Style); but, we believe, it had not the flighteft effect on his conftitution. His days, however, were numbered, and it was long forefeen he could not furvive the period at which his anceftors for eighteen generations paft had made their final exit. It was, no doubt, on this predeftinarian principle, it was reported, that he died on the 31ft of December 1799; but we always confidered that report premature and unfounded. He was buried without pomp or ceremony the very moment of his diffolution, in the family vault of Eternity, whither all his offfpring, born in his lifetime, had been configned before him. In this melancholy trial of outliving all his children and friends, he far exceeded the famous Priam.—His offfpring thus prematurely cut off, confifted of 100 fons, whom he called *years*; 36,500 grandfons and grand-daughters, called *days* and *nights*; 876,000 great-grandchildren, married into the family of the *hours*; 52,560,000 great-great-grandchildren, *minutes*; and 3,153,600,000 great-great-great-grandchildren (of a pigmy race) dwindled into *feconds*.

He is fucceeded by a pofthumous child, born the very inftant after his deceafe, and called *Nineteenth Century*. In this part of the world, it muft be confeffed, his youth is a perfect contraft with the old age of his predeceffor; inftead of the extravagance in which moft young heirs indulge, he fets out on the moft rigid economy—many think he is only penny wife and pound foolifh—

foolish—but, however it may be, all must confess it will take the best part of his life to pay off the debts of his father.

The family of the Centuries is very well known. They trace their pedigree to the creation. Among the most remarkable of its branches, are the Golden, Silver, Iron, and Brass Ages; also, the Augustan Age. A relation of the family, called Time, was worshipped in the heathen world, under the name of Saturn. He is said to have devoured his own children, and was consequently an extraordinary sort of churchwarden, for they only devour the children of other people. As to Eternity, the great family stock of the Century family, he devours every thing; a kingdom is scarcely a luncheon; a world a dinner.

January 1, 1801.

DEATH OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

[From the same.]

THE British Parliament was the only offspring of the sole surviving heirs of the families of the Parliaments, who flourished since 1116 in England and Scotland, and he succeeded to all their rights, titles, and estates, in both these countries, on the 1st of May 1707. The situation of affairs was then much the same that it is now; the *Union* of the parents made a great noise in the world. The relations of the parties, down to the 29th cousins, were divided, some for, others against the match; and it was difficult to decide whether its advocates or enemies among the friends of the bride or the bridegroom were more numerous. The nature of the marriage articles was of that extraordinary kind that well warranted this opposition. It was not a question, as in modern times, of how much money

money ſhould be paid down by the father of the lady for her fortune, or how much ſhould be ſettled upon her by the intended huſband, as pin-money during cohabitation, jointure (in caſe of her outliving him), or ſettlement in the event of wilful divorce. It was not a queſtion of the manner in which their eſtates were to deſcend to their iſſue after their deceaſe—no, they were called upon to bind themſelves to die in the very act of giving life to their iſſue, not even, like pelicans, to nurture their young with their heart's blood, but to conſume themſelves like phœnixes, that one more brilliant than both might riſe from their aſhes. When great ſacrifices are made, much benefit will be expected. If, then, the fruit of this dearly purchaſed Union has proved greatly defective, great has been the diſappointment. The family of the Engliſh Parliaments are deſcribed in hiſtory as a ſturdy race. Enthuſiaſts in the cauſe of liberty, they in infancy extorted the great charter of their rights from King John at Runnymede; they abridged the prerogatives of the crown, and extended the privileges of the people; they drove a tyrant from the throne, and placed a line of amiable princes upon it; they were beloved at home, and dreaded abroad; they ſupported their families in ſplendour, and yet died without having incurred any debt. Here we might indulge in endleſs eulogy on the virtues of the good old Parliaments of England, if it did not look like too pointed a reflection upon the memory of him who has juſt deſcended to the grave. In proof of his degeneracy, it will be ſufficient to ſay that he has given up many of thoſe rights for which his anceſtors had bled, and that one of the laſt acts of his life was to ſurrender the Habeas Corpus, long regarded as the palladium of Engliſh liberty. A review of his political conduct is not, however, the object of this biographical ſketch. His domeſtic life, manners, and virtues, are what

what properly conſtitute the character of a man; and in this light only is it here intended to ſpeak of the late Britiſh Parliament. In his manners he was a moſt ſtrict obſerver of order; never did any buſineſs, even the moſt trifling, without ſaying his prayers; nor has he been ever known to ſuffer any thing like diviſion, ſtrife, or even levity, under his roof in preſence of ſtrangers. Notwithſtanding this devout and ſanctimonious appearance, he was one of the moſt expenſive fellows that ever held the purſe of the nation; and though poſſeſſing an income ten times greater than the richeſt of his anceſtors, he died over head and ears in debt. But of all his qualities there was none ſo characteriſtic and prominent as his eloquence. It was of the moſt various and unequal kind, always accommodating itſelf to his company, however diverſified in taſte, knowledge, or talent. Liſten to him in the preſence of a Chatham, a Charles Townſhend, a Fox, a Sheridan, a Pitt, a Burke, you might fancy it was a Paul or a Demoſthenes at Athens, or a Cicero in the Forum of Rome. Liſten to him in the preſence of a Windham; from his ſophiſms and ſyllogiſms you would think him a Zeno in the midſt of his ſchool. One moment he would give you the ſtyle of the cockney, another all the flowers of rhetorical enunciation in Zummerzetzhire, or the burr of the North.

Although Mr. B. Parliament lived to the great age of 93, there was ſomething rotten in his conſtitution from his very infancy. This defect became truly alarming in the time of that great quack, Sir Robert Walpole, in whoſe hands he was a patient for ſome time. Lord Chatham, a ſkilful phyſician, afterwards preſcribed an efficient cure, by cutting away the diſeaſed part, and infuſing new blood into his veins. That great Doctor, however, ſoon after died, leaving this famous recipe to his ſecond ſon, who puffed himſelf up into conſequence on the ſtrength of its efficacy; and

ad vertiſed

advertiſed it through the world under the name of Reform. But having pocketed the fees, he thought fit to withhold the medicine, and, left any other ſhould adminiſter it, he tranſported half a dozen of the faculty, and gagged or tied up all the reſt. Thus left a prey to a vital diſeaſe, Mr. B. Parliament dragged on a very precarious exiſtence. In his infancy he was ſubject to fainting or fits *annually*; but as he grew up, they ſeized him only *triennally*, and lately every *ſeven years*. Theſe fits uſed to laſt for ſeveral weeks, ſometimes months, leaving him apparently in an abſolute ſtate of *diſſolution*. Yet with all theſe ſigns of imbecility and decay, it has been prophesied that he never would die a natural death. So it has actually turned out. He fell by his own unnatural hand, and by a ſtrange ſympathy, on the ſame day on which Mrs. Iriſh Parliament met the ſame fate in the criſis of a yellow fever, though tied up in a ſtrait waiſtcoat. In his will we do not find any thing remarkable. Having died ſo much in debt, it could not be expected he would leave many legacies. Among the moſt valuable we find a bequeſt of this juſt and neceſſary war for religion and ſocial order, with all the rights, appendages, and appurtenances thereunto belonging, to his only ſon and heir, *Imperial Parliament*, begotten on the body of the Iriſh lady of that name, whom he had many years in keeping.

Item, a New Art of Cookery, reviſed and corrected by Lord Hawkesbury and Mr. Ryder, to be diſtributed among the poor of the pariſh, and half a dozen old tin caniſters, containing the Imperial ſecurities, to his executors for the payment of his debts, amounting to 400,000,000*l.*

The Iriſh mother of Mrs. Imperial Parliament, though not a woman of virtue, was more thrifty. She has left thouſands to be given in charity among the poor and potwalloppers, in all the beggarly boroughs through

through the country, exclusive of titles, honours, places, and pensions, for her favourites and domestics.

Mr. British Parliament having died *felo de se*, was refused Christian burial, and, horrible to relate! his *members* might have been seen scattered the next day upon the high roads, and there gazed at by the most beautiful and delicate women, without exciting disgust or terror. The family seat at Westminster, in which his paternal ancestors resided, except for a while when they were ejected by Oliver Cromwell, is fitting up in great splendour for the young heir, Mr. Imperial Parliament, who will commence housekeeping the 22d of this month.

January 2, 1801. ANTIQUARIUS.

THE MARRIAGE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN the course of last summer I sent you a letter *, containing an account of the intended marriage of Mr. John Bull to Madam Hibernia, with such particulars of the courtship, &c. as I could then collect. I have now the pleasure to inform you that the marriage took place, by *special license*, on last New Year's Day. John, who has a fondness for particular days and dates, thought it would be witty as well as wise, to have it said that he married his Irish bride on the first day of the *century*, of the *year*, and of the *month!*—But, for what reason I know not, the parties do not come together until the 22d of this month. This is

* Vol. iii. page 391.

not

not quite in the ordinary courſe of things; but John is not an ordinary character—

None but himſelf can be his parallel!

And ſome people are very eager for marriage who are very cool about every thing elſe. Beſides, the diſparity of years!—but that now-a-days is nothing.

The ſervants of the lady were too numerous to be all admitted into the new eſtabliſhment. The guardians, therefore, agreed that thirty-two of the upper ſervants, and about an hundred of the lower, ſhould be drawn by a kind of lot, and enter into John's ſervice. The reſt have been paid conſiderable ſums of money for the paſt (and ſome, I am told, *haggled*, like market women), and the reſt have had their wages continued, by way of annuity.

I believe I mentioned to you that John dropt his intention of building a *new houſe* on this occaſion, upon account of the expenſe. Expenſe is not a matter which a fond lover would conſider at ſuch a time; and it is certain the money laid out in one of John's fooliſh jaunts to foreign parts would have been more than ſufficient. But he was over-perſuaded in this, as he is in many things, and therefore ſet himſelf about repairing the old manſion, which, it muſt be confeſſed, not only looks, but really is, as *good* as new. The furniture, indeed, is the ſame as before, except ſuch articles as the lady ſends over for her own convenience, and which, I am told, may be very eaſily *altered* to fit the rooms. Some ſtrange diſcoveries were made in repairing this houſe, of heathen gods and goddeſſes concealed behind the pannels, which makes one think that John has not always been ſo orthodox in his religious opinions as he now pretends.

He has alſo made conſiderable alterations in his equipage and coat of arms, quartering his new wife in the third ſhield, and his former wife (the Scotch woman

I told you of) in the ſecond, while his own arms occupy the firſt and fourth, as much as to ſay that he will be a match for both.

He has alſo bargained that his new wife and himſelf ſhall belong to the ſame Church, which has likewiſe been fitted up for her reception, with ſeats, haſſocks, and other conveniences for kneeling and devotion.—The following inſcription, as uſual on ſuch occaſions in churches, appears on the front of the gallery, in letters of *gold* upon a *black ground*:—

THIS CHURCH WAS REPAIRED AND BEAUTIFIED, AT THE EXPENSE OF THE JOINT PARISHES, ANNO DOMINI M,DCCC,I.

Rev. HENRY ADDINGTON, Rector.

WILLIAM PITT, HENRY DUNDAS, } Churchwardens.

GEORGE ROSE, CHARLES LONG, } Sideſmen.

Great hopes are entertained that this match will be a happy one, and ſo I wiſh moſt ſincerely: but ſo many circumſtances ſeem requiſite now-a-days to conſtitute a happy marriage, that we rarely find them all united in one couple. John has certainly left off in a great degree his rough manner, nor does he permit any of his ſervants to call his bride by ſuch filthy names as they made uſe of ſome months ago. There is ſtill, however, a good deal of tittering among them when her name is mentioned, and they are prepared to take advantage of any little ſlip of the tongue, or any little *blunder* ſhe may make, and to which ſhe is, I am told, rather liable.

Kind treatment, however, would be a wiſer meaſure, improve her temper, which is naturally good, and prevent her throwing herſelf into the arms of that Frenchman with whom ſhe was ſuppoſed to have an intrigue about two years ago. At that time, perhaps, John's jealouſy was carried too far; and this might have pro-

voked her to a conduct far beyond her original intentions:—certain it is, she could not then so much as dig a potatoe without being supposed to have a design in it; and you know there are some high-spirited dames "who will not be suspected without a cause!"

As to that Frenchman, it is the same fellow John has been quarrelling with for the last eight years, but about what, I believe, the parties themselves cannot tell. For my part, I have no doubt that, if they were to talk over the matter amicably, they would soon come to a good understanding:—unfortunately, instead of this, they have been mutually exasperated by a parcel of busy, meddling interlopers, who have found it for their personal interest to foment a quarrel, which, on John's part, has been most unsuccessfully conducted, and with a most enormous expense; and this, by the way, gave rise to the frequent whisper, that a *rich wife* would not be absolutely *unnecessary*, in the present state of John's finances. This, however, is mere calumny; for, whatever advantage the lady may derive from the honour of sharing his bed and board, it will be some years before he can touch a penny of her fortune, which is mostly in land that has not been hitherto improved to the best advantage.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

January 3, 1801.

THEATRE NATIONAL.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THE opening of this theatre has been delayed from day to day, partly, we understand, from the absence of the performers engaged in the country, and partly from some necessary alterations in the *soliloquy* at the commencement

commencement of the new drama. It will open, however, positively in three or four days.

The theatre, as repeatedly announced, has undergone a thorough repair since last season, but we confess that its present appearance does not lead us to admire the taste of the manager. His liberality might have been employed to better purpose in building a new one; and if the expense had been an objection, it might easily have been obviated by lopping off a number of useless hands whose salaries are by far too high for their services. It is, however, too late to complain; and we have only to give the state of the house as it now stands.

The lower part of the theatre and the stage are considerably enlarged, so as to admit a much greater number of performers; but the gallery is so curtailed, that very few will be able to hear in it. This we do not think the wisest plan, nor do we understand why managers of late have affected to exclude *John Bull* from amusements for which he is content to pay so much. The *lighting* of the theatre, we are sorry to observe, is not amended; and last year, our readers may remember, that frequently before the play was half over, the performers were completely *in the dark*. Surely the saving a few *candles ends* can be no object to a manager so profuse in other respects.

The principal alteration, however, and what will most excite the public curiosity, consists in the engagement of a vast number of new performers from the *Dublin* theatre. Our provident manager, anxious to gratify the public rage for new faces, and at the same time unwilling to injure the property of that theatre, hearing that the *patent* had not long to run, *bought* up the remainder, and has transported the greater part of the performers, at least all those who were used to act in the style of his own company. This addition will undoubtedly give an unusual *eclat* to the pre-

ſent ſeaſon, and was indeed rendered in ſome meaſure neceſſary, by the defection of his firſt-rate performers, particularly Mr. Francis, and that very *promiſing* actor Mr. Paul, who unaccountably took himſelf off almoſt the moment he ſigned his articles, and received *earneſt*; and engaged in a company at Paris under a new manager. This eccentric performer has ſince challenged the managers of all the theatres in Europe, to contend with him in a bear-garden, for the benefit of the public at large, and, as it would appear, upon the principle of a *Welſh main*, the ſurvivor to be the conqueror.

Several new pieces, we are told, are in preparation, and undoubtedly much wanted; for the town is tired of the old. The *Race of Bourbon* will, we believe, be entirely laid aſide, none of the performers who were *combined* in the original caſt being now engaged. The principal novelty is a piece called the *Confederacy*, or *Friends become Enemies*, which is getting up in great ſtyle, and the manager has been indefatigable in his rehearſals. There was a piece, upon the ſame plot, brought out as far back as 1781-2, and then called *Catharine's Whim*, which was ſoon laid aſide.—In the new drama, there is, we hear, a character of a *Corſican*, which, according to green-room report, has much novelty, and more *keep* than is uſual in the drawing of modern characters. The *Sovereign* of laſt ſeaſon, written by one of *the Deputy Treaſurers* of the theatre, is to be cut down to a farce, in which form it may certainly anſwer very well, though ſo exceedingly deficient as a ſerious drama. The *Budget* alſo is to undergo ſome alterations, as, in its confuſed and imperfect ſtate laſt year, it did not add much to the *income* of the manager, and undoubtedly was not acceptable to the town.

January 30, 1801.

UNION

UNION MASQUERADE!

[From the same.]

THE Union Masquerade on Monday night* at the well-known rooms in Westminster, newly fitted up for the occasion, was not so numerously attended as might have been expected. *Most* of the company who were present had been engaged by the manager, and he had sent round *cards of invitation*, with *free* admissions to great numbers; a select party of independent gentlemen, indeed, honoured the company with their presence. The manager, however, though he affects to desire to see a frequent attendance of this party, cannot dissemble his displeasure if they venture to dispute his merits as an *arbiter de clarium*, or to insinuate that he consults more the accommodation of his own friends than the public advantage in his *entertainments!*

Contrary to expectation, there were few *new* characters exhibited, though it was previously reported that, in honour of the Union, there would be a great display of *novelty*, particularly of Irish characters.—An immense majority were in the *habit* of *mutes*; according to some malicious persons, to denote their readiness to execute the *worst commands* of their masters, like their namesakes in the Eastern monarchies.—This, however, is not the case. Many took the character as one that passes in a crowd, without examination. Most preferred it, wisely considering that in *such places* it is difficult to support a *character!*

Of those characters that appeared, a few words will be sufficient to give an idea: There was a prologue spoken by two persons in succession, a species of *duet* much older than the *Union*, and very *flat*. The

* February 2.—The very day on which his Majesty opened the Imperial Parliament.

principal character of the evening, however, was that of an independent member of parliament; a character new to many, and known chiefly by *tradition*. The bold, manly, dignified character of this perſonage, was admirably ſupported by a capital performer, of whom it was allowed that the character was not aſſumed, but *his own*.

Another character of celebrity diſputed the palm with the preceding, but he ſeemed to truſt for applauſe more to the determined partiality of his friends, than to his own merits. This gentleman is ſure of being ſupported by a hired group of his dependants. Being in fact ſole director of the rooms (under the nominal proprietor), he has ſupported a variety of parts with conſiderable ſucceſs, and *drawn* a great *deal* of *money!* His *chef d'œuvre*, however, is that of a *quack* doctor. Being consulted by a *Dutchman* who was threatened with a diſorder of *French origin*, he preſcribed him certain medicines which *did his buſineſs*. An *Auſtrian* ſent him by the poſt a letter, requeſting his advice in a certain critical ſituation; he adviſed the patient, who was much *reduced*, to *perſevere* in the *ſteel diet* which a certain *German quack* had preſcribed. The patient *died* under the regimen. Nevertheleſs this quack, who has great command of words, demonſtrated, to the ſatisfaction of the *mutes*, that the patient *ought* to have lived! It having appeared, however, that all his patients have died, this gentleman has ſome thoughts of turning *undertaker*, as he can ſo eaſily find himſelf employment!

A Scots gentleman, however, was chiefly remarkable for the immenſe variety of characters in which he had appeared. Indeed, he had played every kind of parts at preceding maſquerades, but thoſe of a *certain* caſt, for which he has no reliſh. In that of *Face*, he is *matchleſs*. Whenever a part requires a peculiar daſh of rough knavery, he is fitted to perform it with ſucceſs.

ſucceſs. He is generally at too little pains to conceal his proper character, having often declared himſelf a foe to any "cover for raſcality." It is generally admitted, indeed, that this character is more *rogue* than *fool*.

We obſerved a number of other characters, ſome witty, ſome dull; but as this Maſquerade is to be frequently repeated in the courſe of the ſeaſon, we may have another opportunity of deſcribing their merits, ſatisfied for the preſent with noticing a few as a ſpecimen!

February 4, 1801.

JOURNEYMEN CABINET-MAKERS.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

SIR,

BY a very wiſe Act of Parliament, combinations of journeymen againſt their maſters, either for the purpoſe of procuring a riſe of wages or of injuring their maſters' intereſts, are liable to ſevere penalties. The law, unfortunately, has found it neceſſary of late to apply theſe penalties to journeymen of various deſcriptions. But it ſeems, unhappily, that theſe correctives, though they have been effectual with reſpect to the journeymen of ſome trades, have not deterred others from entering into the like illegal and wicked combinations. Every one will immediately ſee that I allude to the preſent combination among the journeymen *Cabinet*-makers; taking advantage of the high prices of the articles made by their maſters, and of the odium incurred on that account, they have abſolutely ſucceeded in taking the buſineſs out of their hands, and the maſters are now totally out of employment, and abſolutely *thrown upon the town*. Some of them having ſaved a little money, or got ſome annuities for their lives,

lives, may contrive to make both ends meet; but what must others do who have lived beyond their incomes, and are *worse than nothing?* It is much to be feared that they may take to evil courses, and come to an untimely end.

I know not the pretexts by which the journeymen justify these doings—they do not pretend to say that they mean to charge less for their articles, and it is notorious that they do not know how *to handle their tools* so well—nay, one of them has been absolutely forced to apply to one of the head men, whose business he has come into, to make for him one of the commonest of all machines, a machine for *grinding*, known by the name of *tax-bag*. Now to my knowledge, Sir, these men had no reason to complain of the hardness of the times, nor of being ill paid for their work; some of them worked only piece-work, others by the job; but whether they did their work clumsily or cleverly, they were always well paid, and all the year round. I have heard it whispered, indeed, that the masters being summoned before the justice, did not choose to abide by a particular oath; and that the journeymen, who had no objection to it, took advantage of this.

The principal journeyman is one who, because he was a *good spokesman*, has been placed at the head of them all—he pretends to carry it very fair to the old masters; but, Lord bless your soul! what will he do, Sir, when he comes to turn a piece of work out of his hands? He may know the names of his tools, but does he know how to handle them? He may be good at *facing*, but is he clever at *rounding*, *dovetailing*, and *fineering?* Let him attempt to make a *Cabinet*, and, depend upon it, you will find his materials so bad, and his work so slight, that it will soon be unhinged and out of joint, and will not last a month. The rest are equally bad workmen. One is known only for being a great walker—he once laid a wager that he would *walk to Paris.*

Paris. Of the others I know but little, and, what is worſe, their cuſtomers know little of them; but they expect us ſtill to flock to their ſhop, as if no alteration had taken place in the firm. Every body expects they will ſoon fall out with one another; but they have given out, that they mean to give ſecurity for *keeping the peace.* But we might as well expect a parcel of *ricketty* chairs to ſtand firm, and not knock their heads together.

Sir, the ſubject is a very ſerious one, and the times are very awful.—As a friend to ſocial order and civilized ſociety, I am againſt theſe wicked combinations, the authors of which I hope will meet with the puniſhment they deſerve.

Yours, &c. ———.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that the old maſters have agreed to let their names be in the firm until the new ones have raiſed ſome money to go on with.

February 10, 1801.

IMPROMPTU,

ON BEING TOLD THAT THE PRESENT WAR IS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF PROPERTY.

WILL dreamt that thieves his houſe would rob:—
"Sell all my goods," quoth he; "and, Bob,
Go, hire of watchmen many a ſcore,
Stop ev'ry cranny, bar each door;
Ere ſafety's means a jot ſhall lack,
I 'll pawn the laſt ſhirt off my back!"
He ſtem'd the *fancied* evil-doing,
But at the price of *certain* ruin;
For, ſo much coſt this careful dealing,
It did not leave *a ſtick worth ſtealing!*

QUIZ.

TRES-

TRES POETÆ INDIGENÆ!

LÆTAMUR jam Poetis tribus,
Peter Pindar, Pye, et Pybus!

DRYDENICULUS.

IMPROMPTU.

A CIT, lately rambling round *Margate*'s fair coast,
Saw suspended in air *three balls* on a post *;
And asking a *wag* in a *serious* way,
What meant on the *Foreland* this lofty display?
To the *Continent*, Sir! as a *signal* 't is meant,
And implies, as at *pawn-shops*—Here money is lent.

CALO.

THE RIVAL BARDS.

"Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong."

BROGAN'S OPERA.

GIFFORD, who erst, the polish'd and polite,
In arms of proof and action debonair,
Put a whole host of minor bards to flight,
Now struts a Drawcansir with hideous stare!

PINDAR—the playful Pindar, when inspir'd,
Spares neither merit, rank, nor sex, nor age;
Touch but a curl of his smug wig, and, fir'd,
He burns with more than troubled Ætna's rage!

Bludgeons and blows, coarse phrase, revilings base,
And wanton gibes grown stale in public stews,
The blush of morals and the time's disgrace—
These are the tropes and figures of the Muse!

Come, then, Munro, extend thy healing hand;
Arrest this foul distemper of the brain;
And save—oh, instant save, a menac'd land
From the wild raving of two wits insane!

NESTOR.

* One of the telegraphs to announce when the enemies privateers are out.

THE

THE VISION OF THE THREE CATS.

SOFT ſleep the Prince of Perſia's eyelids ſeal'd,
When wanton Viſion many a form reveal'd;
Now men, now monſters, on the ſtage ſhe brought,
And chang'd the ſcene as playful Fancy taught;
And now for ſport the maſquerading ſprite
Led in three cats before the mental ſight;
She wav'd her wand, all white as mountain ſnow,
And ſtraight her train were marſhall'd in a row.
The firſt was ſleek, well fed, and ſwoln with pride,
With many a gaudy badge about his hide;
His ſilky ſkin a crimſon riband grac'd,
And at the knot a golden key was plac'd;
Upright he ſat, like one of Mammon's crew,
And leer'd contempt upon the other two.
The next was meagre, with a coatleſs ſkin,
And every rib, half raw, appear'd within;
She ſadly mew'd, and languid ſeem'd to ſay,
I have n't ta'en a meal for many a day:
And though I ſtrive to rear my helpleſs train,
Alas! my beſt endeavours are in vain.
Famine purſues us wherefoe'er we turn,
And ſtill for food our empty ſtomachs yearn;
Some pitying boon unleſs the Gods ſupply,
I ſink with hunger, and my offſpring die.
The third, unmindful of his neighbour's cries,
Seem'd in a trance, and firmly clos'd his eyes:
So firm they ſeem'd, that not a warning bell
Could pierce his ears to break the magic ſpell.
The Prince, alarm'd, forſook his couch of reſt,
And call'd a derviſe to compoſe his breaſt;
Told o'er the viſion with the niceſt care,
And bade the holy man his thoughts declare.
The reverend ſeer, with ecſtacy ſupreme,
Thus told the Prince the import of his dream.
The well-fed cat, ſo proud before your eye,
Is he, dread Sire, who rules your Miniſtry.
Gorg'd with exceſs, he wears a ſilky coat;
His power denotes the bauble at his throat;
With that he ſtill unlocks your people's ſtores,
And ſends their treaſures off to foreign ſhores.

Lavish as spendthrifts, who all care disdain,
And waste the coin they never knew to gain:
What dire disasters from such deeds arise,
Your subjects utter with their daily cries!
What wars! what famine! what mishaps combine,
Needs no interpretation, Sire, of mine.
The wretched tradesman, and his fainting crew,
Speak louder far than oracles can do—
While he, all insolent, still treasures more
Than might suffice a million of the poor.
Such is the first cat that your Highness saw;
And woe to him that falls beneath his paw!
The next, half famish'd, and with fading eyes,
That dins the welkin with her dismal cries,
Pourtrays your subjects bending at your feet,
Imploring daily, for the means to eat!
Lamenting, Sire, that he who wears the key
Should spread the once blest land with misery.
This is the second cat your Highness saw,
Sans food or drink—*sans* health—*sans* tooth or claw.
The last, Sire, heedless of his neighbour's cries,
Who seem'd entranc'd and firmly clos'd his eyes;—
Ah, pardon, Prince, for I must speak the truth,
The gods of Persia taught it to my youth,
Nor would I slight it for the sleek cat's pelf—
The last, and blind cat, Sovereign—is THYSELF!
The Prince of Persia like a god replied,
I thank the vision—it shall soon be tried,
Whether my will cannot retrieve the wrong,
For I have slept, I now perceive, too long.
The Monarch gave the troubled nations PEACE,—
Plenty return'd, and polish'd arts increase:
The tradesmen smil'd to see their offspring thrive,
And sang like bees with honey for the hive;
The Prince, enraptur'd, saw their wants control'd,
Seiz'd on the knaves that thus betray'd for gold,
Hung them like vermin on a gibbet high,
While joyful clamours rent the vaulted sky;
And every subject join'd in grateful strain,
LONG LIVE OUR PRINCE! MAY HE FOR EVER REIGN!

FINIS.

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